WAKE FOREST UNIVERSITY
THE Z. SMITH REYNOLDS LIBRARY

CALL NO.

1975/76

NOT TO BE CIRCULATED

LH
1
W4
S78
1975/76

WAKE FOREST UNIVERS

The Student

Fall 1975

Once, everybody went to the quad and took off their clothes and we all ran around like idiots, playing a marvelous game with no rules and no winners. Chemistry problems and English papers stood in the corner briefly while we had a mad party without dates or a band or formal dress. We never streaked in public again and the circuses we have now are but short-lived celebrations that last only as long as the "tissues of triumph" hold out. Circuses don't come often, so what do we do in the meantime?

Of course, there is always Johnny Carson after studying, Frisbee at four o'clock, Simo's at five, Wednesday night mixers, and OG&B on Friday afternoons. But these lack the special quality of uninhibited impulse that goes with riding in dryers or even swinging on the swings at Reynolda House. Except for the minor festivities when it snows, the closest we come to spontaneous entertainment is daydreaming in class.

Somehow, we got the idea that we were playing for keeps. We allowed a day-to-day grimness to dull us; like the witch's snow in The Wizard of Oz, a poppy-snow puts the children in us to sleep. We need to find a way to wake those children. Perhaps in some way this magazine will reach in and shake those children by the shoulders gently. It holds some serious words and some true words, some beautiful pictures and some not-so serious words. Most of all, it's a complex play-toy from you and to you from us.

We hope you'll find a way to play this week — a time and a place and some other children. Maybe we could meet on the quad some morning at 2 a.m. for a game of tag or crack-the-whip or capture the flag . . .

jkh and rgm

The Student Magazine is published four times per academic year by the students of Wake Forest University, with funds provided by the University. It is a non-profit organization existing by and for the Wake Forest community. Contributions may be brought by our offices in Room 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the editors. *The Student* is printed by the Keiger Printing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Cover photo:

Reynolda Road-Al Rives

WRONG SEAT

by S. Birchall Duin

The idea came to him rather quietly. The television hadn't been working - the sound came flooding out of a blank green picture tube - and he had gotten into his car and driven up to a hill overlooking highway 52 as it wound north of Winston-Salem and disappeared toward Virginia, its path marked by small red and gold lights. He came to the hill often; this time, as always, he left the radio on when he got out of the car and leaned against it, by the dent in the left back fender.

It wasn't cold, but he wasn't comfortable in the darkness. He watched the lights flare up in his face, swing past and disappear with a silence that was lost beneath the angry scratching of the torn speakers cut into the back doors. Music was escaping out of the windows: America, singing "This is for all the lonely people . . ." He thought 'my song' and he didn't laugh. The words ". . . waiting for life to pass them by" slid past his face. He stopped listening and felt the beginning of a light mist against him. To the south, there was a flash of lightning curling down past the Wachovia building. Before the sound of thunder came up, he remembered the April afternoon when some guy had jumped off the top of the building, twisting and spinning as he raced for the sidewalk, bouncing at impact. The picture faded and was replaced somehow by the hazy memory of readin about three Arabs who had machine-gunned an airpo into a sea of overnight bags and blood.

The music in the background faded and a voice cam up tonelessly:

Tonight at the Coliseum, Wake Forest breezed pa Duke 103-76. Skip Brown led the Demon Deacon with 36 and jiving Jerry Schellenberg added 27. Th Deacons next home game is Wednesday night again the Clemson Tigers and Saturday afternoon it's th Tarheels of the University of North Carolina. Bo games will be carried. . .

Lights flashed in his eyes; the speakers burst int torn static. And the idea came to him so sudden that he unconsciously closed his eyes, to hold securely for several moments. It was such a simpl answer. He opened the car door and slipped insid starting the car, not hearing the radio. Before the fir waves of rain hit his windshield, he was almost hom The idea had consumed him and instead of turnin the wipers on, he sang aloud the words to a song h hadn't thought he knew.

"Give me the worst seat you got."

The eyes behind the glasses behind the window marked STUDENT SEATING looked up from the ticket stubs he was shuffling: "What?"

"I want the worst seat in the student section. You already given it out?"

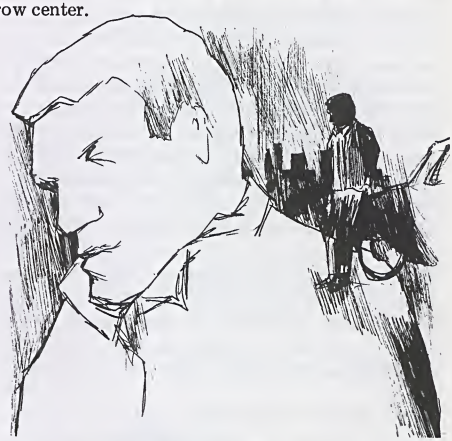
The kid looked at him for a second, what-the-hell-is-your-problem etched clearly on his face. "No, the demand hasn't been too great." He rummaged around among the tickets in front of him and pushed one of them out through the window. "Enjoy the game. They send runners up to your seat every five minutes to tell you the score."

Rob laughed and stuck the ticket in his pocket. The outer concourse of the Coliseum was crowded with people scrambling for basketball programs and quarter boxes of popcorn and Rob slipped through the currents of arms and legs to the nearest concession stand. Ignoring the slaw dogs and grotesque french fries that seemed to exist only in the world of basketball, Rob grabbed his pre-game Doctor Pepper and pushed his way through the curtains that led to the interior of the Winston-Salem Coliseum.

As always, he was struck by the unique world that suddenly lay before him. Down on the court, both teams were running through lay-up drills in flashes of orange and white and Converse All-stars. Also beneath the lights that illuminated everything between the baselines, were the cheer-leaders, bouncing and wheeling and grunting in their attempts to get the fans excited and on their feet. It was a giant playhouse; all the attention was fixed on the ball players running in two giant circles, the coaches sitting quietly with legs crossed, the two ringleaders standing at midcourt in black and white, and the clowns that would appear when nothing else was going on and scream "We don't mess around!" The fans that ringed the court and rose to the roof were off-stage; the lights dimmed considerably away from the court. The people were not unimportant, but their fears and random hopes and almost ceaseless worries were forgotten, locked outside in their cars. Here hopes and fears were one and all rose and fell each time the net rippled and the scoreboard blinked and the walls shook with cheers and groans.

The solidarity of emotion wasn't frightening; it was a relief from empty post office boxes and lonely nights walking back from the boondocks when Wait Chapel had no idea what time it was. Here, reality was no harsher than the referees looking the other way when God damn it everyone knew David Thompson had had his rearend, much less his hands, in the cylinder to get that basket. There wasn't any going hungry - popcorn right 'round the corner - and strange things like Gerald Ford and death were forgotten. They never passed through the curtains behind Rob; they didn't have an I.D. and an athletic pass.

It was a compact world and Rob walked down the steps into the middle of it. He moved past rows of seats packed with Sig Eps, first dates, and people that'd worry about that 8 TT in the morning. When he got down to the court, Rob flicked his photographer's pass at a curious cop and dropped down into a chair by the basket-support. Three minutes remained on the scoreboard in warm-ups, when Rob finished cleaning the lenses and loading his film. Excitement was starting to build and he leaned back in the chair, enjoying the feeling of being front row center.



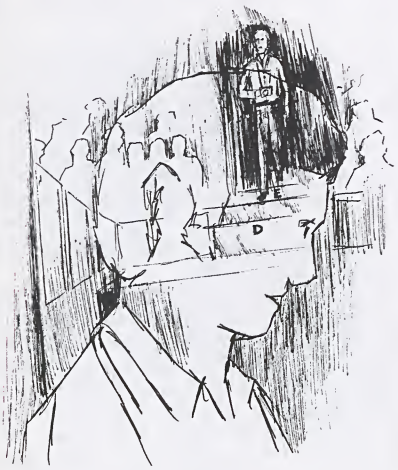
The cheerleaders were really getting into it and Rob saw two photographers his age going berserk with their Nikons as they tried to keep everything vital in focus. He figured they must be from Clemson; all the Winston photographers had long since grown weary of shooting the cheerleaders, especially the two down on the far end: Asia Minor, who had never been adequately exposed, and Marti, whose physical proportions defied the depth-of-field ranges on all but the most expensive cameras.

Rob had been the university's head photographer for a year and a half, and there were no pictures he enjoyed more than these beneath the net. He had shot countless games; yet there were still times, while watching Thompson in flight and Brad Davis leaving people checking for their jocks, that he lost himself in the motion and forgot the camera that sat expectantly in his hands and the mouth that hung open in awe. The appeal of selling pictures meant nothing compared to being almost in the middle of these bodies sweeping around, over, or through one another, and feeling his hands shake when the whole crowd screamed in the fleeing seconds of overtime.

The Star Spangled Banner brought everyone to his feet and it was when the lights dropped out for the introductions that Rob remembered the flash he had left back at campus. It was a good one, a Vivitar 272, with a recharge cycle of five seconds and the power to be ready to fire in less than three seconds when first turned on. He had wanted it to catch the players coming off the bench and roaring out to center court under the single spotlight. He made a note to remember it for Saturday's game and immediately forgot it as Rod Griffin and Clemson's Tree Rollins met in the circle and leapt high for the orange Wilson that couldn't stay in the air long enough.

He had been here before but long enough ago that he didn't remember why. He remembered the shape and smell of the concessions and the dim lighting in the concourse. He also recalled the mob of policemen at the doors, taking tickets, but now he noticed what hadn't been important before: they all had the black bulky .32 caliber symbol of authority at their belts.

From somewhere close, a tremendous wave of uneven noise came up toward him and the black curtains before him ruffled slightly. He stepped through them and was immediately conscious of the lighted court far below and the people who were suddenly behind him, watching him. The lights faded and he knew only the eyes staring down at him, trying to see into him and past him. Uneasily he looked behind him for a place to be alone and over



his left shoulder found a group of seats submerged in shadows, where the roof slipped down and disappeared. Hurriedly, he trotted up the cement steps and sat down in the seat deepest in the corner.

Hunched forward, he watched the people th were everywhere. Except for those holding him in th corner, all the seats were full, row after row of gree and orange sinking down to the floor. He wondere where in the entire place one could go other than th seat and not feel eyes at their back. There was sudden shift of cold air as a whistle stopped the pla down below and a player in white moved to the fo line. As the players fingered the ball hesitantly, h remembered something that he hadn't thought of in long time: a night in a dark crowded gym, so hot th players had trouble breathing. He had gotten in th game for the first time with a minute left and 5 seconds later had been fouled with his high scho down by two. He remembered going to the foul lin so nervous that the ball had slipped from his hand when the ref first handed it to him; praying that Go was somewhere in the gym and would do somethin about this. Somehow both times the ball had gon straight through and his insides had exploded wit the crowd, both sputtering out when a whistle ha blown and someone had ruled his foot had been ov the line. It had been a good joke. Down below, th ball bounced wickedly off the rim. God was still o for popcorn.

He felt a cold alienation for the mass screamin around him. For a moment, he was tempted choose a team and forget about his broken televisio and everything else but he laughed at the thought two bodies crashed to the floor at mid-court. It w useless. The idea blazed fresh. He stood up a walked down to the aisle and slowly headed towa the far end of the building. People stood everywhe there was no place that looked right, nowhere could possibly stand alone, out of sight. Red face waving fists, and popcorn megaphones everywhe The same frustration that he felt at stoplights and long lines at Food World when he only wanted sixpack of Schlitz made him walk faster. Nowhere. silent impulse made him look toward the scoreboa Above the red numbers, above the lights, he saw t catwalk hanging bleak and still. The black curtai stirred.

Clemson had closed to within one when Griff moved in front of a breakaway pass and drew it Pushing the ball out in front of him, he took tw quick steps and left Wise falling in torn direction the foul line as Rob brought the camera to his e and frantically grabbed at the focus. Griffin mov quickly toward the basket and the towering bla that had already blocked two of his shots. At the t of the key, he saw Schellenberg breaking on the oth side of the lane but didn't hesitate as he pulled t ball in and thrust himself toward the glass backboa In an instant he saw Rollings rising up in front of hi

and every part of his fleeting consciousness told him that he could go over the mother and stuff it down. his face. It was unwanted instinct, then, that pulled his hand back and sent the ball behind his back as a shutter flickered to Schellenberg who slapped the ball off the backboard and through the rim for an easy two points.

Rob jumped to his feet and threw his hands upward as Rollins caught the loose ball and looked toward the Clemson bench in disgust. Laughing with delight, Rob turned toward the students besides themselves behind him and screamed back at them. His glance caught and held on the corner of the Coliseum. In the worst seat in the place, his seat, he saw someone hunched low. Strange . . . someone probably reading Kafka; but he reached into his bag for his 135. When the lense was in place, he turned, brought the camera up, and focused on the corner that was not as empty and forlorn as it always was.

As he leaned against the cold marble wall midway between Tribble Hall and the library, Rob heard the sound of the Embers drift across the parking lot from Davis house, sifting smoothly on the evening's light fog. Carolina was tomorrow and parties were going everywhere as people got themselves mentally prepared for the proper level for abusiveness. Rob had stayed at his party for only 45 minutes but that had been plenty of time to hear Maurice Williams sing "Stay" seven times. In the TV room, several people had been watching Hitchcock's THE 39 STEPS, oblivious to the jukebox and the screams of "Let's go to the Beach!" in the other room. Rob had stayed long enough to hear Macky suggest to his date that they head up to his third floor room and try to pick the movie up on his radio. Rob had thought that rather blatant until the girl beat Macky upstairs by two flights.

Noise hung in the night air for a long time. From the direction of the quad, screams rang clearly every minute or two. Ordinarily, the cries would be Bostwick 3B in Huffman, seeing their first naked football team photo, but tonight they seemed hollow: staccato releases of energy. There was always a mixture of tension and excitement before any home game - threats on professors' lives increased 40% and bulk loads of toilet paper mysteriously vanished - but everyone saved their special efforts for Carolina. Not having grown up in the state, Rob had had a hard time at first understanding why everyone associated with Wake Forest would give up their sex lives to beat them. But then he had visited Carmichael a couple times, had watched referees hand the Tar Heels games they had tried to lose, had watched their players point at everyone they could see after a 30-foot jumper off the top of the board, including the three fag managers on the bench . . . . understanding had not been slow in coming.

He was still thinking about that shade of blue when Rob sensed someone standing beside him. He whirled around, too quickly, and almost slipped off the wall. As it was, he found himself on the verge of a fifteen foot drop and staring up at the biggest chest he'd ever seen.

"Marti, you just scared the hell out of me," he said, pulling himself back on top of the cold marble. She was laughing and reached out to steady him.

"I'm sorry. I was gonna say something but I wasn't sure if it was you until I got right behind you. What are you doing out here?"

"Wasting time. I don't feel like going to bed and I'm not in the mood for partying. Have you been studying?"

"For an hour or so," Marti said, looking down at her notebooks with disdain. "Roman is throwing a Milton test at us Monday . . . . as if anyone could study this weekend. Do you believe that?"

Actually Rob was having a much harder time believing those jugs. "Yeah, well Roman always did have a sense of humor. Do you have *Paradise Lost* down pretty well?"

"I don't know. The genius of it staggers me but there is so much there. Have you ever read it?"

She was beautiful. "I took Milton last spring and read it then."

"How'd you do?" Marti was visibly more interested now.

"I got an A. I really didn't do that well but Roman went crazy over my paper."

"What was it on?"

"The foreshadowing of Eve's nymphomania in Book II." When Greta only nodded, Rob suddenly understood why she had spent most of her three years at Wake in the Kappa Sig house. "Is there anything that I could help you with?" he asked.

She brightened. "Oh, that'd be neat. Are you sure you have the time?"

"I don't mind at all. Where'd you like to go?"

"Most of my books are up in my room. Would that be alright?"

"Great." Nietschze must never have experienced moments like this, Rob thought. They headed off toward New Dorm, leaving the library to sing along with the Spinners by itself.

The morning had barely reached 10:30 when he pulled off Cherry Street into the huge parking lot south of the Coliseum. The gate was open but there was no attendant in the small wooden chair that was leaning back against one of the silver poles. He drove slowly back along the length of the building and saw no one before pulling around behind where a rough

rectangle of mud and a white sign marked off the press parking area.

He sat still for a couple of minutes, his hands tight against the steering wheel. There were two vehicles resting in the mud next to him - a Gremlin and a C.D. - Chesley tv-van. He had assumed this would be early enough; he had forgotten about the television crews. His fingers drummed nervously against the horn. Then he got out of the car, opening the back door after a small struggle. From under the dirty seat-cover, he pulled a long brown vinyl bag and two small boxes. He slammed both doors without locking either of them.

He found an aluminum door open and went inside. He was down on court level, behind the wooden seats, and through the cross-walked structure he could see that the lights were on over the court. The sound of pounding and yelling came filtering back to him. He began to walk hurriedly, keeping the sounds on his left, turning a corner as the lights disappeared and his shoes cracking on the cement drowned out all other sound. An uneasiness came over him and he slowed a bit, gripped the vinyl tighter and remembered an evening walking through the woods, yelling for the coon dog that he'd lost two hours before. In its faithfulness, the dog would never leave the tree and he had cursed that determination as he'd screamed through the trees, straining to hear the dog's answer. Without warning the trees had broken away and he'd come upon a cornfield that shouldn't have been there; and as he began to twist through the withered stalks and over the earth that the summer heat had killed, he began to worry and feel sick inside, like he did now. He'd been cutting back and forth through the field for an hour when he'd stumbled over it: the body still warm, the glazed eyes, the foamed mouth and the tongue lying cruelly in the dirt. The most determined dog he'd ever had, never quit until blood in its mouth, now run to death in the August heat by a fuck'n coon that'd been lucky enough to find a field where the dog couldn't keep up. There'd been no stars that night and he'd left the dog there; he couldn't see to bury him.

He was on a platform suddenly and he didn't remember getting there. He waited for his head to clear and looked around. He had a complete view o the Coliseum's inner sanctum; when he dropped t one knee, complete concealment. It was perfect. H turned and started moving back toward the far end o the building.

Jeff Dobbs was bombing at halfcourt as Rol walked along press row at courtside. The othe cheerleaders were watching his routine wit unconcealed admiration and as Rob went by them Marti stopped him.

"What's going on after the game?"

"Not an awful lot; would you like to celebrat together?"

Marti nodded as a smile captured her face, an Rob walked on, shivering. Usually his chief dilemm with a girl was in deciding whether to take her t church or to bed, or to Staley's for a special whil trying to figure it out. With Marti, there hadn't bee any question.

Most of the reporters were simply sitting back i their seats, absorbing the excitement that wa steaming down on the court and the whirling head i the center circle. Rob stopped in front of Gay Garbl a reporter for the *Journal* who had been coverin Wake Forest basketball for years.

"Gay, whadda ya think about the game?" Ro asked, sitting on the corner of his desk.

"Too many damn people," Garble said. "What ar you so dressed up for? You got some girl waiting fo you in the parking lot?"

Rob unbuttoned his vest and laughed. "I didn want the TV cameras to catch me in jeans. And Ga she's in the men's room. Seriously, you want to pic a score?"

"Well, I'll tell ya," Gay said, savoring the reque for his expertise, "it depends on Wake's guards. Skipper remembers that there's four other guys wit him out there, and if Schellenberg stays off his a long enough to play some ball, Wake will do just fin Ya gotta remember something though. Wake has t win and Carolina just has to get close and Hikel wi give 'em the game."

Rob looked over at Fred Hikel, one of the game two refs, and felt the bitter memory of the '75 A.C. tournament swerve at him. Shaking his head,

turned back to the Carolina warm-up drills. "Davis looks like he's ready to play tonight," he said, after several minutes of watching the forward rise for short jumpers.

"He's probably heard the rumors that he just made first team All-ugly," Gay muttered. "Will ya look at that profile? I bet when he was a kid, his mom had to tie a lamb chop around his neck to get the dog to play with him.

"Tough face to beat," Rob said. "We haven't had anybody like that since Dwyer graduated."

"Nah, but Wake Forest has had its stars. While State and Maryland were cleaning up on All-ACC teams, Wake was dominating the prestige outfits. Hell, right now Brown's a shoo-in for All-ego. Peterson's the finest candidate for All-warm-up since the glory days of Tim Stare. And remember Flip Perry?" Gay's eyes blurred, lost in dim memories. "A fine lad - 1st team All-scrotum three years straight."

The band crashed into the fight song for what seemed like the fifteenth time, as the horn sent both teams trotting back to their benches. Griffin was the last one on the court, making sure his last shot hit nothing but net; sending him back to the bench convinced that his relationship with the basket had the makings of a beautiful friendship.

Ten seconds after the lights went out for the singing and the introductions, he rose, swearing at the cramps in his legs. He started back toward the platform, holding the vinyl bag tight against him. He ran quickly, dodging the thin metal poles that shot up in front of him every 20 feet. He knew the darkness would hold him invisible even if someone did turn their head crooked and look his way; yet he felt a tinge of vulnerability that angered him.

He reached the metal box that found the entrance to the small platform. Dropping to one knee, he slowly unzipped the bag, drawing from it an old pock-marked 30-30 deer rifle. He ran his hand along it, feeling the cold metal and the ugly rough scar on the stock, where he's missed an 8-point buck at 30 yards and slammed the gun against a stump. He dug into his pcoket, grabbed a box of shells and set it down next to him. Sliding the box open, he fumbled among the shells, his fingers suddenly dead as something in the air reminded him of the woods, tucked low between some scrubb before the suncame up. He squinted, found a shell, and suddenly the lights flared on, the crowd roared. His hand shook and the bullet dropped as he made a futile grab for it. He looked down and saw it rolling slowly by his feet and it struck him that he hadn't heard it land as the cheers and clapping echoed louder and louder.

Rob slid the flash off the top of his camera as the players moved toward the center circle and the noise in the Coliseum began to rise in uneven sweeps. He had caught Floyd and Harrison coming off the bench, the latter with his fist raised characteristically high above his afro as he charged out beneath the spotlight. Rob looked about for his camera bag to discard the flash, remembered that he had left it beneath one of the basket supports, and hurriedly stuffed it inside the right pocket of his vest. Seconds later, Hikel brought Harrison and Kupchak together and flicked the ball upward, stepping back as the two bodies lunged into one another.

Harrison controlled the tip but Carolina's Ford came up with the ball and broke immediately toward the Carolina bench. Brown picked him up at the five second line and forced him to cut off the dribble. Ford looked around for Hoffman at the top of the key, remembered Brad had graduated, and dropped it off to Davis. Davis took two quick dribbles before bouncing it to Kupchak, who faked left and broke right, rising for a fall-away jumper that slid perfectly off the backboard into the net. It was only then that the student section dropped back into their chairs with a collective groan.

He hadn't any idea what it would be like and for several minutes, he simply leaned against the railing, holding the rifle tight against his chest, watching the people. His eyes would race across the aisles until a piece of sharp color or movement caught them; then he'd focus in. Even now he saw a man with a bright orange sweater behind the Carolina bench pull the woman next to him close and give her a quick kiss on the mouth. The man got up and trudged up the aisle,

heading toward the concourse for a hotdog or the nearest men's room. From his hiding place, he wondered which as he leveled the rifle and slammed a shell into the chamber. When the orange sweater turned into the small tunnel that led to the concourse, the middle of his back was in the sights. His hand was reaching for the black curtain; he was pushing the material aside when he felt a sharp pain beneath his shoulder blade. He took three more steps before he began to turn around to see who had poked him and by then the concession stands and people had begun to lose their shapes. A strange momentum pushed him staggering backwards and when he finally fell, it was against the far wall, still trying to see behind him, dropping clumsily, his whole frame giving a final shake before his eyes closed to the grey shadows coming at him from all sides.

Davis dropped in another 18-footer to raise Carolina's lead to eight and the crowd's rumblings increased with Tacy's furtive glances along the length of his bench. Beneath the Wake basket, Rob checked his camera and found he had only taken three pictures since the opening tap. Wake had yet to bring

the ball inside and keeping it around the perimet except for occasional slingshot heaves toward th basket had borne two results — Wake being run o the court and his not finding a shot worth a dam Another short jumper bounced high off the rin Carolina collected the rebound, and the action w racing out of camera range. This wouldn't wor Some other vantage point had to offer a better sh selection. He wondered if Tacy would mind having photographer beside him on the bench, the discarded the idea as Ford slipped aroun Schellenberg for an 8-footer and Tacy rose angri and signalled for a time out.

Rob looked up to check the dismal story on th scoreboard and noticed for the first time the catwa that rose above it. Swiveling, he followed it as branced off like a giant cross, to the middle of a four walls, hanging in a world all its own.

He slung the camera strap over his shoulder an squeezed behind the row of press tables until h reached an aisle cutting up through the studen section. The first couple of rows were packed solid with the PJ squad, the guys who had camped out the gym for three days to get the best seats and we now sleeping it off, behind the snores of Tad 'th teddy' Latimer. The next five or six rows were mixture of several groups, including the Davis Hou Kazoo Corps and all the freshmen women wh couldn't get dates. Backing them up were everyone favorites, the guys who hadn't been the same sin English comp, who warmed up at Simo's and rose mass every time the refs blew a call and bombed t court with crushed coke cups. The lower section w rounded out by romantic poets, bluegrass freak Fideles, and everyone who played basketball in t North gym on Friday afternoons.

Rob was halfway up the steps when he saw Mac struggling to stuff three hot dogs into his mouth once and impress his date. He greeted Rob with belch. "Hey, asshole, how's it going?"

"Not bad," Rob said. "You enjoying your food

"As a matter of fact, I'll have a tough time holdi it down if we keep playing like this. The game's be going downhill ever since I ran over one of the cops the parking lot. Bastard was trying to park me in t woods somewhere."

"Life's tough"

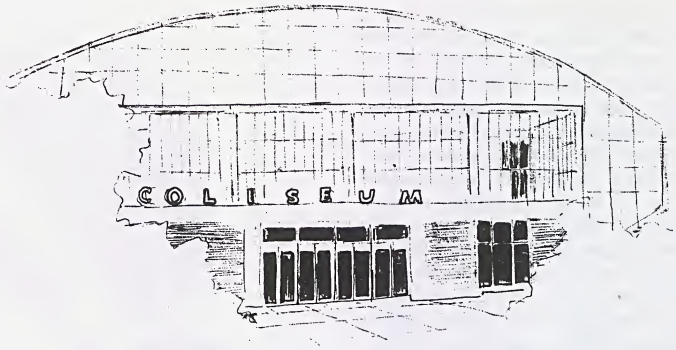
"Where you heading?"

"Up by the roof. I'm not getting any pictures at on the court."

"Gonna kill yourself up there."

"Well, falling might finally give me a good cam angle."

Several minutes later, Rob was stepping past radio booth and turning to the three steps that led to the catwalk. In the middle of the second step,



read "*DANGER HIGH VOLTAGE - DON'T GO UP HERE*" in chipped gold paint and he paused, wondering if the warning was legitimate and if anyone was watching him. He pulled himself up to the walk.

Rob had almost expected the walk to shake when he moved, like the ropewalks that swung from cliff to cliff and always tumbled down with a horde of screaming Swahilis while Tarzan grinned with a knife in his mouth. Yet the metal was firm, undeniably safe. As he moved farther out along the walk, he had to twist around small metal poles, leaning toward the railing, and one of these times he looked down for the first time. The height slashed upward toward him, sending a shiver of fear through his head as he stepped back and grabbed for a support. In a moment, he moved to the railing again and found himself looking almost straight down at the basket. A ball came out of nowhere, rested briefly in the net, and dropped through, while left behind, the white mesh swayed like a dress before a hot summer breeze. The crowd exploded and Rob heard the sound raising up and staying thick against his ears - the claps and tambourines and whistles and cowbells and the p.a. announcer, all rising up and hanging like echoes above the lights.

The fear left him. Rob moved to the other railing and found that he could see the patterns the teams were working and the positions where offense and defense came scraping together. He was suddenly aware of each sense - the noise all about him, the heat of the air pressed against the roof, the vibrations running constantly below him. Exhilarated, he pulled the camera strap off his shoulder, while somewhere about him, the urgent sound of the p.a. requesting a doctor rose and faded.

He had reloaded the rifle quickly, the feeling of power surging through him. Part of his view of the court was obstructed but occasionally one of the players would move into the corner and stay for a moment, a moment in which he had to steady himself and deep the gun down. Not yet, not quite yet. His eyes flicked nervously along the aisle behind the students, caught and held on a man in coat and tie leaning against the wall of one of the tunnels. The gun rose, the sight pressed against the skin around his eye. Brought close, the man's excess fat was barely being checked by the suit and the sweat hung like a collar around his neck. His fingers leaned toward the trigger, the wires crossed an inch above the loosened tie, and he squeezed.

He kept the man in his sights until he fell; then he was down on his knees, his neck and head stretched toward the ceiling as laughter escaped between his clenched teeth. His breaths were deep, quick and his head was reeling. He had seen the throat tear open, blood spill from the mouth; so that was what it must have been like on a grassy knoll in Dallas so many years ago. The laughter left him and he looked down at his hands, trembling in front of him. He laid the rifle on his knees and slammed his hands viciously against the stock until the pain made them still.

He heard the screaming, the mindless chanting. Two dead in the middle of them and they were still sending people to hell. The fools . . . no more old men dying in a corner. He'd give them blood till they choked on it. He pulled himself up, winced as he grabbed the rifle, and staggered forward. Fumbling in his pocket for another shell, he moved until a swirl of black and gold on the floor dipped through the corner of his eye. He glanced down to the cheerleaders scrambling onto the court.

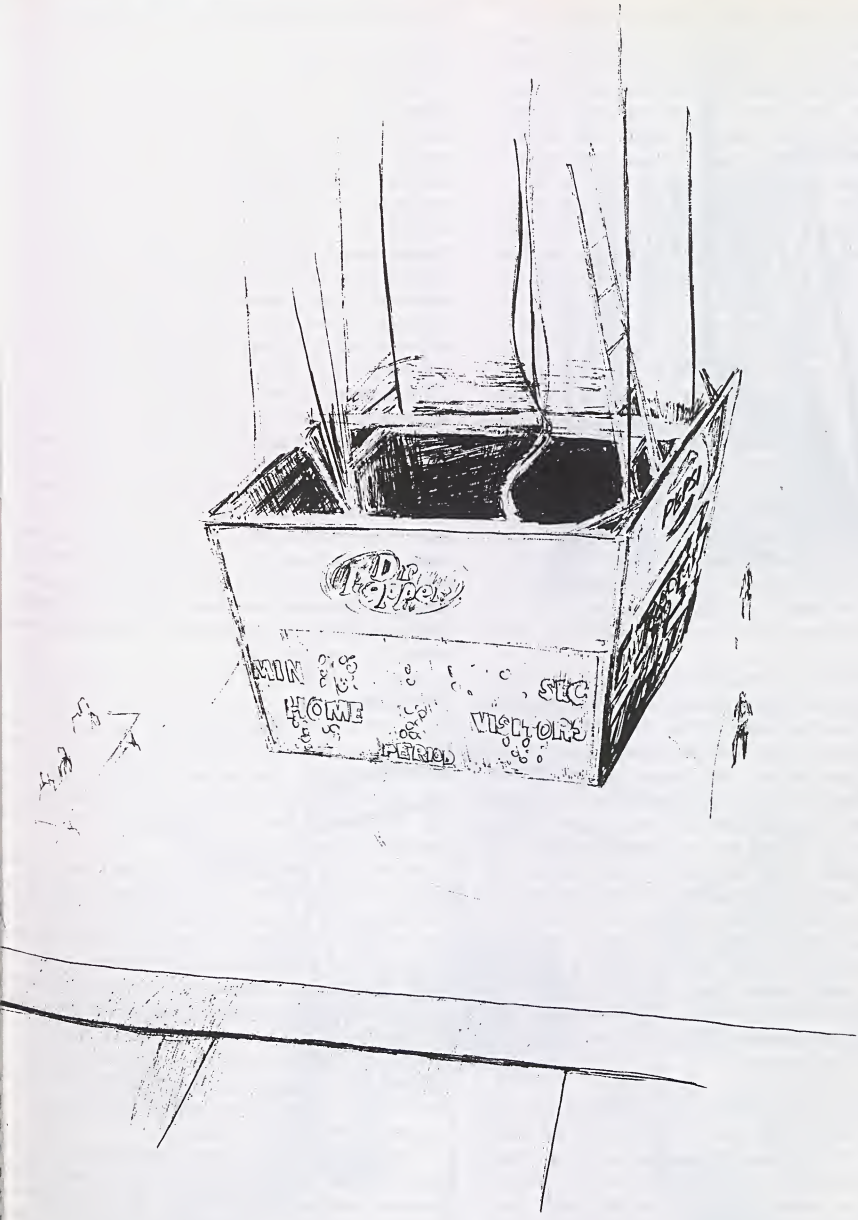
Both coaches were talking earnestly at the corners of their benches; Dean Smith was outlining new ways to call time outs when Wake Forest had the ball and pointing at everyone including the official scorekeeper. At the other end of the Carolina bench, team trainers and managers were grouped around the 'blue team,' who, after a 35-second stint on the court in which they'd been outscored 7-0, had come out and collapsed due to severe leg cramps or heat prostration. Meanwhile, Tacy was stomping on the empty water cups that sprinkled the floor on his side of the court. The starting five were listening intently, trying to hear above the sound of his foot against the court, but some of the subs, at the periphery of the circle, had lost interest and were sneaking looks cross court to the cheerleaders. Rob shifted positions for a better view. Jeff Dobbs was trying to shake his head off and the female cheerleaders were shaking most everything else. Rob replaced his 50 mm lens with a zoom, slid it out to 230, and focused on Marti. She was completely absorbed, sweat flying off her forehead whenever her head flipped around. Most of the people in the stands stood open-mouthed, in awe of her energy. Rob remembered a game in Greensboro when Marti had forgotten the sweater that all the cheerleaders wore over their blouses: three photographers had forgotten to get pictures of the game and seven guys had fallen from the upper deck, straining for a better look.

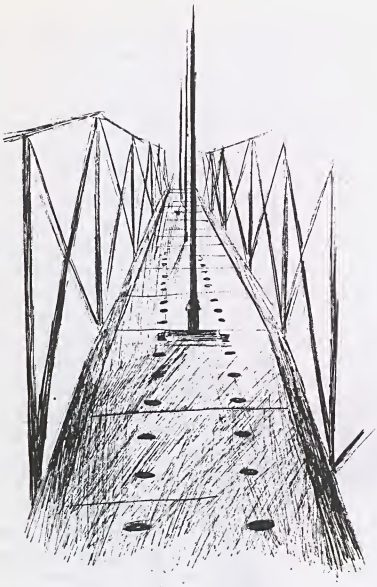
The crowd noise echoing through the walk told him the teams were back on the floor. Hikel moved to the sideline with a Carolina guard, discussing strategy and gesturing the cheerleaders off the floor, but Rob kept the camera on Marti, hoping she would extend herself in one final jump. He smiled as Marti took two quick steps and left the ground in a spring that brought her legs up over the press table and her skirt well up on her thighs. Rob squeezed the shot off but in the friction of a second before the shutter dropped down, he saw Marti's face whirl suddenly away. Knowing the film had caught nothing but a blur of hair, he began muttering; then out of the corner of an eye already swinging back to the game, Rob caught something that didn't quite register. It was Marti coming down at a crazy angle, landing on the edge of the press table as if blown there, crumbling on the floor. Carolina was putting the ball in play and for a moment each picture was out of focus. Then he swung back to Marti, who was doubled up on the floor, struggling with something he couldn't see. He dropped to his knees, puzzled, sure this wasn't in the program. All he could think was a twisted ankle, but Marti's hands were tight against her stomach. Asia and another cheerleader were running

toward her, bending over her and, unable to se clearly, he brought the camera up, just as Asia pulle Marti's hands away. He heard the frantic scream, sa Marti's face go white as the rest of the world turned flowing red.

Rob tried to stand but balance disappeared and h fell backward. He sat stunned, looking down alor the catwalk, seeing nothing. The lights began t weave and there was Marti, last night, her face on pillow. He saw a black shape drift in front of him long way off and he grabbed at his face to wipe th fog from his eyes. He heard yelling below ar suddenly there was a movement again and fe crashed through and he knew he wasn't alone. The was something on the long part of the cross, n twenty feet away; a dimness that became a shado turning toward him, a man with something benea his arm: thin and black, one end rising to the should and the other dropping toward the court.

The ball hadn't been in play five seconds wh Brown dipped in and stole the dribble. He was flyin Ford a half-step behind him till Skip hit the foul lin took a short step and left the ground. As he focus on the board, Brown felt the pride of knowing wouldn't be stopped and he jumped, the ball in bo hands before him, Ford climbing with him, reachi over his back, stretching for the ball. The two bod hung together and then Skip's reflexes tucked the b to his chest. It was then that he heard a sharp whi like a whistle way upstairs, but he forgot it as Fo


Dr Pepper
MIN
HOME
VISITORS
PERIOD



sailed past and he struggled to stay up. In a final sweep, his left hand sent the ball toward a spot on the board his eye had never left and as he hit the court and fought for balance, the ball angled sharply off the glass, slid over the rim, and dropped through. Power swept through him as the crowd rose and he tried to find Ford, to give him the smile other black professors used to give him on the playgrounds. The smile vanished as he saw Ford stumble against the seats, turn back and fall toward him, falling all wrong, reaching out, still reaching when his face hit the floor. There were screams behind him, and it was just slipping through the dull mesh of Brown's thoughts that they didn't belong there when he took another step toward Ford and felt his legs fall away as he saw the gaping hole beneath the thin afro that was slowly turning an ugly orange.

Rob's head was swirling; in a colorless screen, he saw the shot fired, the recoil knock the man backward for a moment. He never turned his head but there someone was falling beneath the basket: grabbing at unseen curtains that fell with him, covering him in a black mat that became a pool of people flooding onto the floor. He saw Marti knocked over, jerked limp at the end of a rope and he knew, he knew, as colors like torn paper slashed through him and he remembered a dream where he was sitting on the toilet in Reynolda when the lights suddenl went off, the door was torn open and the darknes descended on him.

He was running now, hunched low, runnin toward the figure huddled over the rifle. With ever step he could see the walkway clearer as anger jolte through him. Sound began to come through and h felt the camera flipping at the end of the strap bouncing against his leg. He had cut the twenty fee in half when he reached the center of the cross an turned toward the figure; then his foot caught on support and he stumbled and lurched toward th railing to steady himself. When he looked up again, i was into a face torn between fear and shock an darkness and Rob threw himself forward, seeing t late the gun coming up as the shadow fell back.

He thought he'd seen light cutting toward him bu suddenly there was nothing but the feeling of his le leg lifted off the ground, his whole body twistin falling; then as if someone had set the leg on fire, th pain came and tore through him. For an instant, a sense left him and then the white heat swept throug again. Trying to see his leg, Rob rolled over and felt sharp pain on the right side of his stomach. He forgo it as he forced an arm beneath him; only then did h remember the rifle and lifted his head to find hin There was no time, nowhere to go before the boo caught him full in the face.

Hurled backwards, his head slamming and skiddin on the metal walk, Rob screamed and brought hi hands to his face. There was no skin beneath his righ hand and he was about to scream again when th faint light above disappeared, a shadow rose ove him, and something forced him to roll away. As h did, the butt of the rifle rushed past his head an crashed downnext to him.

He was on his back, trying to crawl away but hi left leg wouldn't move and his right kept slipping o the metal that was suddenly very wet. Rob reache over his head, grabbed for something to pull himse away, his eyes unable to focus on anything but th lights spinning somewhere off to the side. His han found the camera strap and Rob shook the blood ou of his eyes in time to sense the shadow rising abov him again, the rifle high above his head. Withou thinking, Rob propped himself up with his left arm clenched his right fist and with all the strength h had, swung the camera upward.

The camera and rifle stock met two feet off th ground and the lens disintegrated, filling the air wit glass and black shrapnel. The force of the blow sen the man stumbling backward several steps and tor the strap from Rob's hands. Gasping for breath, Ro looked down unconsciously at the leg and choked the sight of the pants torn back and the gaping hol His head began to spin and he was reaching dow

when the stock came out of nowhere, glanced off his shoulder and struck him below the ear.

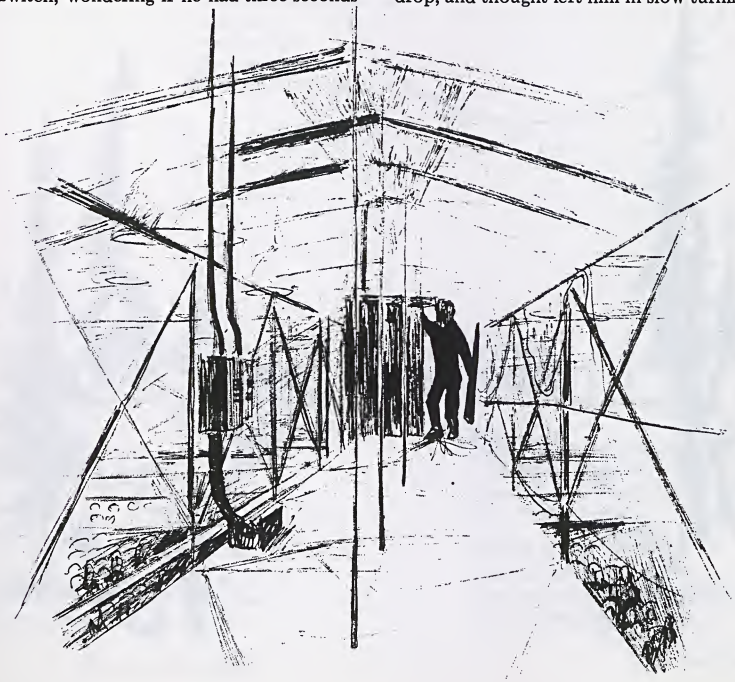
He didn't remember falling. Suddenly he was lying there on his stomach, the noise below washing over over him and fading, coming back again, again, again. His head was throbbing, filling him with pain and retreating, to come roaring back savagely, as if someone were slowly pounding his head against a wall, jerking him back by the hair and thrusting him forward. Somehow he lifted his head, felt a dampness slide down his neck. There was laughter somehere and Rob forced his elbows beneath him and turned his head. It took a moment to focus on the figure at his feet, giggling, saliva hanging from the corners of his mouth, sliding a bullet into the gun. Rob tried to turn his body but his elbows slipped and he fell back heavily, pain once again shooting through his right side. He retched, spit blood in front of him, as the lights began to dim and he wondered what the hell he was lying on.

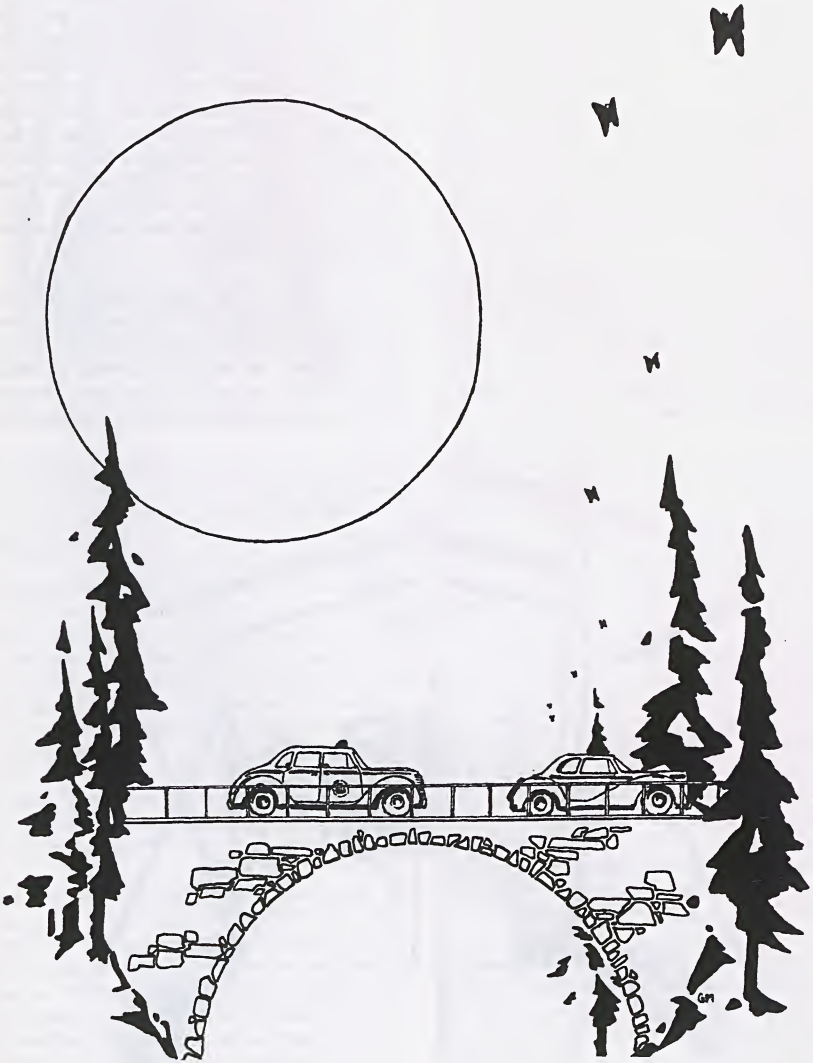
Something exploded deep in the back of his head and it came to him: the flash, the goddam flash . . . . then he was rolling on his left side, cringing as shattered bone dug deep into flesh, his hands tearing at his vest pocket, cloth ripping, his fingers closing on the flash, his thumb frantically digging at the plastic switch, wondering if he had three seconds left.

He rolled back over, trying to look past the rifle aimed straight down at his mouth. He looked up the bore of the gun, past the sights, into the face he was seeing for the first time. Through the sight, the eye opened wide, seemed to creep back; the barrel wavered, the finger hesitated, and in that empty moment, Rob closed his eyes and fired the flash.

For an instant there was nothing, then an echo ringing through him louder and louder. Rob opened his eyes and saw the figure reeling back, the gun forgotten on the walk, his hands scraping at his eyes. The figure became a shadow as he staggered against the railing; then one foot dropped into emptiness and he was falling, clutching wildly, finding nothing, his eyes blinded by the light. He was sliding off the walk, completely lost, one hand trying to dig into the steel while the other, in a last desparate grab, found the rifle. For a moment, rifle and man hung there, like a broken see-saw. Then the scream of steel against steel and nothing but dull grey.

Rob fell back, his head hanging freely over the walk. For a moment the red lights of the scoreboard shimmered in front of him; he felt the walk vibrate and far away the sound of running. He shuddered, felt the lights go out, the door open, the darkness drop, and thought left him in slow turning circles. □





Night Ride

Whoosh
A blue buick whisks
into the shrill insect orchestration
and dark fertile fragrances
of a southern night.
Moths, by the scores,
are illuminated and spattered
in bizarre nocturnal sacrifice
Whoosh
Deer, oppossum, fox
scatter in unreal fear
When it becomes their turn
Reptiles scramble off warm concrete
and retreat into wet grass
Whoosh
Gasoline, lunacy, power
swirl through the cockpit of the night machine
and become embroiled with sweat, prayer and captivity.
Doors slam.
"Alright Everybody Out... Both Of You Against
The Tree... Shut Up."
The shots thundered and echoed
through the warm darkness and,
for a moment
stilled the night.
Seconds later,
the insects screamed again.

John Knight

Stumbling

Walking in the woods
Where I used to run
I came upon the chain,
The same that had tripped me
Stretched across my path.

Perhaps I am imagined:
As I looked now
It seemed to belly down
Snug to hard black tar;
It was
At least
A foot lower.

I turned aside
And made my way through high grass,
Leaving the steely smile upturned.

Mark Leuchtenberger

Exstasis

Once
When the inches dissolved
I hurled my gasp out
And watched it echo down
Into brown wells

Passed Ages,
And then it struck
And with reflected light drifting up
You smiled and pulled me in.

Mark Leuchtenberger

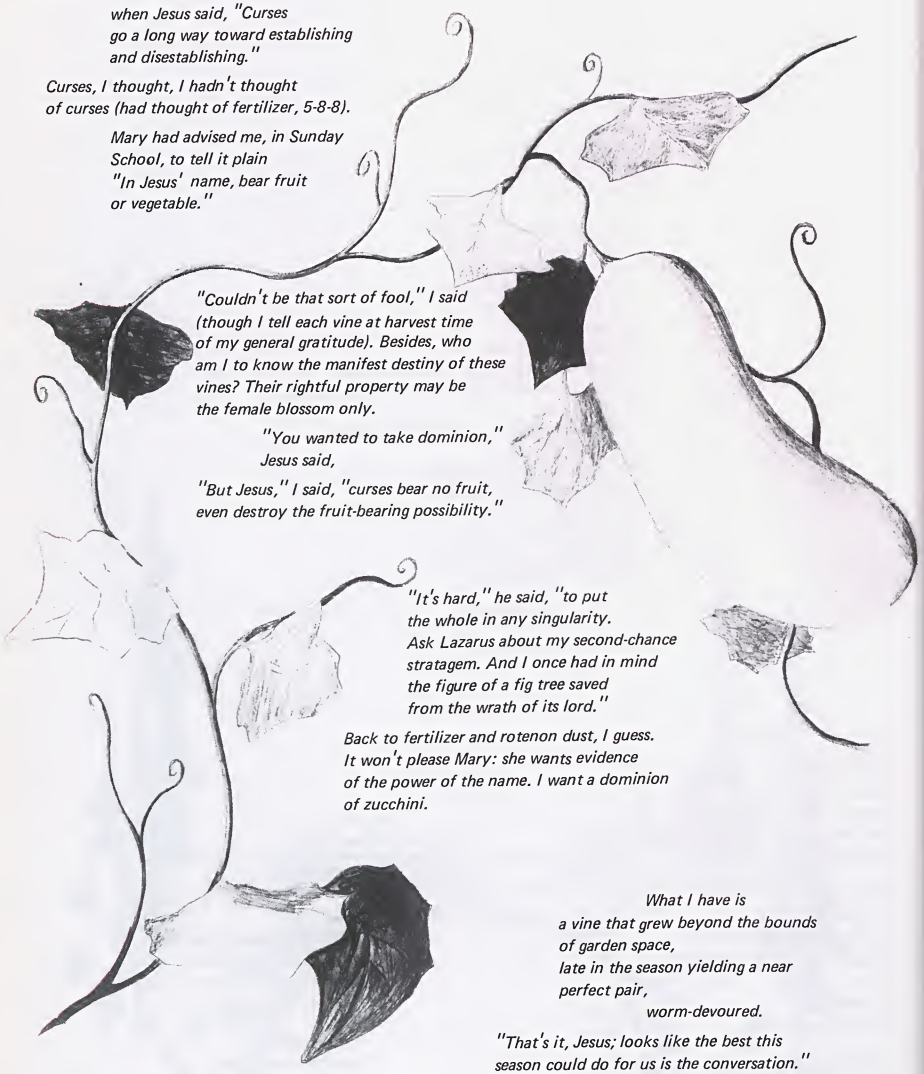
Zucchini

I was asking how it would be to have dominion
over zucchini

when Jesus said, "Curses
go a long way toward establishing
and disestablishing."

Curses, I thought, I hadn't thought
of curses (had thought of fertilizer, 5-8-8).

Mary had advised me, in Sunday
School, to tell it plain
"In Jesus' name, bear fruit
or vegetable."



"Couldn't be that sort of fool," I said
(though I tell each vine at harvest time
of my general gratitude). Besides, who
am I to know the manifest destiny of these
vines? Their rightful property may be
the female blossom only.

"You wanted to take dominion,"
Jesus said,

"But Jesus," I said, "curses bear no fruit,
even destroy the fruit-bearing possibility."

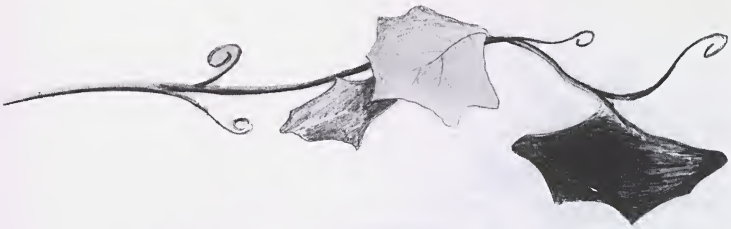
"It's hard," he said, "to put
the whole in any singularity.
Ask Lazarus about my second-chance
stratagem. And I once had in mind
the figure of a fig tree saved
from the wrath of its lord."

Back to fertilizer and rotenon dust, I guess.
It won't please Mary: she wants evidence
of the power of the name. I want a dominion
of zucchini.

What I have is
a vine that grew beyond the bounds
of garden space,
late in the season yielding a near
perfect pair,
worm-devoured.

"That's it, Jesus; looks like the best this
season could do for us is the conversation."

Richard McBride



Dogwood Stump

Some hidden cartographer
unlocked
the dogwood stump
as much as
my cross-cut saw
did,

Europe and Asia entire
charted there:
Spain and Portugal
reach
too far west
(they have been restive
lately);

One great River gathers
the Danube
the Po and the Volga
into one great
Black and Caspian
(mediterranean) Sea;

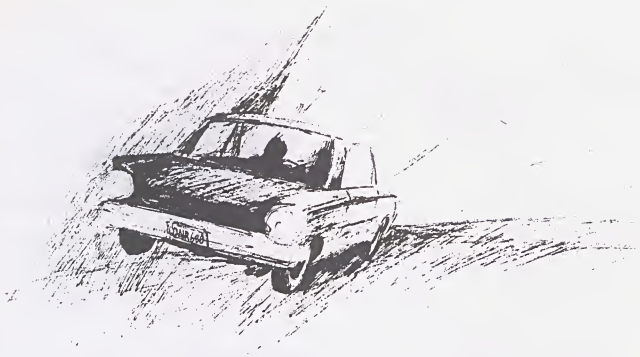
Egypt and Israel are
islands
in the Sea;
black Africa
faintly visible
(bleached by desert's
increase);

The Yangtse flows south
to the mouth
of the Ganges
neighboring
India and China
by water (slicing
the continental
divide).

We have no authority
when the templet
crust of
earth breaks,
shifts on its molten
core,

Political mapping with all
urgency
subject (as we
are) to
contingency, the apocalyptic
stump.

Richard McBride



Rain .

Grey lines distort
Blurred images
Colors run from indistinct realities
. . . Exposing the continuum . . .
The hiss of
Resentment - resigned
To damp reevaluation

A psychic pause,

And puddles of refracted visions,
Clouded by restless mud:
Then the startled instants
When the planet
Pirouettes
And dances on, leaving you
on your knees

Mark Leuchtenberger

Poem

The first thoughts
were
like lightning
striking
the old pecan tree
out back –
F
l
a
s
h
!!!
a poem.

Horace Crump

Have You Ever

hung your head out of a car window faced into the sun
through a canopy of leaves
and shut your eyes?
you sink into staccato shadows speeding
over eyelids thinly screening living dapples
sound supplied by wind-drunk ears
myriad patterns scud across horizons
pure abstract dances in waltztime
light dark dark light

Mary Jo Sweeney

The Battles of Electra and Oedipus

Daddy, are you angry?
I stand outside your window
Spit on your garden.
My water wrinkles the
harvest into carcasses.

and Mothers are a gas
with bread and dumplings, and a
Pappy that always tried but
she had a happier past
than now.

She will put her spinach heart
across for me, and I can only
cry and grab.

My father must have been a
Brutish Simon Peter
He had holes in his nets, but
he caught a
Seagull mistress, with a tug
and a pull she was hooked,
Hard as shark meat.

Later, as a child they
grew, I walked a crooked path.
I wanted no other, and stubbed
My toes on tombstones in
eternal mockery
I was going to live forever.

I remember making a snow man
in the last day of the Thaw.
Hatlessand wildlyfree, under the
splinters of sleet. He hammered
on the window, wound red face
Pressed, a charred, rusty tomato
against the glass.
I snatched the thinnest willow
Switches I could find, and brought them
in with me.
I knew he would want them.

Mother was sweet. She read to us all, and
we learned the Children's Bible, and she
Remembered stockings and lifesavers.
Teaching me patriotism.
Honor thy father, but rush
hour madness, anyday, sends her
Prancing the colors, stumbling . . .

"The bigot is on the way."
He brought me a toy gun, and we
were friends for two minutes.

Part II

I have come to see another shiny
shoulder to rest my jangled head.
Angel bell with angry wasp nest
inside. their whining sizzle that
Hums dully inside the bell and
the bright patches of yellow
that flashed from the cauldron darkness.

I felt the touch of gray
colored me that way.

I flock with the herds to
Spill thunder, drink lightning.
anything
that makes us feel good.

What would make you feel good?
I would like to talk to you sometime
Over whiskey and not flowers.

do you want
a smile from a stranger
a salary raise
more sunny days
an extra ten years
a son that will win
rather than rot?

Daddy, are you angry?
I am sorry, but with your
numbed seed I
Replant the garden.

Craig Shaffer

'And anyway, your state is full of them.

AN ANGEL UPON STRIKING

She,
(I cannot say who.)
is a wild born thicket in the mind of man,
spreading within and seducing him, (I cannot say who.)
spitting and shrieking
and running from the only fight she knows—
splitting and gathering,
wandering and touching,
kissing and caressing,
flying from the only love she knows—
striking and crying,
tearful and laughing,
clamoring and rambling,
flaming and diving from the mountain—
swimming and drowning,
slipping and spilling,
scattering and dancing,
romancing towards the skies that lance the seas,
that scream for mercy, for her and heresy,
For power!
For power!
to gather about her all her triumphs,
all her bodies
and tragedies,
spreading them,
seducing them,
saying to them—
"We are friends,
So please—
Get out of my way,
out of my life before I die.

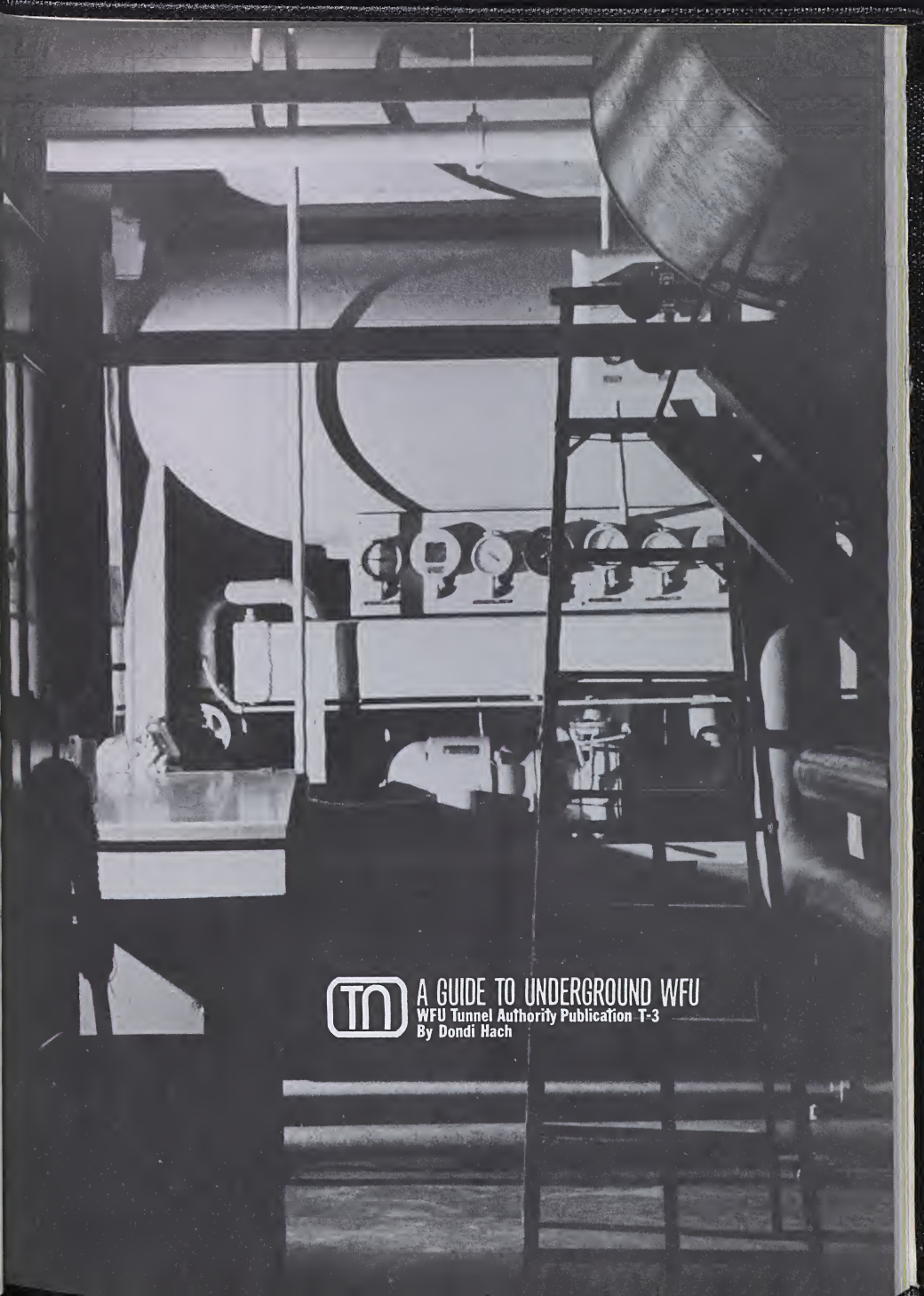
M. Pate

Remembering the Titanic
(For Archie Ammons)

With time for "golden locks" and
"cool sea breezes" he sat accepting,
acquiescing-
We would jive until I, quaking in
my paradigms, and Yeats,
posing problems in his decomposition,
snorted,
and the pitcher, losing all diamond sense,
found himself in the field looking for balls-
Yes, jive alive at the end of a sublime
rope ladder runway,
Scott Joplin and Bach
resonating off
Wallace Stevens and Thomas Hardy,
posing problems in my composition-
But no problems there, over coffee,
where quiescent talk, small, but
by no means insignificant,
ran up a number of flagpoles and flew:

The iced branches applauded at his passage
he no longer noticing I
read that, he would say, looking for a more
distant clap-
Super Ego defferential mixed no contradiction
on that brow of furrowed words,
conventionaly surrounding the one or two good
words, depressing shadows-
Of cloaked and metered choke collars,
no matter how many buttons undone and collars
loosened: always more in the way-
Clucked and clipped words with all the
height deflated-
No more soaring–
Clocked words, no reasonable rhyme or metaphi
slime on rocks unturned,
Words of
things not in
ideas
but
words in ideas of things
or something-
Words as cutting edge of sword
unleashed and arcing-
Open wounds in the restrictive walls,
with healthful flow of
ensuing unexpected
drama at once and highest comedy . . .

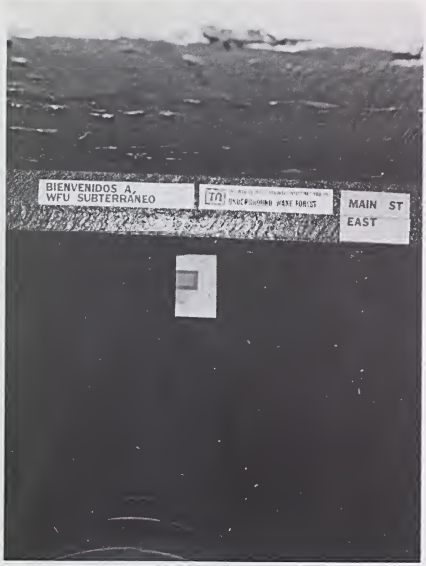
Sam Petro

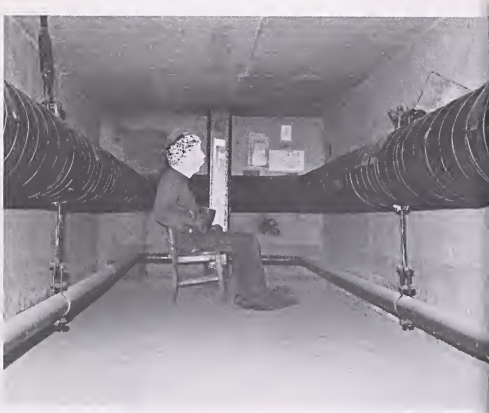


A GUIDE TO UNDERGROUND WFU

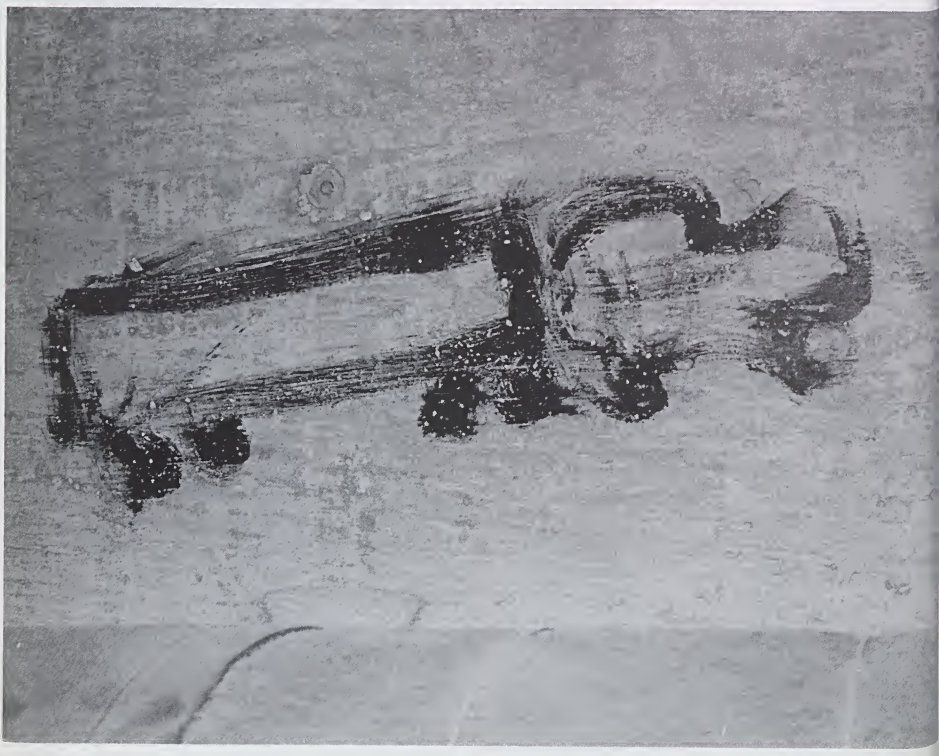
WFU Tunnel Authority Publication T-3

By Dondi Hach





Above: The Main Street Welcome Center
Right: Main Street East Bound
Below: Primitive cave painting seen on the New Jersey Turnpike



North Carolina is often billed as "Variety Vacationland" and that name applies even in the case of Wake Forest University. The Reynolda campus of this noble institution is also the home of Carolina's bottom scenic attraction, Underground W.F.U.

When ground was broken in 1951 for the new campus, the Wake Forest Tunnel System had its beginnings. Originally conceived primarily for the purpose of carrying steam to heat the new buildings, this system has recently become one of Wake's most popular tourist attractions. Tunneling offers the adventure-minded student a convenient escape from the pressures of surface life to an exciting world of continual darkness and "singing pipes".

Tunneling is not restricted to any one segment of the University community. It is said that even members of the faculty have travelled the steamy straights. On a Saturday night it is not uncommon to see several of the major social organizations of the campus represented by visitors to the welcome centers. Group tours are not unusual as was evidenced by a recent "ladies' night" tour which drew a surprising number of lovely spelunkers. Tunnel dates are growing more common, having been pioneered by one "Diggin' Dave", and veteran tunnelers know that many of the best tunnelers come from the south side of the campus.

Tunneling used to be limited severely by the fact that much information was simply not available. The Wake Forest University Tunnel Authority was founded in October of 1974 for the purpose of providing maps and routing assistance to tunnel travellers. This group of dedicated students immediately set to work assigning names to the major tunnels and undertook a large-scale mapping project. Signs were erected on Main Street before Thanksgiving recess.

By second semester the entire system was marked and the first maps had been published. A student in the 151 Speech class that term received praise for a visual aids presentation on tunneling as an activity to fight boredom. This was the first public introduction of the Tunnel Authority road name assignments. The Authority itself was now busily engaged in the construction of the two Welcome Centers, the first of which was opened in the middle of second semester. The Arvin Alley Welcome Center offered maps and travel information in addition to a hearty welcome to "Underground W.F.U." The second Welcome Center was opened soon after on Main Street offering the same services as the one on Arvin Alley. A complete guide book was now offered for sale, with the proceeds from the sale going to the upgrading of safety signs in the tunnels.

The fall of 1975 saw the debut of multilingual signs on Main Street as well as an extensive sign upgrading program on the New Jersey Turnpike. The new signs were made to meet American International Uniform Sign Code specifications.

Thanks to the Tunnel Authority it is possible to plan excursions to the heart of Wake's heating system at Grand Central Station where one senses the power of coal being transformed into hot steam power. One can also visit other machine rooms throughout the campus, each of which has its own special excitement. But the biggest thrill of all for most tunnelers is to walk seemingly endless corridors following the pipes that click and sing relentlessly as they carry the steam to heat the dorms and classrooms of a great university.

If you plan to visit the tunnels this year, here are some things you should know. It must first be pointed out that Wake Forest University does not officially recognize or sanction tunneling in any form. Section seven of the student regulations, which states that students are restricted from using areas of the campus that are locked or otherwise closed to them can be applied to the tunnel system. Many of the machine rooms served by the tunnel system are checked during the night by a guard who makes rounds from 10:30 PM to 6:30 AM. Maintenance personnel can also be expected occasionally during the day. The best time to enter the tunnel system is from late afternoon until 10:30 PM.

Access to the tunnel system may be gained at a number of different places. It is a good idea to take a "sidewalk tour" using the guide map to familiarize yourself with the placement of the tunnels in relation to the campus. There are two types of outdoor access points, the first of which is a distinctive rectangular metal grating set in a raised concrete platform. This type of opening provides ventilation to the tunnels as well as access for tunnelers. Listen for the metallic sounding clack-clack of expanding and contracting steam pipes. This will confirm the fact that you have located a tunnel vent. The other type of outdoor access is an ordinary manhole cover. Look for it being slightly raised above ground level and listen for the metallic sounding clack-clack of the steam pipes. If you must use an outdoor access point, please *REPLACE THE COVER SECURELY*. The importance of safety in tunneling cannot be stressed enough. Serious injury can result from carelessness in or around tunnels and an open manhole invites disaster.

The best place to enter the tunnels is inside the library. Go to the green door on the east end of the first level (Government Document Level). Insert the hook of a coathanger around behind the latch, and pull on the door and the coathanger at the same tim This will permit you to enter Penn Station, a maj hub of the tunnel network.

One can also enter the tunnels from Tribble Hal The entrance is in the A (Center) section basemen right beside the elevator closest to the library. Yo may need a screwdriver to get in the metal wa plate. This is the Dribble Drive entrance.

During the spring of 1975 the Fine Arts Cente proved to be a good entrance. The tunnel is on th ground level by the elevator shaft. This is "Th Strip" and it leads to Arvin Alley. Exploration wi show other entrances. You may find that your favo ite is one that is not mentioned here.

The Wake Forest University Tunnel Authorit recommends this list of basic necessities for tunnel ing:

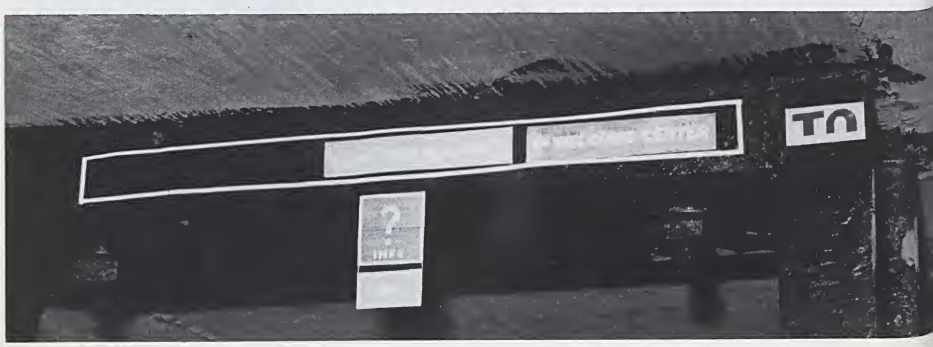
A FLASHLIGHT OR CARBIDE LAMP IN GOOD WORKING ORDER
COATHANGER
BOOTS OR STURDY WATERTIGHT SHOES
OLD CLOTHING
MAP (AVAILABLE AT WELCOME CENTERS)

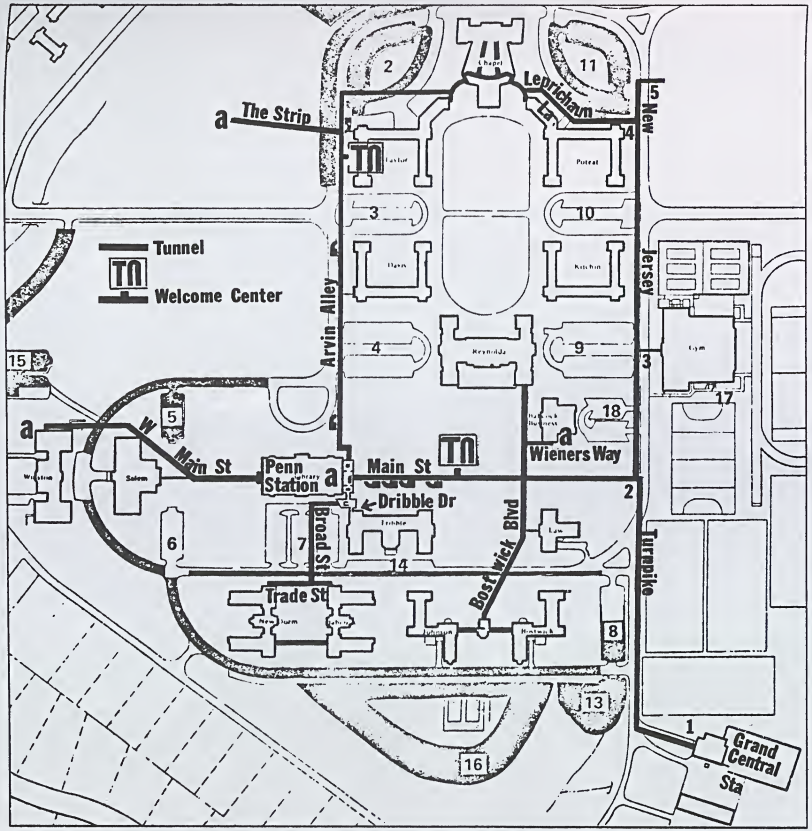
The Tunnel Authority has erected signs to aid th tunneling public. They are reflective and work bes if you hold your light close to your head. Signs no erected comply with A.I.U.S.C. specifications.

Remember that the tunnels are extremely hot an therefore you should go slowly and take breaks ofte The welcome centers are located near ventilatio points and are good break areas. Care should b taken in climbing the ladders in the tunnels, as som of these ladders get extremely hot.

Watch out for holes in the floor in the followin locations: the junction of Main Street and the Ne Jersey Turnpike, Dribble Drive, and Broad Stree near Penn Station. Be especially careful of the lo hanging electrical boxes on Main Street. They ca cause concussions. During wet weather expect floo ing up to 4 inches deep, especially on Main Stree Don't touch valves or controls and avoid contact wit the pipes as much as possible. A few simple preca tions will make for a much more enjoyable tunn experience.

The Wake Forest University Tunnel Authori wishes you a delightful dig and invites you to ta advantage of the services they offer to the W.F.U Tunneler.





Diggin Deacon's®

Underground WFU Map

Wake Forest University Tunnel Authority

PRECAUCIÓN- VIGILEN
LA CABEZA
CAUTION - WATCH
YOUR HEAD

Mirror

pale long angel strands streaming
clouds behind the amethyst eyes
navy-edged aqua and topaz hearts
she
came running
running into the fountain
in utter abandon
leaped into the plums of water
her hair exploded
into a thousand diamonds
falling upwards.

Mary Jo Sweeney

What's it gonna be like
When ya turn it off Lord?
Will it go silent with a click
Then fade from the edges
To a diminishing white dot?

John Gregory

My tomorrow slowly
sank to the bottom of
the glass, and a today
rose up to take it's place.

John Gregory

Over Paris: 1923

Rain nestles onto
The green copper roof
And eddies against the stone softness
Of her carved cheek.
I sit in her tears and watch the movements
Of the city she has ruled over
So long with silent grace.

Morning's orange appears
While the city wakes.
I sit somewhere far away
Staring at the prices
On the back wall
Of a dim cafe.
While your charms
Are kept safe within me
My dreams and life
Fade into the smoke
That hangs in silent tribute
Above my bowed head.
Struck by the sun
As I step onto the windy street
I wander looking for a place of death.

Past the arc where widows and pensioners
Feed pigeons and Africans sell
Wooden elephants I walk slowly.
Before the white sun pass clouds
On the rain-cold day.
My last attempt at the Tuileries.

I stare at the faces on the Metro
Whose eyes are all-about me in avoidance.
I speak, but my words are lost somewhere
Past the turnstiles among the spent tickets
Which lie at their feet
On the wet, black bough.
Wearily I climb the worn marble stairs
At the back of the Hotel Pax,
Where alone I have been for all time.
I close door 23,
Lie on the bed
And die.

I embrace the mourning rose.
Its tears of dew
Fall to my face
And cry to my soul.

Erik Lounsbury

Insomnia

There is no sleep.
I watch
A shadow
Catch a fly
On the wall
Then blink away thoughts–
And tomorrow.

Horace Crump

It's funny how
water spins in the pool,
and you may never see
unless a leaf or seed drops
in to show the manner of exchange.

Sam Petro

Thrush-Gray Night Singing

Marcel's "Magic Lantern"
turns out
on a Saturday night
to be
eight plastic Clydesdales
on rails
endlessly pulling a wagon
of Budweiser beer,

their purpose to draw
the simple attention of
a complex public:

To divert attention
from
golden reflections
to a more permanent loneliness.

Sam Petro

I, standing in the snowpowdered clearing
gathered into my hands the exquisite substance
and held it so before my eyes:

seeing then how the form it took was mine
and of my hands
Behold
I said
behold, nature, how these hands of mine touch yours:

so saying I lifted hands to mouth
and kissed
and opened fingers wide in pain to see
how they no longer fit:

and snowdust sifted to the ground
according to its own design
as I left
the clearing
finally.

John Gillon

The head does not orient the
spine:
It accepts the curve.

Sam Petro

EMINENT MUSICIAN IN PAJAMAS

he gargles Bach
every morning at the sink:
he looks in the mirror
moving his face, observing
his roar, examining the
arches of his ear, the
line of his nose,
the profile of his tongue

B. Leach

i walk along the pale line
where the foam ends,
the trembling edge of surf
that trails the ragged kelp
of the old season.
the steel-grey wave
that slices up the beach
makes two dark islands of my feet.

i came here once in summer
when life was easier
and you were with me.
two great bronzed arms of beach
embraced us: your eyes were mine.
i remember sailing high on the blue crest,
the spinniker blossoming ochre
at the bow, the sweet air honed
with salt spray and shrill gull cries.
at night, the white sails of our bed
billowed in the cool breeze.

white pebbles tumble in the salt tow,
a chill curls down the beach; a breath
of snow.

but i am not alone
your eyes light my way like suns,
keeping me from danger; the flame
of your smile burns within me,
warm as a summer day.

phillip anglin

The fly lights
and busies himself
about your nylon-stockinged
thigh
and deduces to himself
that you're of a durable
insensitive type.
He ends his nervous boredom
by flight
And reflects briefly, unamazed
on the ever new human surprise.

I, all so human, too
reflect upon my own example:
I disguised truth
by placing the fly
on your thigh,
when it was actually your ankle.

And so,
In the end,
a lie lights upon your thigh
justified in name of rhyme.
for myself, unashamed
I continue to always surprise
but never amaze.

Mark Pompilio

You are a canvas
yielding like a newly - sprouted
limb under the padding of my Prussian Blued
brush

The whiteness of your
stark, textured board is like freshly
washed hands; clean until my brush splotches a
mixture.

of

Raw umber and a
bit of cadmium yellow light
to make end-of-summer leaves turning fall -
red.

John Gregory

Poem for Sue

Roses
crimson coral and white
are guarded by thorns.
And insects
haunt pastel petals
purring for pollen.
And summerstorms
Knof the skies with bellowing barrels of thun
and drown delicate roofs.
And aphids
in myriad creeping corps
Suck and consume leafy life juice.
Yet,
amidst the barbs, beasts and ethereal tread
there radiates
a roseate
inspiration

John Knight

mrs. crumpet's cheshire cat·

mrs. crumpet floats on 222 bonnie drive. she is indeed a bibacious old lady, drinks quite a bit of irish coffee.

somedays, me and lucy charm her with brandy cake. she has an incredible sweet tooth.

one day, me and lucy took her a bouquet of mayflowers and even though they smelled sweet they didn't satisfy her insatiate desire for brandy cake.

well, mrs. crumpet had had a bit much irish coffee that day, she made us sit with her a spell and chit-chat. she began telling us about how she hates to open presents. she said that she always despised to open them cause she never knew whether she'd be pleased or dismayed. Said once upon opening a present she was so disappointed she couldn't conceal it.

then mrs. crumpet looked straight into our eyes and said cherubically, "i sure am awfully glad you children didn't put those flowers in a box and wrap them up. i would have expected brandy cake and i doubt that i would have been able to have given you my usual cheshire cat."

at this point me and lucy proceeded to excuse ourselves and hastened out of 222 bonnie drive.

mrs. crumpet had been talking stark mad nonsense, everyone knows she doesn't own a cat.

sue ellen farmer

The Wind Blows Realistically

The wind blows realistically,

thrust through looming clouds
billowed to silver and black:

its rocking cradles me, its rhythm
weaves a pattern to my delight:

fall is at hand and I'm thinking
how fine it is that I've not yet

Idealized summer: leaves on maple
and poplar are slowly yellowing:

imperceptibly they mellow into
huddles on the ground: funny,

yesterday was crisp and cold and
I thought of apples ripening to

fall: but today summer is with some
success striving to be with us

again: lying under thick blankets
of overcast it sleeps in suspension,

too constant to be real: but something
alive in penetration through constant

only in motion goes to work out there
so when the poplar rises rigid and bare

through leaves tufted to the earth
lying at his feet, then it is

winter: in crisp cold I crave
the warm and damp imposed:

in darkness we can curl to great heat,
then, lying here, numb ourselves

and appreciate the sheer senselessness
of aftermath: I imagine all is gone

in dissipation: two blankets on the bed
we share make for a remedial return

to the womb: fall is at hand.

John Gillon

black night pulls me
through the window,
leave the slate grey blocks
of library floor.
no time for Thoreau biology.
see a person walking, walking
and grass is green
below corner streetlights
and cars are symmetrical shining stars
and i know you
by the way you move
through the black night
which is deeper
than its darkness

Sue Ellen Farmer

Patterns

You're no longer
the highlight of the evening,
insecurity is waiting
backstage
to give you a withered bouquet
and tell you of the great performance.

You're no longer
speeding faster than your thoughts–
reason steps in
to congratulate you —
"When is the next race?"

Lying and running
from the truth -
You move on,
another show,
another race,
shaking off
bittersweet reality–
finding yourself
dirty and disgusting
time and time
again.

Horace Crump

birds ride the wind in
a trembling V,
pointed towards the magnetic warmth
of south

all dimensions of space
cushion the graceful curve
of their flight.
their wings slice through
invisible resistance,
chilled by the evening;
lifting on silent updrafts.

wheeling into the sun-strained clouds
while the checkerboard world gyrates
far below.

phillip anglin

i dare you world
i double, triple dare you world

take away your crummy shells and
cold damp rocks.
the wind, go on, take it,
sift it out of me; it's touched me all
unsquinch my eyes.

come on indian giver;
the waves, take
the waves,
i don't need them or anyone to talk to.
go on world
go on.

try and part my footprints and the sand-

phillip anglin

Gethsemane

I. Soon

I tend them under the
Pumpkin moon
orange in rot of harvest.

Stars fell when I left home
left the moonfaces like a
pitted pimple.

It
washes me with pale blue pride
of my fat children of fertile season.
I had grown them with my thumb
they
litter the field for the choosing of
pink children.

They were charms
that I planted
for young hands
To carve masks
and figureheads
of haunting
every house had one,
blood of October
lamb
left near every door.

II. Loon

They grew like chubby buddhas.
Frost freckled their cheeks
a few damp mornings.

III. Pale Blue

one night
the faces in the field were stolen.
Witches
must have swept them up,
slashing
umbilical vines.

The holiday came
invisible
crept away without a
ghostly murmur.

I miss the scent.
The season left me with dried skin.
I trust no one since,
even my hemogoblins
I was patron saint to pumkin gardens
for I so loved the world.

Craig Shaffer

When the Cradle Rocks

My folks left me in D.C.,
fighting storms that stand on corners.
We all fight for the walking green.
I watch for angels, while you only
spread
        wild gangrene.

I read the right books.
tumbling through Ariel
The Beautiful Losers, even
One Flew Over a Cuckoo's Nest.

I'm may be tired of feuding–
incest is best, said my mad countrymen.
Darkness belongs to night; but I know
    you meant nothing by it,
You wanted me to grow up right.

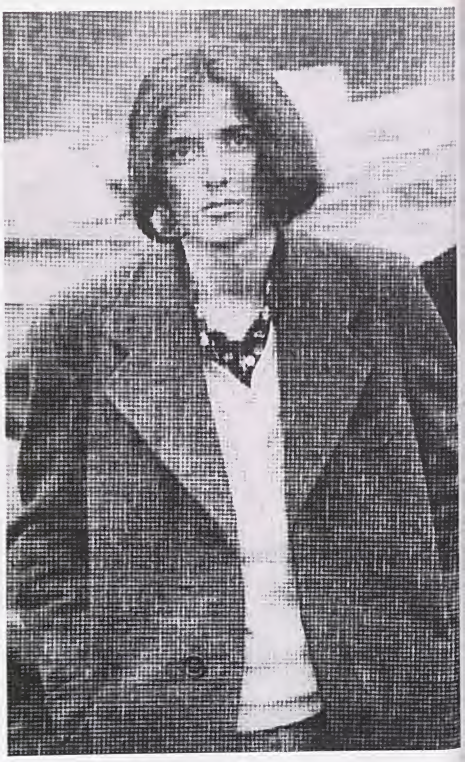
I will take my life
                lightly
as a Disneyborn elf. Or troll
if you refer the connotation–
I can become
Tinker Belle with a
change of costume.

This room where I've stopped
                living
with you infests the days with
damp sickness. I will use your best silk
shirts and dresses to catch the leak
under the sink.

You caught me in the act
before you left.
Aren't you proud of your
approbriate punctuality?

My fingers had been clasped over the ledge,
slightly tarnished because I was still
Mocking my decision. You did not want
To have to sweep up the details, and
pinched my hands with the window.
Thank you.

I have a hand with nubs to shake, like
a lumbered land. And now, when you aren't
Looking, I feverishly consider
Infinites above the landscape. I will be
a cloud rapist if I can ever see over these
slut gray buildings.



I read your letters like
Epitaphs, but you write them like
Cartoons. They come with
Loving regularity. I will tell you.
The raven beak that breaks me
will be the dripping beak of
Your tongue.
I will tell you that

I won't be any harder than a
Tired lover when I hit soil.

I will tell you, perhaps later
if you happen to be in the
Vicinity, what it feels like
To have the weight of the world
Under me.

Craig Shaffer

Digestable Brambles

Concerned diagramatically
with the juxtaposition
of Azalea and Snap-Dragon,
Dogwood and Holly,
Golden Delicious and Ragweed;

Shifting relative positions
when the aesthetic
demands different borders:

The approach to roses
with transplanting purpose
is an ordered system,

the problem involved being
confrontation with ungoverned
wilds of bushes whose purpose
is orgiastic pricking:

Different dimensional viewing
again serves
elliptical decision making

Worse, now the borders,
undefined defy angular
vision and dissembling
categorization.

Br'er Rabbit had the
right idea:

Escape to most familiar peril.
Open mouthed and thin shirted,
forget the gloves and focus
the vision on a particular
patch:
As you rip and munch,
in the thicket of things,
a shrewd compassion will
result between the brambles and
the omnivore:

You must grab, pull,
and chew,
then worry about digestion,
if you must.

Sam Petro

rainwreck

moving in a different sphere now
i travel on my elbow (low down)
ahead of me in the wet dark my bike
throws sparks down the pavement
we are both over, giving ourselves to
car, tree, gutter,
for so long we slide, free of protection.

Kendall Reid

press me under your wings
sing thinly old-time religionsongs
dream with me, place within
one must be sea-like free.

carry me on: no other is
like me and we love me.
you do agree, tomorrow
is for the best—familiar, rings.

lessons exist because
frozen strawberries in store
are easier to pick but
wild strawberries taste strawberrier.

so hard for elizabeth to understand.
she thinks if i am hers
i need her lesson. i'm glad
she's not my mama, katharine belongs to her.

wouldn't even give katharine
a wing when she cried:
cried her own self, put her precious katharine
in a notebook wire cage.

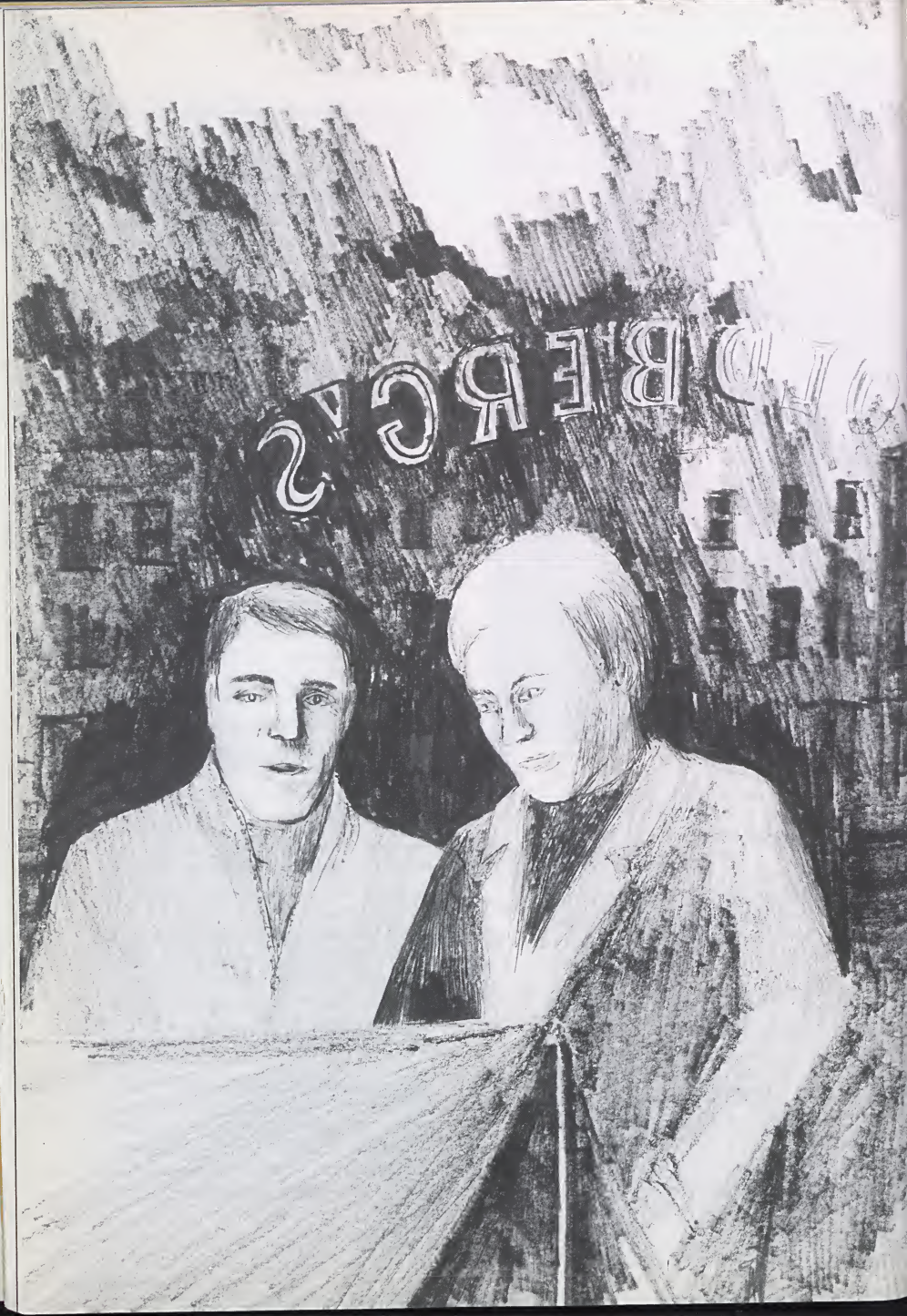
do this 'tis right:
waste not, want not;
never advertise, chase you not;
buy cheap, be pure for your husband.

the old are wise
and yet ants crawl
in their porcelain water fountains
katharine cries when she leaves.

i know exactly why so:
she had no wings, didn't
even try. elizabeth's lesson
wound her too many in cage.

i can be, am be sea free:
love to pick wild strawberries
squish 'em 'til my feet turn pink
dream for the best: no one's lesson.

sue ellen farmer



The Trail

by Killian Davis

McCutcheon and I used to think we were outdoorsmen. Subscribers to *Backpacker, Canoe* and a host of other nature-man showcases, we hustled on down to I. Goldberg's Army-Navy Store in Cherry Hill every time some new piece of camping equipment debuted in them.

After several years of paddling about the lakes and little rivers of the Pine Barrens, we restlessly resolved to try some great adventure, some big-league whole earth communion. It didn't take us long to decide, late one muggy July night in his Mount Holly apartment, that our next excursion could be that ancient manbreaking path, the Appalachian Trail.

"Cutch," I said, "let's see what's in the library."

The library was eight banana boxes stuffed with old magazines, history books, catalogues, maps and God-knows-what printed garbage that the two of us had accumulated and now stored under McCutcheon's bed.

Like an IBM 360, he pulled out the box marked "Chiquita 7330," dug five inches deep near the right rear corner, and extracted from below two huge handfulls of *Appalachian Trail Club* mags, guide books and maps. We studied the maps and guide books for about an hour, deciding that our time and resources would allow us a two-day hike on the Trail from the Lehigh River Gap to Hawk Mountain in Pennsylvania.

Now neither of us had ever hiked so much as a foot of the Trail. All we knew was that it was marked by white blazes on trees roughly every fifty feet or by the sign ⅄ , and that there were bears on it down in Georgia and North Carolina. Thus, without any experience in the big leagues, we plunged into what we later found to be the world series of hiking. We set the starting day for August 1 at eight o'clock in the morning at the Lehigh River and planned to hoof the thirty miles to Hawk Mountain by the next evening.

We made our grand trip to I. Goldberg's, knowing this time it was for real. How the city-slickers stared with envy as we bought packages of freeze-dried beef stew and powdered soup and cans of butane fuel for our pack stoves. By dinnertime the night before, we had our packs packed and our maps mapped.

"Do you think we're really ready for this?" McCutcheon asked me, timidly picking up his fifty-pound backgear.

"Sure," I said, "we've read Fletcher and Ryback and *Backpackers.*" Fletcher was Colin Fletcher, whose *Complete Guide to Backpacking* was our field manual. Ryback was an eighteen year-old kid who calmly walked from British Columbia to Mexico on the Pacific Crest Trail. His insights and experiences enshrined in *The High Adventure of Eric Ryback* comprised our bible. Naturally the periodical *Backpacker* kept us up to date with accomplishments in the wild world of outdoor exploration.

"Besides, we've got only the finest equipment," I added. We looked proudly at our shining new, cowhide, Vibram-soled, gut-laced Survivor Boots that we had purchased through a friend of mine who teaches mountain-climbing for Outward Bound. Our packs glistened new and green, stuffed with provisions, equipment and sleeping bags.

Satisfied, McCutcheon left his gear at my garage and went back to his apartment where I would pick him up the next morning in my old Ford pick-up. His wife, Clara, had agreed to drive us from Hawk Mountain, where we would leave the truck, to our starting point at the river.

We arose the morning of August 1 to find the countryside covered with fog and simmering at eighty degrees at 6 a.m. Somewhat tipped off about the heat to come, we were nevertheless psyched and began the long ride from Mount Holly to Palmerton, Pennsylvania.

A six-car pile-up near King of Prussia and a flat tire later, we arriver at the Lehigh River Gap around noon. A blazing sun beat down through the cloudless mountain air, and from the river's edge we spied the ⅄ emblem and a series of white blazes on the rocks.

"Damn!" I said. *"We are there!"*

We scanned the trail where it crossed barren rockslides and suddenly turned ninety degrees left and straight up a mountainside.

"In this heat, it'll probably take us fifteen minutes to get up the hill," McCutcheon said. "Lotta loose rocks."

"You think so long?" I asked. "It only looks like about a thousand feet to the ridge."

"These mountainsides can fool you sometimes," he said in a moment of prophecy that makes me shudder to remember it.

"Let's get goin', we got a run to make," my companion said, kissing Clara goodbye and abruptly attacking the rocky course with his Survivor Boots. I followed closely behind.

We soon found the sharp turn and began the ascent. I make no exaggeration when I tell you that each step was roughly a foot and one-half up; and after twenty minutes of hard climbing, we were sure we were near the top.

"Let's look back down to see where we are," McCutcheon panted cheerfully. We stepped off the path and up onto an overhang. We got that sinking feeling as we spied McCutcheon's Plymouth Duster parked just out of license

plate-reading range. Clara sat inside, looking around for us.

"Jesus Christ," I sweated, "do you know how far we gotta go yet, just to get to the top?"

"Hey—c'mon," he said, "let's get off of here before she s us." We scrambled down off the boulder. "Now, where's y manhood, your spirit?" he asked me, wondering at the sa time where his own were.

Again we climbed twenty minutes but never seemed make any progress. By now our new boots had begun to bli our feet. Our shoulders ached as the packs struggled to pull back down the mountainside. Our legs were cramping from strain and we had already depleted a goodly portion of water supply.

We resolved to make it to the top on the next attack. T minutes later we were propped against two oak trees wh solid trunks were the only thing that prevented us fr making like runaway bobsleds down the steep hill. And had still gotten only half way.

McCutcheon was sweating from every pore in his body his face had turned a deep red. My clothes were bathed perspiration and my breath was short.

"Screw this," McCutcheon said, suddenly gulping the of his water and plunging back down the mountain.

"Wait!" I shouted. "Don't give up! What about *the Trai*

"Fuck the Trail! I'm going home!"

As I clung to the tree, I turned just in time to see Cu slipping and sliding down, back to humanity. Gnats w swarming into my wet eyes, and from the valley sounded dreadful capitulation, "Fuck the trail . . . fuck trail . . . fuck the . . . ."

In a moment of intensity, more though of one-upmanshi plunged blindly up the hillside with one thought in mind prove that I had more balls than McCutcheon!

"I'm going on," I shouted insanely. A faint "you're nu drifted back up.

One hour later, after leg cramps, blisters and a pea butter and jelly lunch, I staggered onto the ridgetop fee like Sir Edmund Hillary must have at the summit of Ever There, near a club-provided shelter and camp area, I foun man and woman and their two little girls.

"How'd you get up here? By helicopter?" I asked the li ones jokingly.

"Hi!" said the woman in that carefree happiness that bona fide campers have. "We started from Hawk Mountain we're going to the Delaware" (another forty miles nor "Where are you coming from?"

The little girls smiled at me devilishly.

I made the two-day, thirty mile walk to the truck at Hw Mountain. On the way there, I ran out of water and had hike a five miles in the dark to the next spring, got lost tw stepped on a snake, nearly fell off of a cliff, got bitten seven million mosquitoes, and in the sweating hot weat contracted a case of jock rot that lasted two months. I also my beef stew supper under the light of a full moon on a p and saw Pennsylvania stretched out eastwardly in the soft li as far as the curve of the earth.

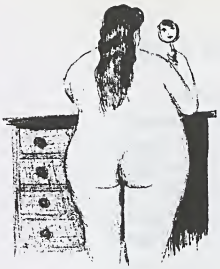
Although McCutcheon still makes the trip with me t Goldberg's in Cherry Hill, only I continue to think I'm outdoorsman.

TRANSLATIONS

VINGT

A huit heures, douze fenêtres, chacun ayant un store lui-même, du crepuscule.

Kendall Reid



Bright green bristle push
fuller brush
newer brush
center blue green established growth,
relaying impact
water drops
compromise
so that
bottom splotchy yellow
older leaves' thirst
goes unquenched
topwise drenched
all on the same tree

Sam Petro

UNTITLED

Feeling flows, feels faintly full of fortitude:
We were one, weren't we?
Prodigy meets enigma; uncertain outcome.
Quietly quipping, counting closely . . .

Foreigner feels befriended, fondness fondles.

Kathy Heaphy

Terror at Day break

I steal across the icy floor;
In frenzied fear creep I;
Awakened by a horrid dream
Brought conscious with a cry;
The crimson blood of dawn spills through
The window to the floor,
As nervous, apprehensive fear
Propels me to the door.
Behind that door, the answer lies;
My trembling hands reach out . . .
The oaken door now open flies;
My mind is wrenched with doubt.
The truth cannot escape me now;
I shake with muffled wails—
My nerves now frayed, I laugh at Fate
And step upon the scales.
Relief then floods my tired soul,
My muscles now are limp;
I'd dreamed my diet went awry
And I'd become a blimp!

Wendy Wassink

Upon Thinking About It Later

all day
thinking, feeling in my mind
and over my skin
your warmth, the slick silken rich teak
brown of your skin
milky moon shadows silhouetted, I saw,
a study of contracts
muscles etched stark and flowing
faces in paradise I'd seen before
sinking down deep
down into dark scented depths.

Mary Jo Sweeney

STILL WATERS

River flows
Rolling through
Days and ways
Past mainstays
Of past life,
Through nights of
Stars and dreams
Of future
Days when still
Waters will
Still find me
Rolling through
Lives and times
Peacefully
Carefully
Leaving my
Light in still
Deep shadows.
Silently.

Kathy Heaphy

in the heavy dew
fine green blades of freshcut grass
cling to my shoes.

Jeff Sivon

Sneakers can tell a lot
about a person.
Worn out on the heels;
They belong to one who is
never ready.

Uneven on the sides;
Probably from walking
A line so fine
He wobbles.

Toes ground down;
Peeking over fences.
Strings broken and frayed
Go along with relations.

There are new ones
Shiny and white,
Always perfect, never worn;
They're in the closet.

Sneakers can tell a lot
about a person —
If they fit.

Bill Savage

Twilight from the Breakwall

Summer-lake ripples glisten
orange, red, purple, orange . . .
as the sailboat silhouette
glides before the setting sun.

Jeff Sivon

What?

I went
up the down around way through the closed door
into an empty room full of people who were talking
and laughing in the silence which was so loud, I
couldn't see to think about what I didn't want
to hear.

John Gregory

Once
upon
a
time
Kings
falter,
Death
comes
slowly
but
surely.

T. Hum

The Artist's Work Done

The end of years' enduring
love,
solvent fingers rubbing
smooth
Madonna's feet:

each leaves
its own impression:

but finally
a collective wound bleeds
life's likeness
out of stone
and makes it stone again.

John Gillon

For Randall Jarrell

where is my child's eye view
of grass and shiny things and rocks
that feel good in my hand
is it a lost world, where
memories dull over sharp ouch cries
of scraped knees and banged shins
and thuds after falling (parachuting)
from the B-52 treehouse?

I still make O-mouths of awe
but now then nobody is looking, but
my child's way—
it was out and out golliwogs and wows

that was a world where my parents thought
my friends were Not Me and Ida Know
and I lived from present to present having
no past and no future
except the upper-case world of GROWNUP

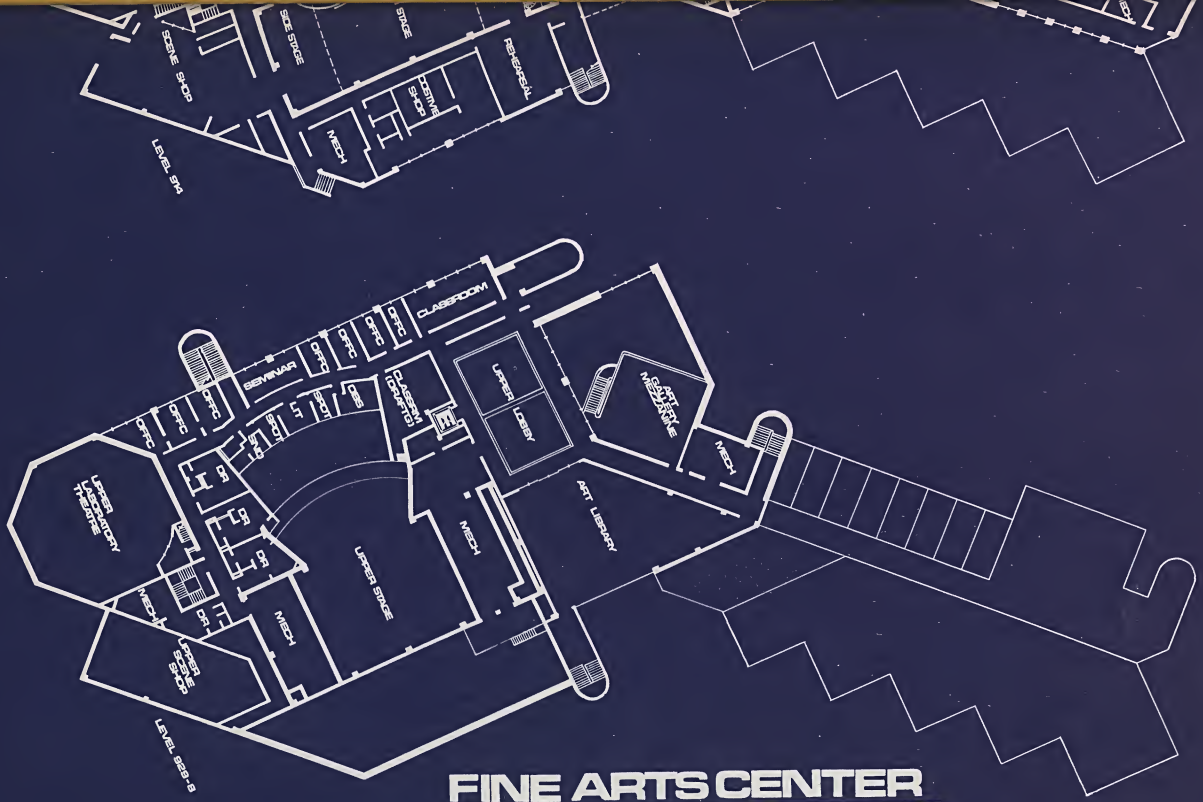
I don't even know when I put one sneaker
into the world where my frogs were only memories
of warts, and I couldn't remember the freckly boy's name.

but I was there—two feet splat
and I had to know why I did things
Ida Know and Not Me had run away.

I still wear sneakers but
my socks match—my knees have no scabs
once last summer I fell off my bike
I remember
just sitting there and laughing and loving
the fact that I still knew how to fall
off a bike
in a beautiful dusty skid
uncaring of ripped jeans and smudged chin
and just laughing at something funny

I like to think that I can still go back
to the lost world
but not when I want to
but only when it happens
and I just fall in
like a child falling into dreams.

Mary Jo Sweeney



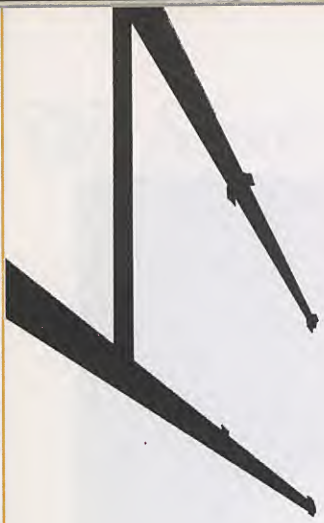
FINE ARTS CENTER

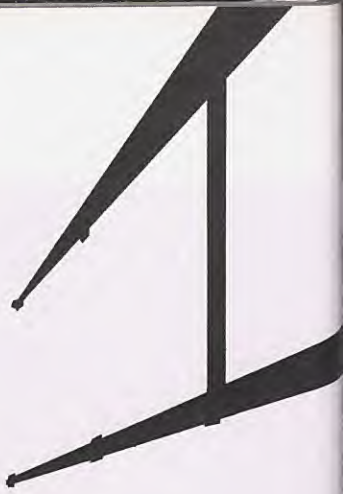
TOTAL FLOOR AREA: 77,380 SQUARE FEET
APPROXIMATE COST: $6 MILLION
PHASES I & II TO BE COMPLETED:
AUGUST 1976
SCALE: 1" = 29.68'

The Student
Winter 1975

The Student Magazine is published four times per academic year by the students of Wake Forest University, with funds provided by the University. It is a non-profit organization existing by and for the Wake Forest community. Contributions may be brought by our offices in Room 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the editors. *The Student* is printed by the Keiger Printing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Cover by Steve Goodman





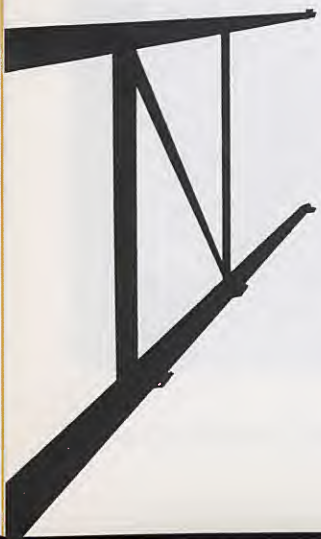
editor
bob melton

associate editor
judy haughee

staff
becky baker
tyler cox
sue ellen farmer
kathy heaphy
mark leuchtenberger
george mewborn
craig shaffer
terry weary

photography
dr. charles allen
c^2
eric morel
craig shaffer

art
bob kirchman



a place for the arts

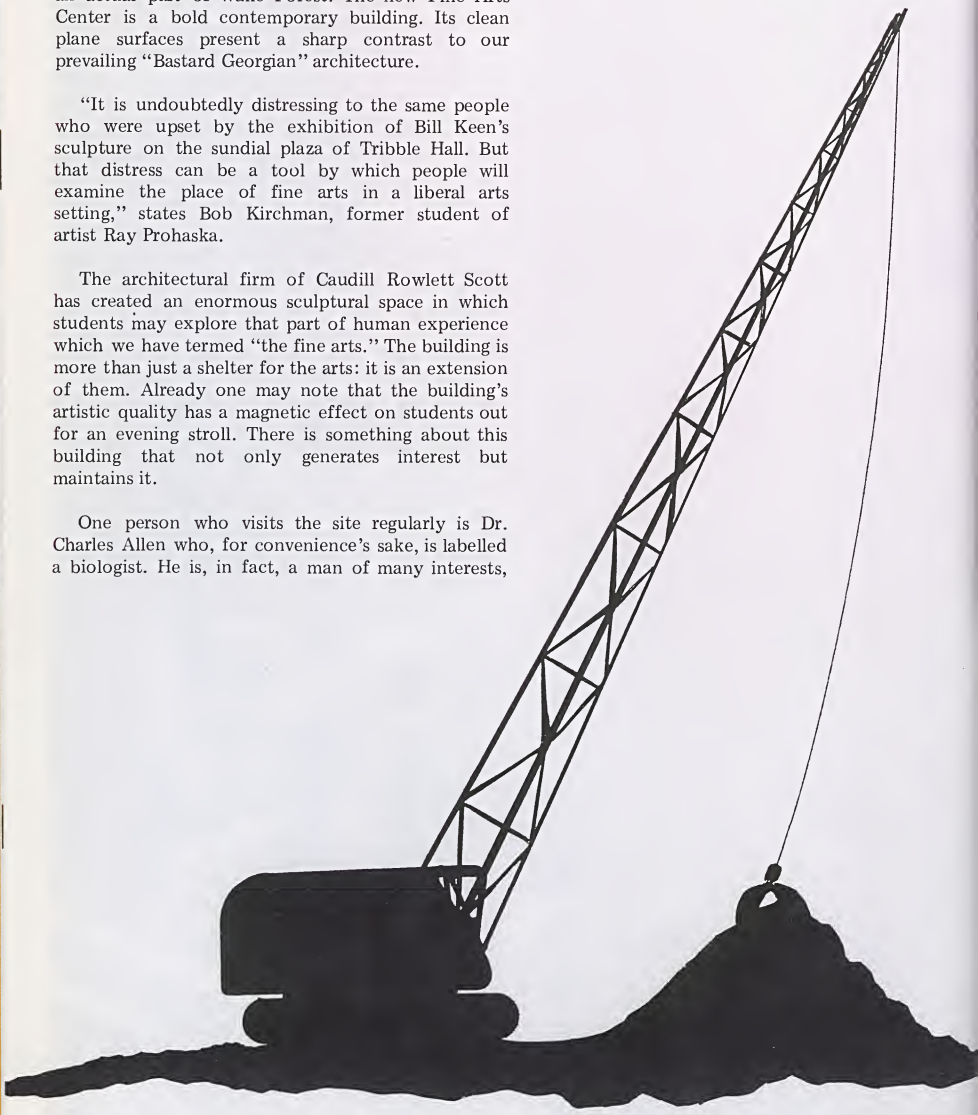
by kathy heaphy
bob kirchman
george mewborn
craig shaffer

It is hard to imagine this building -- standing by itself on a field sloping down from the boonies -- as an actual part of Wake Forest. The new Fine Arts Center is a bold contemporary building. Its clean plane surfaces present a sharp contrast to our prevailing "Bastard Georgian" architecture.

"It is undoubtedly distressing to the same people who were upset by the exhibition of Bill Keen's sculpture on the sundial plaza of Tribble Hall. But that distress can be a tool by which people will examine the place of fine arts in a liberal arts setting," states Bob Kirchman, former student of artist Ray Prohaska.

The architectural firm of Caudill Rowlett Scott has created an enormous sculptural space in which students may explore that part of human experience which we have termed "the fine arts." The building is more than just a shelter for the arts: it is an extension of them. Already one may note that the building's artistic quality has a magnetic effect on students out for an evening stroll. There is something about this building that not only generates interest but maintains it.

One person who visits the site regularly is Dr. Charles Allen who, for convenience's sake, is labelled a biologist. He is, in fact, a man of many interests,



with an unusual amount of expertise regarding them all. Our staff was privileged to have Dr. Allen as a guide on our tour of the Fine Arts Center facility. Dr. Allen's role in the creation of this center defies definition. He has long been active in the development of the arts on campus through the Wait Chapel Artist Series, and he has gained notoriety by including details from concerts on his biology quizzes. On Dr. Allen's wall is the shovel wielded by Margaret Truman at the groundbreaking ceremony on May 28, 1973. On a table at one side of the office rests a large, detailed model of the Fine Arts Center.

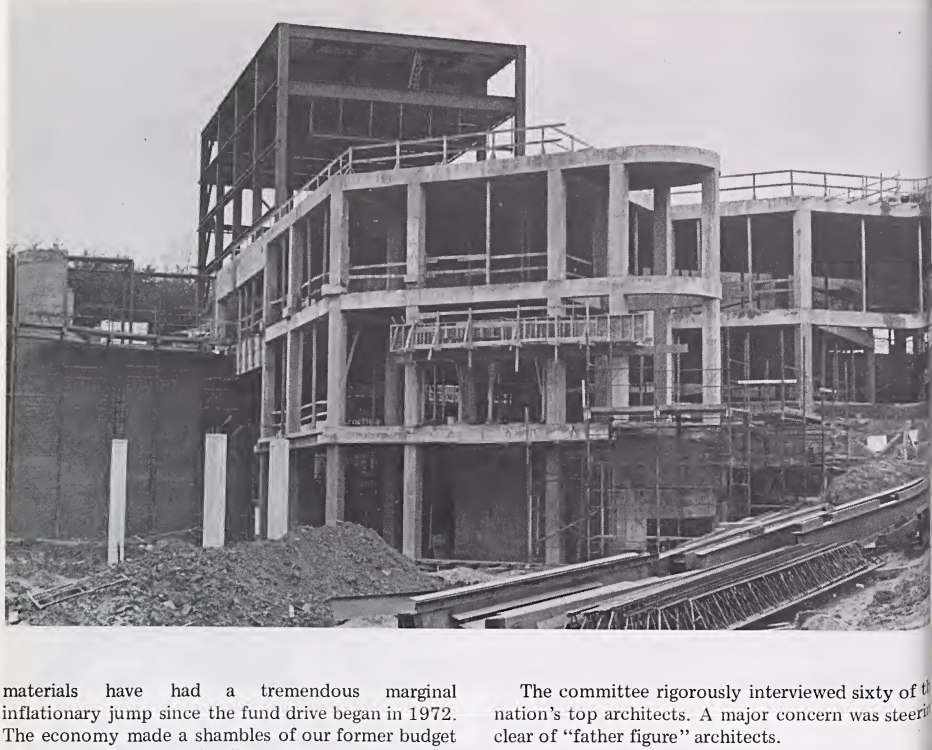
Dr. Allen cleared his desk and brought over the sections representing Phases I and II. Phase III represents the yet-unbuilt music wing. The building was designed in three sections so that one or two parts could be built, even if there were not enough money to complete the entire structure. Funds ran out before the music wing could be constructed. Many do not realize, however, that Phase I -- which carries the highest price tag -- contains the utilities and most of the machinery needed to serve the entire building (including the music wing).

The dream on Charles Allen's desk is quickly becoming a reality. Brick masons have finished, and the great smoked glass windows have been set in place. Interior work can now proceed through the winter, uninterrupted by the weather. According to present schedule, George W. Kane's work will be completed this coming April. Specialized lighting will be installed in another month, and all the furnishings will be in place sometime in June. Students returning in August will find the new center fully operational.

Dr. Allen recalls that he started "nudging President Scales the first year he arrived," proposing an art center. Over one hundred different building styles were studied before the proposal took concrete beginnings.

The financial support began with the One-Fifty Fund, an over-all money raising drive that originally vied for eight million dollars. Six and one half million was for the Art Center, and the rest was to be delegated to other school- oriented improvements. The ten million that was eventually raised proved to be hardly adequate. Even with a projected ten per cent inclusive inflation rate, the theater and art divisions have ended up costing the construction expense of all three sections.

"Labor, steel, and almost all construction



materials have had a tremendous marginal inflationary jump since the fund drive began in 1972. The economy made a shambles of our former budget when prices went sky high," says Allen.

"Styles must change," he continued. "We could never make another set of buildings like the style now on campus. They were suitable considering the economics of twenty years ago, but brick and glass of the past design are not efficient insulators. The windows with mill work require expensive continuous upkeep.

"This new building is brick and concrete with adequate insulation space between the dual walls, resulting in cheap, efficient temperature control. The design reflects a unique contemporary style."

A planning symposium composed of architectural experts, donors, townspeople, students, faculty and administration all pooled their resources for the most important preliminary decisions -- the choice of site and architect.

Allen was named chairman, since as a biology professor, he would remain relatively neutral in the emphases among the theater, art and music departments, while being enthusiastically involved in the interests of all three in relation to education.

The committee rigorously interviewed sixty of t nation's top architects. A major concern was steeri clear of "father figure" architects.

"We had to bypass some of the great, high qualified architects, either because they ha tendencies to paternal stubbornness, or becau former work did not reflect the innovation w wanted for this building. In addition, several of t major donors insisted that something very differe and impressive would have to be implemented befo their money went into the groundbreaking.

"As a result," Allen continued, "the Fine Ar Center is to be one of the most distinctive complex of its kind in the Southeast. The design is bo unique, functionally pragmatic and aesthetical beautiful. The core of the money came from tw local donors; the Mary Reynolds Babco Foundation gave one and a half million, and the Smith Reynolds Foundation provided two millio dollars."

After extensive screening, the symposium cho Caudill Rowlett Scott, a progressive, highly-rated fir out of Houston, Texas. Their belief is that a thorou building plan cannot be done professionally by o man. Only team architecture can combine both t practical and the aesthetic aspects vital

contemporary constructions.

"Most architects paint a pretty picture for clients, seducing them by design, de-emphasizing functional aspects as well as economic feasibility," says Allen. "This firm is too talented to bother with 'selling a client.' They state that 'if we have a job, we do what the customer wants, and we do it right.' "

A preliminary squatters session in choosing the site considered factors such as soil type, climate, drainage, land slope, relation to other buildings, and accessible parking. Around those parameters were decided the priorities that would best fit the Wake Forest landscape.

The three-man team is divided among the programmer, who devises the basic structural concept; and the designer, who works around the plan with freedom to implement innovations. He works closely with the engineer, who dictates what is functionally possible, practical and economical.

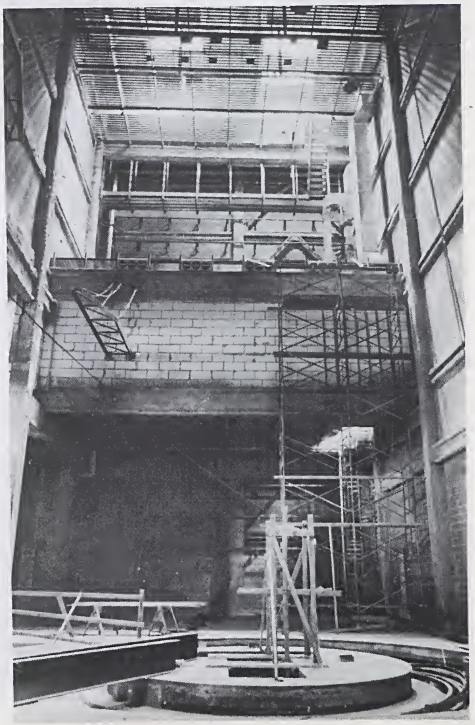
"This building has taken more thinking than anything else," says Allen. "For example, the theatre rests on a slope of thirty degrees. We had to decide whether to excavate or use fill dirt. Instead, we used the natural slope to form the angle of the theatre auditorium type seating. Building the theatre at the bottom of the hill also lessens the obtrusiveness of the one hundred foot fly loft. Every campus should have a center of attraction, and the highest point of the Arts Center will not compete with Wait Chapel for sky-scraping. By its location, the boondock parking lot should be easily accessible. Of course, on-campus students compose one half the audience at most college performances. Therefore, the building will not require a large amount of expensive parking space construction."

Entering the new building through the double row of smoked glass doors that comprise the main entrance, one finds himself in what can be described only as Wake's most monumental public space. The lobby sweeps up three stories to the great angular skylights. By day, light from the large windows will be reflected by the sloping ceilings of the skylights, and by night, the lobby will be illuminated by indirect lighting bounced off the same ceilings.

The effect created by this lighting will be intensified by the clean white surfaces of the walls. White will be seen throughout the building on walls and structural elements. Although this is traditionally considered insanity in decorating an institutional building, it will actually be no more of a maintenance problem than the pastel shades one finds in Tribble Hall. Dark brown carpet with subtle purple undertones will present a striking contrast to the vertical surfaces.

The decor of the Fine Arts Center is planned so that all "permanent" surfaces will be neutral colors such as white, brown, and natural wood. Easily renewable surfaces such as doors and furnishings will sport bold primaries, and these features will be color coded by floor. This will be particularly helpful to students attempting to navigate the new center. Supergraphics will be used sparingly in the stairwells. The overall effect will be exciting without becoming overwhelming. In any case, should the decor become bothersome, it can be changed with a minimum of expenditure.

The lobby will form the core of the Fine Arts Center's "public space," providing direct access to the art gallery and the two theatres. A large window wall separating gallery from lobby will provide an enticing view of the current gallery offerings. The two-story gallery is designed to accomodate large works comfortably, and the mezzanine will provide more intimate areas for smaller works and prints. The gallery also features an interesting freestanding staircase from main gallery floor to mezzanine. Plans call for a permanent exhibit to be mounted from the University's painting and print collection, along with special shows to be brought in periodically.



Phase I and II (Theatre and Art) ---------- 77,380 square feet.
Theatre Arts ---------- 39,011 square feet
Art ---------- 38, 369 square feet
Approximate cost, Phases I and II ---------- 6 million dollars

---

Main Lobby ---------- 40' x 80', Side lobby 108' x 20' (widest, narrowing to 12' at center)

MAIN THEATRE:

Seating: 345 Last seat to stage front (proscenium mode) 58' (in thrust mode, 49')
Overall stage area: 100' x 45'
Center Stage: 55' wide x 45' deep
Side stages: 26' x 45' and 20' x 45'
Center stage 39' deep in proscenium mode; 48' deep in thrust mode.
Stage to grid: 70'
Proscenium: 36' wide x 21' high (movable calipers can narrow proscenium to 20' width)
Front Act Curtain: both scissor and guillotine capabilities; motorized

42 line sets: 7 electrical; 13 drapes (cyc. legs, borders, act curtain and masking); 22 free line sets. (plus 24 spot lines)
Lighting: 7 electric pipes; 2 tormentors, 8 booms, 4 vertical ports, 2 light towers, Light Bridge.

Instruments: 180 Lekos (45 6 x 9; 54 6 x 12; 81 6 x 16)
12 750w Fresnels; 2 1000w Fresnels; 12 1000w 8'' Klieglights.
2 spots; 2 scenic projectors; 5 borderlight rows; cyc foots and 2 cyc top rows.

Dimmers: 24 3KW; 36 7KW; 12 12KW; plus 4 3KW and 4 7KW non-dims.

Control: Kliegl Series 2000 Q file memory lighting control system, 100 memory.

Overhead Safpatch Panel with 498 receptacles.

Sound: In addition to requisite amplifiers, pre-amplifiers, control sections, etc. there are five house speakers, four movable stage speakers, microphones, two turntables and two tape recorders.

There is a complete intercommunication system with headset and handset stations and a paging/monitor section.

LABORATORY THEATRE:

Seating: 124
Size: A circle with 59' diameter.
Floor to grid: 28' - 6''
Circular projection screen 14' high and 54' diameter with a projector module in center with 8 projectors which can cover screen with images or patterns.

Lighting: 56 Lekos (8 6 x 9; 48 6 x 16)
24 500w. Fresnels.

Dimmer: 24 3KW; 6 7KW; plus 6 3 KW non-dims.
Control: Kliegl Type SCR-CP Two Scene Preset console
Type I Safpatch board with 170 plugs.

Sound: In addition to amplifiers, preamps, control sections, etc. there are 4 house speakers, microphones, one turntable and two tape recorders.

Complete intercommunication system with handset and headset stations, and a paging/monitor section.

GENERAL: 600 amp. Company Switch Panel in Main Theatre section; Annular revolve in stage Main Theatre. Orchestra Lift with 25 musician capacity which can also be lifted to stage floor level where it serves as a forestage extension. Traps in Main Theatre and in Laboratory Theatre.

6 Dressing Rooms; Green Room; Scene Shop; Costume Shop; 7 Faculty Offices and two technical staff offices; Two Classrooms.

104
99
98
85
84

ART:

A $350,000 grant from the Andrew Mellon Foundation to be paid over the next five years has given the Art Department the green light for expansion. Immediate plans call for the hiring of an instructor in sculpture as well as an art historian in the Baroque period. If these faculty additions are approved by the administration, they should be hired in time for the coming fall semester, when the Art Department will begin offering classes in the new building. A five-year program of faculty expansion is planned, with the remainder of the grant money being used to expand the University's collections of prints and slides.

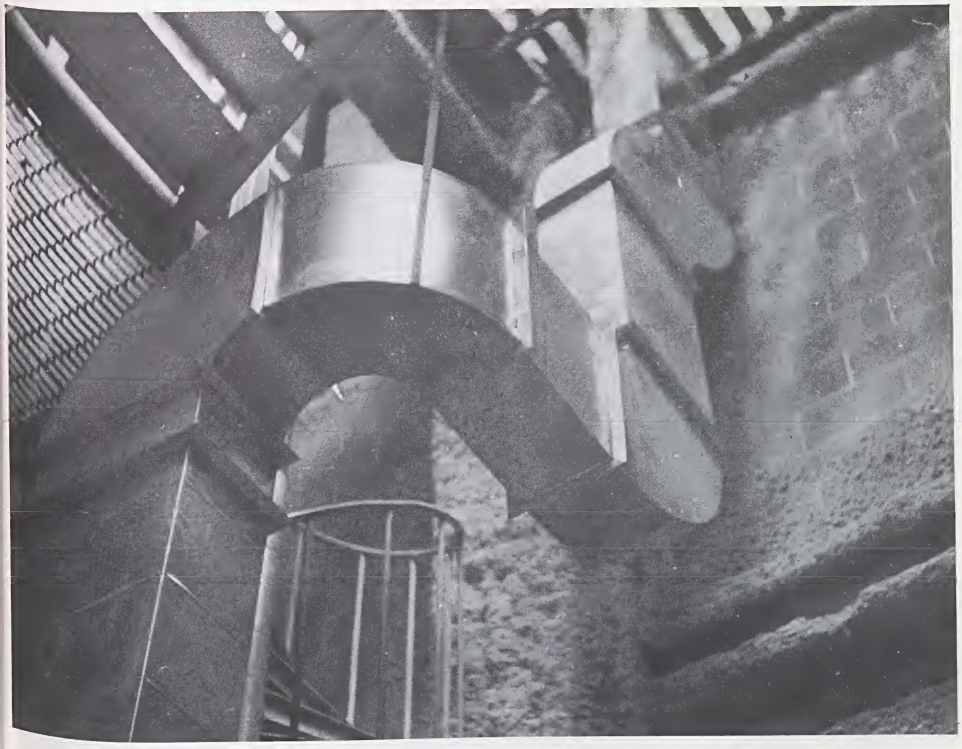
According to departmental chairman Sterling Boyd, an equal emphasis will be placed on the development of art history and studio programs, as each is considered essential to the other. In the teaching of art history, students must develop a sound knowledge of the elements used by an artist.

Likewise, the practicing artist must make himse aware of past trends and developments. Gary Coo who joined the faculty this year as a studi instructor, feels that the program will be more a history- oriented in keeping with its role in the overa liberal arts program. This does not mean anything terms of the quality of instruction. The studi program will be strong, but there are no plans fo Wake Forest to attempt to become the "Concoran the South." Emphasis will be placed on art as relates to the other diciplines, and Gary Cook fee that the new center opens the way for "area studies that is, programs involving the study of art, musi and literature. This is done to a certain degree now, in some of Dr. Barefield's history courses, where a slides and other cultural materials are used to broade the student perspective.

The development of the student's idea of what a is seems to be one of the department's mo important functions, according to Mr. Cook, wh says that most people come to Wake Forest with n conception of true art. They are familiar wi "sidewalk art" which is poor in quality and usual horribly imitative. The large gallary space will perm students to experience "high art" in which a fa greater degree of creativity and quality is present.

The development of interdisciplinary progran within the center's own departments is an excitin possibility, according to Cook. "The visual arts hav long been important in the theatre," he explaine "particularly in the area of set design." The ne building's laboratory theatre is to be equipped with 360 degree projection system which will allow th creation of a visual environment that surrounds th audience. Mr. Cook also pointed out some excitin developments in the integration of the visual arts an music. He cited the examples of the Black Eart Percussion Group and Electric Stereoptican. Both a groups where musicians work as a team with a visu artist. In Electric Stereoptican, a visual artist work with a unique "keyboard" that enables him to "play a visual part of the performance. Images may b woven together from both stills and movie footag The elements of timing and the development o themes are transposed from music to the visu composition, thus creating a powerful experience.

The art wing will contain an art library, galler two painting studios, sculpture printmaking studio and a generalized area. This large studio may be ope to Sunday painters and students who are not enrolle in the art curriculum but would still want to use th facilities. "Nothing in this area will compare to th completed structure. It will cater as much to th average student and community as to the majors. promises to enrich the entire curriculum. We a crossing expectant fingers that the building may win National Architecture Award, a major honor."



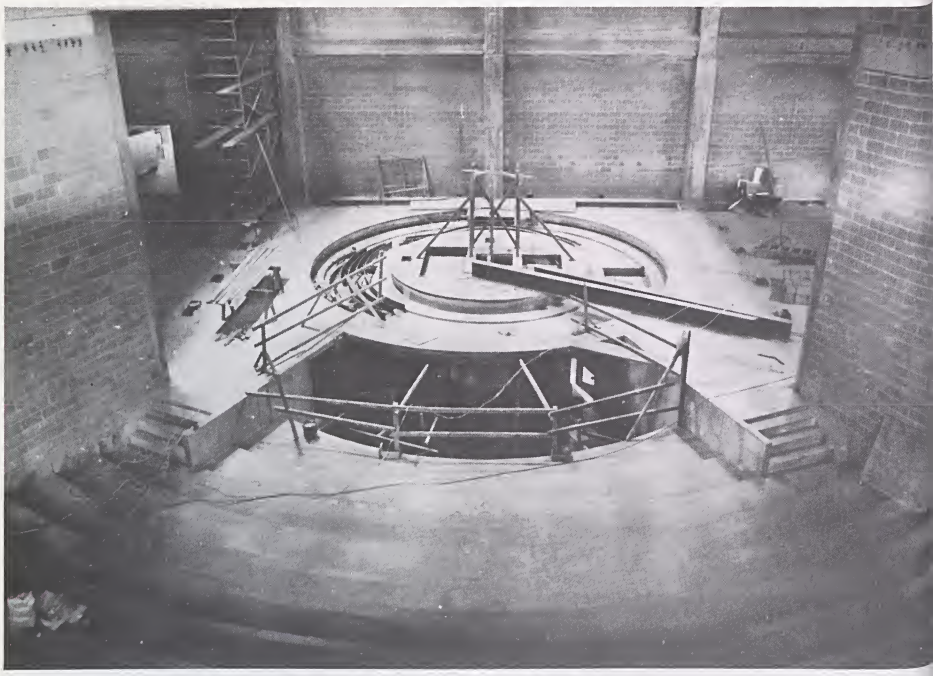
The closeness of the instructors' personal studios to the instructional space is very important, according to Cook. He is pleased that the new building is designed so that his studio will be just across the hall from that of his students. This arrangement will allow students to experience the creative process of the artist in a far deeper way than just classroom work can ever provide. Says Cook, "Art is more than just a matter of teaching someone to complete an assignment: it involves helping the student to develop an understanding of how an artist thinks. Eventually the student must develop his own thought processes." Cook doesn't see the tinted glass in the studios as any big problem; in fact, he says it should provide adequate room lighting, approaching natural light.

When asked his opinion on the absence of an art library in the Center, Cook said he was disappointed that it is not being included. What will be greatly missed is the benefit of having a collection in the building: this would allow fingertip control of material and make concepts more tangible with the examples close at hand, giving more thorough comprehension.

Although there will not be, at present, an art library in the building, there will be a large gallery which is separated into two levels. Hopefully this will enable the department to bring in some shows which are, according to Cook, "as controversial as the building itself," such as DuChamp, a contemporary artist, or the Dada school, an older school of art. This would afford viewers a wide exposure to what Cook terms "high art," and to newer ideas. Cook feels that this is of great importance, as "this tangible evidence is essential to teaching."

Cook has great hopes for the new Fine Arts Center, but he says: the response of the students is extremely important to total departmental development." Now that the facilities exist, the options for expansion are vast: there are possibilities for a SECA* Visiting Artist Program, and for a grant from the National Endowment of the Arts of the Rockefeller Foundation. The field is also broadened on the home front: opportunities exist for visiting lecturers, part-time art staff, plus new horizons for areas in arts and crafts.

*Southeast Center for Contemporary Art



THEATRE:

A tour of the seventh and eighth levels of the Z. Smith Reynolds Library now reveals that cramped eyrie known as the University Theatre. Small, dark, lacking adequate wing space in the main theatre; inadequate in shop space, costume space, and storage areas; and lacking the dressing room facilities for even small casts, these two levels are home to the band of bohemians who have traditionally produced plays of exceptional quality for the university community. During 1976 the Theatre will move to its new and quite spacious headquarters in the Fine Arts Center. How will the Theatre fare in a building so carefully planned, even to the minutest detail of lighting? The exuberance of Professor Harold Tedford witnesses to the mood of the students and faculty; great things are in store for the University Theatre.

The move is planned for the summer of 1976, and during the fall of 1976 the Theatre will begin work on plays to be presented during the year. The first major production probably will be a Shakespearian play; *As You Like It* is one play under consideration. As for the official opening of the Theatre, the dates have not been set, but Dr. Tedford states that "It will be something grand."

The composite-proscenium style theatre in th new building will seat 345 people, and has a gre versatility for performance from ancient t avant-garde.

The orchestra pit is an elevator platform which h a multitude of uses. When fully extended, the p becomes part of the stage. When erected at half ma it functions as the orchestra platform. Whe completely lowered, it provides an elevator leadi directly to the basement storage area. The versati annular stage revolves in an outside ring around stationary center stage -- very similar to the action wheel and axle. The theatres are honeycombed wi trapdoors used to represent anything from wi cellars to hell.

The flats and drops are lowered and raised fro the fly loft which extends seventy feet above th stage. Its height is necessary to hoist the props hig enough so they cannot be seen by front ro audiences seated almost directly beneath it. The ho is cunningly counterbalanced with cables and pulle in a cradle system.

The laboratory theatre, or experimental stage, is circular area, a design that usually connotes po

The University Theatre's move during the summer of 1976 will effect great changes in the internal design of the Z. Smith Reynolds Library. According to Dr. Merrill Berthrong, Director of Libraries, the relocation of the theater and the art studios in the new Fine Arts Center and the subsequent relocation of other non-library departments to spaces in Tribble and possibly Wingate Halls will make available needed space for the influx of the 35,000 to 40,000 new books the library receives each year.

As a part of the One-Fifty Fund drive, the University received a grant of $300,000 from the Z. Smith Reynolds Foundation for library renovation. However, rising building costs and unexpected needs, such as a new elevator for the library, air conditioning for the seventh and eighth levels, and the construction of a new floor for the eighth level, are rapidly making this figure inadequate. There is a possibility that the University can provide the remainder of the funds necessary for the renovation, but plans at this time are still indefinite.

Dr. Berthrong feels that the primary reason for the relocation of nonlibrary departments in areas elsewhere on campus is library security. Berthrong calls the library "the University's most valuable asset," and at the present time, the library staff has only nominal control of the library's security. The large number of people who must visit the library daily for classes, language labs and such cannot be carefully screened as they leave. As a result, the library is underinsured for fire and theft at the present time. The planned renovation of the library will increase the security of the building and its contents.

The largest spaces vacated will be on the sixth, seventh, and eighth levels. The area now occupied by the art studios, the theater costume shop, and the debate seminar room is being considered for use as a fine arts library, including books and periodicals. The Speech department will remain on the sixth level for the present, although suggestions have been made for future relocation.

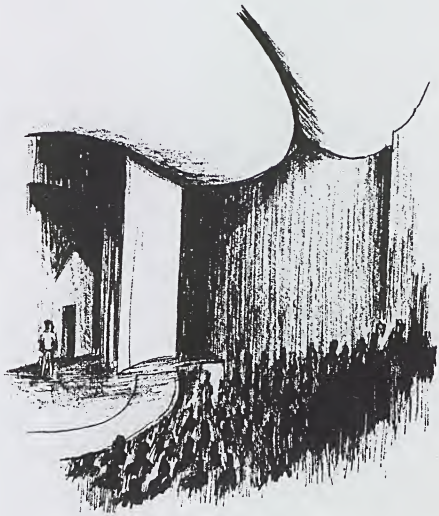
The seventh and eighth levels will be remodeled as new stack levels for books. Study spaces for undergraduates are planned, as well as a large number of carrels, increasing the present number of 120. The "Attic," now a snack shop for students, may be used as a graduate students' center or possibly as a typing room for students.

Other plans for renovation include an extensive remodeling of the Reserve Book Room, creating study alcoves and more intimate seating arrangements. The West Foyer is being considered as a student lounge, with vending machines and lounge furniture. Departments such as the Rare Books Library, although in need of space, are not certain of expansion plans at this time.

acoustics. Panels of acoustical material are hidden behind the most interesting feature of the lab theatre -- a movie screen that circles 54 feet and 14 feet high around the walls. Above the screen is mounted a bank of eight projectors capable of casting a 360-degree periphery of images. The scene and costume shops are situated for convenience of both theatres.

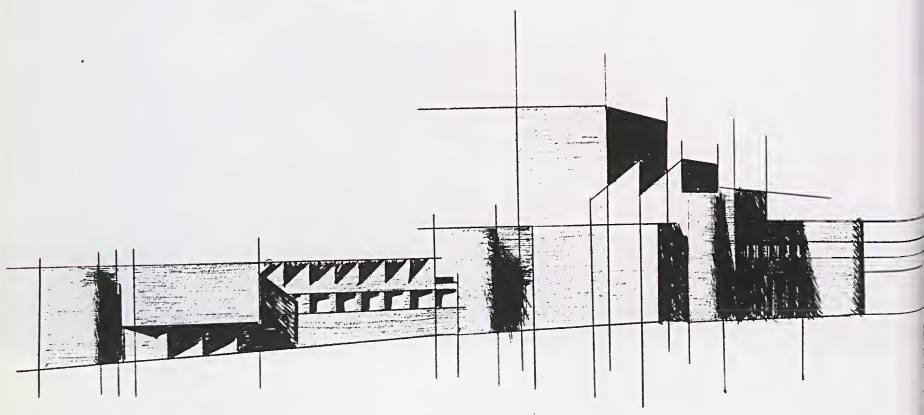
The Fine Arts Center features one of the most advanced lighting systems available. Under control of a computerized control-head called Q-file, lights, intensity, and timing all are electronically controlled. A single operator simply presses a cue button, and the computer fulfills its preprogrammed "part" in a play. Complete with manual override if necessary, the Q-file promises to be much smoother and more sophisticated than the present library lighting. "In the experimental theatre we are sticking with the less complex lights primarily for educational reasons. We start the stage student in the lab learning the rudiments of lighting, then we move him up to the main theatre to learn the ropes there. We feel that the graduate will be sufficiently experienced to operate lighting in any system level. The cost of the lights totals to a tongue-clucking $215,000."

In the laboratory theatre, four semicircular wagons provide seating for 124 persons. These wagons permit



a variety of seating arrangements with a minimum of fuss. They are carpeted, three-tiered units that can be used with or without chairs. The idea behind the wagons is that, in a lab theatre, students are learning all aspects of drama. Setting up for a play is one of those aspects: there is not much education involved in moving chairs, but there is some rearranging possible here.

Because of the ingenious design of sound locks, was possible to utilize most of the space backstag The paint pit is one such area, and it is another bi plus for the theatre. In the past, scenery was done i sections. Now, with the two-story paint pit, entir backdrops may be painted at one time. Plans hav also been made to add a moving backdrop pain machine and a movable platform for painting.



MUSIC:

There is a controversy over the subtraction of the music wing from the original plan of the Fine Arts Center, and quite a few feathers have been ruffled. Economics was the main reason for the slice. The seminal construction cost only covers the expense of the theatre and art sections now. According to Dr. Charles Allen, "The theatre had to come first because the library has growing commitments. They need all the space the present sixth floor theatre is using. Art was recently entered as a new majors program and needs consideration for studio expansion and gallery space. The music department's present facilities in Wait Chapel are less than adequate, but they appear less crippled than other departments." There are many malcontents in the music curriculum that would emphatically disagree. "One section had to be cut out, and music can temporarily survive, and is doing an excellent job with what they have," says Allen.

According to Dr. Cyclone Covey, a professor in the history department and a member of the original planning committee for the Fine Arts Center, the reason that the proposed music wing was not bui was because of "budget, space and curriculum: n because of resentment to music, but simply becau of inflation and recession. The question of buildi the Center with or without a music wing is mo complex than black and white: it involves a proble of the whole, encompassing tradition, economy a budget." He said that there is a contradiction objectives, that everything is costlier and pressures a greater to justify everything: there was just so mu money; the money ran out, and a decision had to made.

Mr. Russell Brantley, Director of Communicatio briefly discussed the controversy. "It did not co about simply because of a lack of money. T original cost was estimated at four million dolla and by the present time, it has been raised to s million. The subtraction was made as a judgment the planning committee: the quarters for music we more adequate than those of theatre and art; it wa question of establishing priorities."

Brantley continues: "I was one of the m anxious to see the Fine Arts Center built. Wh

Scales came in 1967, many agreed that a space was needed where the drama group could have their productions, and the same for art. Because from an aesthetic point of view, music, drama, poetry, literature, etc. appeal to me most, I was anxious to see it completed. I hope that in the new quarters, people can be more creative. They are elaborate quarters, so their imaginations can be turned to expansive ideas."

When asked for a personal opinion on the project, Covey says that he feels it is an "extraordinary triumph, a realization of Scales' revolutionary encouragement of the arts. It not only provides what we didn't have, but does so in a very big way. I wouldn't be surprised if there were a sudden rush of art majors. I'm very proud of it. It has a very pleasing form, geometric Romanesque grandeur. It will probably be too small in one year: there is much growth in our expectations. When people get used to it, their taste will improve. The construction was handled in a very enlightened way: it was built specifically for our needs. It's very easy to carp at Allen and the architects (who are all very able fellows) or to minimize Scales' vision, but it's petty to object to such a great achievement: the arbitrary decisions were made with good will, so let's be good sports and accept it."

Dr. Allen says wearily, "I'm very tired and proud. With the help of hundreds of interested and devoted people, the project is coming off very well. There have been complicated problems, as there are on any job of this magnitude, but the quality level is going to be very high. We have a very good contractor, despite the fact he is bankrupt from a raw deal from another job."

"Magnificent" is the single adjective Allen finds to describe the center that should be completed by March. Furnishings should be in by April or June, with everything ready for the 1976 Fall semester.

"Hordes of people from every element and level of the university have been involved in this project. All departments have thrown a lot of input into the implementation of a dream that is rapidly materializing into a long-needed reality for Wake Forest." □

THE GREAT S L MIME TROUPE

The first time no one was there
and then
after a blast of November wind pushed my hair from
back to front
I glanced up again and
saw them
sitting on that thing
(Joe Milner says it holds the campus together)
in front of Tribble Hall where
History and Philosophy and English are taught.

I squinted
and saw that what had appeared were
a she-clown, a he-clown, and a unicycle,
complete with
white faces and red cheeks and
rainbow colored socks with holes in them and
one wheel
(not to mention some apples and oranges and
rubber balls and things).

The sun, which had been
defeated by clouds all day but
now was free, was
splashing
off their magically real faces
which did not move or express
but only looked like
a Coca-Cola ad.

Being Wake Forest students
of course
the people on their way to
History and Philosophy and English
dreamed
they didn't see them and
acted
that way too
because
being sophisticated, they knew it couldn't
be and
and so it
wasn't.

I saw them though–
the two most magnificent clowns I've seen
in my mind's eye or otherwise
motionlessly not quite smiling at me
with heads cocked sideways toward each other
over which
floated
the words
Harold W. Tribble Hall.

Not being a clown myself
I thought I would be
and said
Which one is Barnum and which is Bailey?
as I poised my
camera,
seeking an f-stop
good for such things.

Don't say that, man
she told me
not as a clown
We're European mimes —
and then smiled as a clown and
winked
so asexily
that a thrill went
to wherever the best thrills go
and came out
my shutter finger.

Then they were up
and juggling
balls and apples and potatoes
and riding
the unicycle to the tune of clown sounds
and swallowing
fire down painted throats
and talking to me.

In front of Harold W. Tribble Hall
(with the portrait in the lobby)
I made circles around them in the perfect light
searching for the right angle on their antics,
getting a focus on their faces
as we made friends.

We three performed for each other
and I promised
Yes I would send them the pictures
but they
Were never anywhere
longer than a day or two
so
I could write to Denver Colorado
where
someone always was.

The Kodachrome was gone as
the bell on the library
sounded seven strokes —
and I
not knowing how to bid
farewell to clown friends
wished them good luck,
which of course they didn't need.
In Harold W. Tribble Hall I sat and
even Keats was
the cynic
then.

And at the hour I took
my camera
and walked back outside where
under an overcast sky
around the thing which holds the campus together
stood six men with brief cases
waiting
for a conference to begin.

William Brown Jr.

This poem may not readily agree
with your stomach;
but you may find you agree
with it soon enough.

Everything I write is trash
and not-so-carefully-calculated hash
(Perhaps you notice the consonance;
this was of course, no accident.)
I weave what I deem artistry
and leave only poetic heresy.

On occasion I find my poems to be
belches of undernourished vocabulary
(a verbal case of the "dry heaves")

So I take all I can find inside
string it together in a line
and hope that it comes out in rhyme
– unless I'm using free verse.

Poetry, basically speaking,
is metaphysically and metaphorically,
letters and message
metafrolicking.
Indeed, metaphysic-metaphoric expression
shortened to abbreviation:
Poems are M 'n M's.
Sadly, and too badly
my poems are the brown ones.

(Pity the poor musician
who sings a simple song.)

Russians fight for the proletariat
Romans ride in chariots
Rich reside at the Marriot
Racers sided with Secretariot
But I - I write and rip-off T.S. Eliot:

In the room the woman come and go
talking of Mark Pompilio.

This poem
grows old;
it's written on toilet paper roll.
Should I part and leave it behind
or wait to be impeached?
I will wave a white flage
and walk Key Biscayne Beach.

I hear the critics talking
each to each
I doubt that they think much of me.

Goodnight ladies
Goodnight, radio free America
Goodnight;
Shantih, Shantih,
Sanctus, Sanctus

Et cum spirite tu tu tootsie, good-bye

(My grandmother always wanted me to be a priest
but instead, I prefer my bread with yeast.)

Modern poets never will see the kingdom;
I have my troubles majoring in English.

Something seems to fall between
poet and priest.

No matter,
This massacre is ended
go in peace.

(Plagiarism
is never out of reach.)

"Thanks be to God"
is your line.

Mark Pompilio

SIGH OF INJURY

goddamn
in love
again
goddamn.

Mark Pompilio

DIFFERENT STRANDS OF SEAWEED by Sigbottom

FOR THOSE WHO MISS THE MISBEGOTTEN FISH, I HAVE MADE UP A CONTINOUS BANK OF CHARACTERS AND CHARACTERIZATIONS. THE ENCYCLOPEDIA IS AVAILABLE IN ESPERANTO AND PIGEON FRENCH.

FIRST: LES ANIMALES:

I HAVE PUT THE FISH IN THIS CONDITION SIMPLY BECAUSE I WANT TO. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT.

LE SEAWEÉD SANS L'EYESE.

DUCQUES ARE STUPID; ALSO, THEY ARE VERY MATERIALISTIC IN NATURE, AS ARE MOST OF THE ANIMALS HERE. DUCQUES ARE ALSO VERY GULLIBLE: THEY BELIEVE ANYTHING SEAWEED TELLS THEM. HERE IS PICTURED THE FEMALE.

LA DUCQUÉE...

THE MALE DUCQUÉ IS PICTURED HERE; ALTHOUGH NOT AS MATERIALISTIC AS THE FEMALE, HE IS JUST AS STUPID. ENJOYS DOING IMITATIONS OF GRAUCHO MARX.

et LE DUCQUÉ.

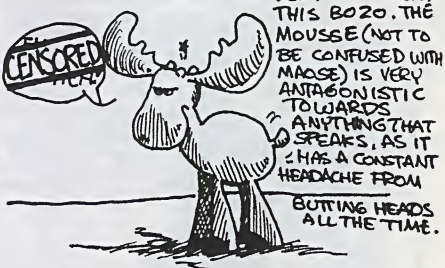
THIS INSECT STAYS TRUE TO THE LEGEND: LAZY AND ALWAYS SMASHED, THE BUG IS SHOWN ON A FAVORITE AND FAMILIAR LEAF.

(IL EST TRÉS DRUNQUE!)

LE GRASSHOPPAIRE.

CREATED BY SEAWEÉD AT THE BEGINNING OF HIS CAREER AS MESSIAH. INDIFFERENT TO WHAT GOES ON AROUND HIM, POWER STEERING WILL GO ON UNTIL HIS BRAKES GIVE OUT, AT WHICH TIME HE WILL PROBABLY DRIVE OVER THE EDGE OF THE EARTH.

LE POWAIR STEERINGUE.



DONT CONFRONT THIS BOZO. THE MOUSSE (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH MAOSE) IS VERY ANTAGONISTIC TOWARDS ANYTHING THAT SPEAKS, AS IT HAS A CONSTANT HEADACHE FROM BUTTING HEADS ALL THE TIME.

LE MOUSSE.

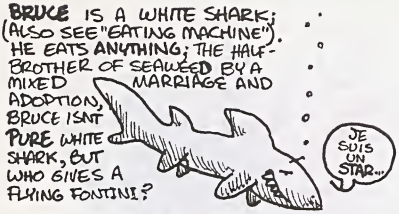
THIS MAOSE IS OF CHINESE ORIGIN; IT IS THE ONLY COMMUNIST MEMBER OF THE GRASELANDS. WHICH IS REALLY INEFFECTIVE, BECAUSE THE MAOSE CANT TALK....

* MAOSES NE PARLE PAS; VOUS ÉTES LES FOOLES.

...THEREBY NULLIFYING HIS INFLUENCE. THE ONLY WAY TO TELL A MAOSE FROM A MOUSSE (NOT MOUSSE) IS TO WATCH FOR HIS RED GUARD ARMBAND.

LE MAOSE.

(NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH MOUSSE)



LE «BRUCE».

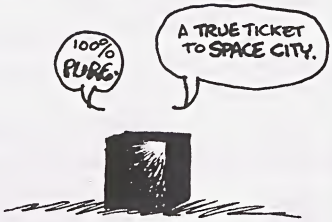
LE FROGUE.

LE LIZARDHE.

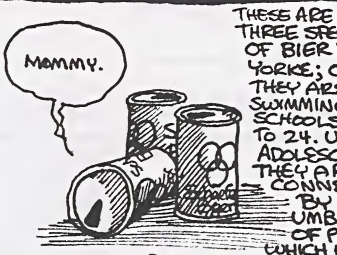
UN AUTRE LIZARDHE.

CHAPTER LE DOOZ: LES OBJETS.

THIS CHAPTER INVOLVES THE OBJECTS LOVED, CHERISHED AND COVETED BY THE MATERIALISTIC ANIMALES OF THE GRASSLAND.



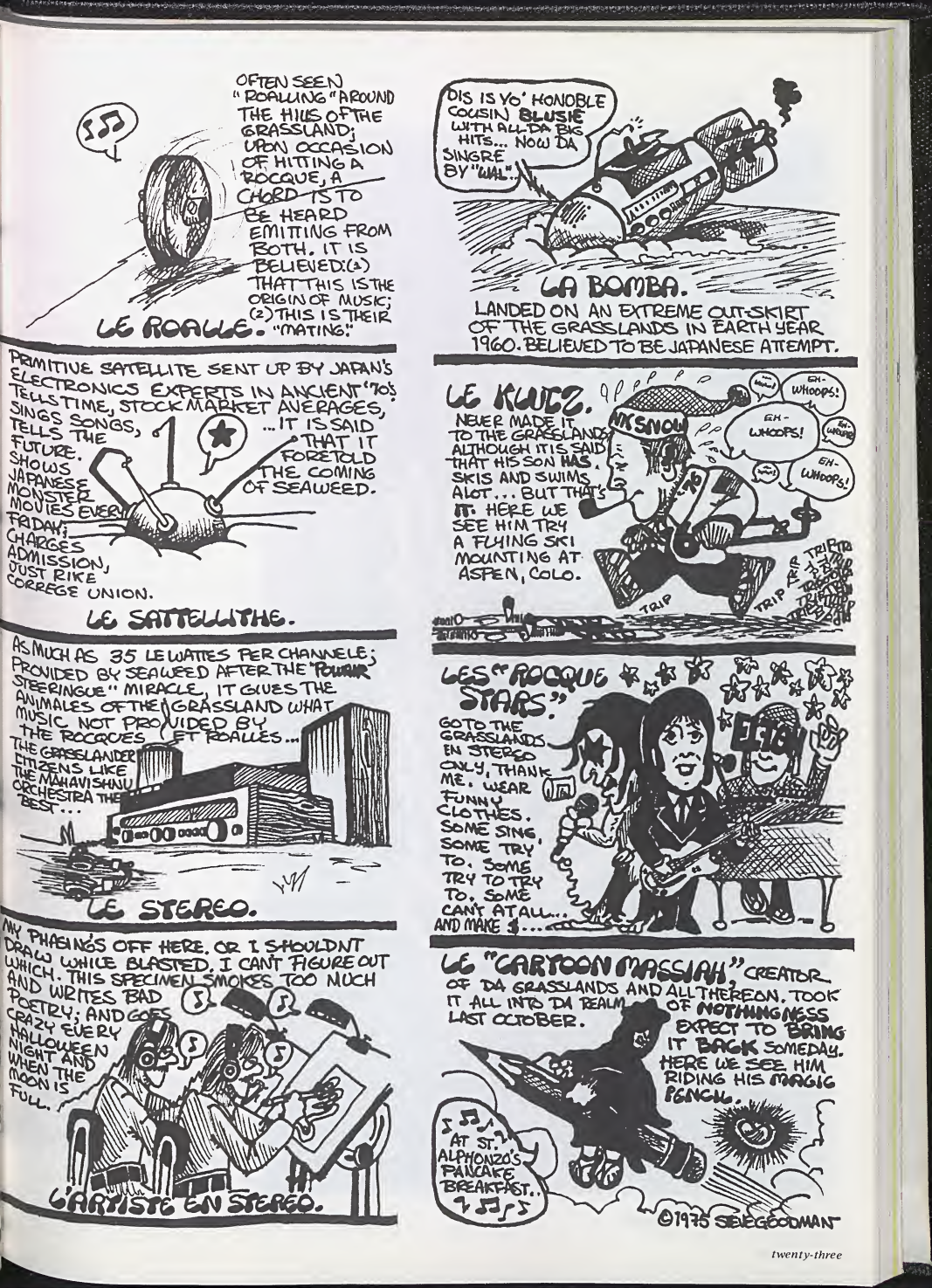
LE GRAME.



LES CANNES.

LE POTATO-CHIP ORACLE.

LE ROCQUE.


OFTEN SEEN "ROALLING" AROUND THE HILLS OF THE GRASSLAND; UPON OCCASION OF HITTING A ROCQUE, A CHORD IS TO BE HEARD EMITTING FROM BOTH. IT IS BELIEVED: (1) THAT THIS IS THE ORIGIN OF MUSIC; (2) THIS IS THEIR "MATING."
LE ROALLE.
DIS IS YO' HONOBLE COUSIN BLUSIE WITH ALL DA BIG HITS... NOW DA SINGRE BY "WAL".
LA BOMBA.
LANDED ON AN EXTREME OUT-SKIRT OF THE GRASSLANDS IN EARTH YEAR 1960. BELIEVED TO BE JAPANESE ATTEMPT.
PRIMITIVE SATELLITE SENT UP BY JAPAN'S ELECTRONICS EXPERTS IN ANCIENT '70'S. TELLS TIME, STOCK MARKET AVERAGES, SINGS SONGS, TELLS THE FUTURE. ...IT IS SAID THAT IT FORETOLD THE COMING OF SEAWEED. SHOWS JAPANESE MONSTER MOVIES EVERY FRIDAY; CHARGES ADMISSION, JUST RIKE CORREGE UNION.
LE SATTELLITHE.
LE KLUTZ.
NEVER MADE IT TO THE GRASSLANDS ALTHOUGH IT IS SAID THAT HIS SON HAS SKIS AND SWIMS ALOT... BUT THAT'S IT. HERE WE SEE HIM TRY A FLYING SKI MOUNTING AT ASPEN, COLO.
EH-WHOOPS!
EH-WHOOPS!
EH-WHOOPS!
TRIP
TRIP
AS MUCH AS 35 LE WATTES PER CHANNELE; PROVIDED BY SEAWEED AFTER THE "POWAR STEERINGUE" MIRACLE, IT GIVES THE ANIMALES OF THE GRASSLAND WHAT MUSIC NOT PROVIDED BY THE ROCQUES ET ROALLES... THE GRASSLANDER CITIZENS LIKE THE MAHAVISHNU ORCHESTRA THE BEST...
LE STEREO.
LES "ROCQUE STARS".
GO TO THE GRASSLANDS EN STEREO ONLY, THANK ME. WEAR FUNNY CLOTHES. SOME SING, SOME TRY TO. SOME TRY TO TRY TO. SOME CAN'T AT ALL... AND MAKE $...
MY PHASING'S OFF HERE. OR I SHOULDN'T DRAW WHILE BLASTED. I CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHICH. THIS SPECIMEN SMOKES TOO MUCH AND WRITES BAD POETRY; AND GOES CRAZY EVERY HALLOWEEN NIGHT AND WHEN THE MOON IS FULL.
L'ARTISTE EN STEREO.
LE "CARTOON MASSIAH", CREATOR OF DA GRASSLANDS AND ALL THEREON, TOOK IT ALL INTO DA REALM OF NOTHINGNESS LAST OCTOBER. EXPECT TO BRING IT BACK SOMEDAY. HERE WE SEE HIM RIDING HIS MAGIC PENCIL.
AT ST. ALPHONZO'S PANCAKE BREAKFAST...
©1975 SIEGEGOODMAN

Bernie

Stout-faced sturdy you look to me
  whipped wet coat open
with red eyes
Those hands face more easily
  stout pints or breasts
than confession.

"Oh, I'm gay, I'm a coward
  a proud Irish man
a hypocrite, not honest
that's what's wrong w'ich me," he says.

I by the stair thawing,
tense, wonder
What I am.

Judith L. Hays

SLOW BLUES SAX

the candle
  unflickering in the stillness
    of solitude
casts
  lifeless light
    through ungrateful darkness
as I
  play
    one last song
      to the empty house
    again
  share
    my heart
      with vacant chairs
bending
  the notes
    a different way
  the hard-strained sounds
resound
  through my soul
    in search of peace
  only to
remain
  in restless anticipation
awaiting
  another
    dissonant
      clashing climax
to be left
  to fade
    away
once more.

Joe Sallenger

12:20 a.m.
april 30th
I hear
unconditional surrender
followed by
deep electric rhythm
and blues

I examine myself
and find dark clotted blood
over a simmering infection
with things mundane

Mark Leuchtenberger

To Bobby K.

August fifteenth
(On Closing Camp)

Children's laughter
fades,
The broken bottles and half-eaten watermelon swept
away

Deserted playground swings echo

Goodbyes said, promises made to keep in touch
We move to our separateness,
Leaving imaginary dogs and oversung melodies
In order to pursue some peak of intellect:
Only memories of crippled minds and useless limbs
Clarify purpose and the ultimate reason for tears.

Flies hover around urine-stained bathroom walls.
The wheelchairs wait

Susan Rink

Sweet Tooth

Two girls on slim bicycles
have wheat manes blustery
broom straw.

Go left, good western witches
where the berkely freedom boils
from micro dot stars in heaven.

Half vacant, heads like abandoned slums
install themselves in a silent picture
and splash to the screen that
Looks anyplace convenient from up here
riding roaring harleys between
sugar cube highways.

Craig Shaffer

From the Poplars: Late Autumn

As the evening sun
picks
and weaves its way
through empty white boughs,

shrouds
its bleeding image
in fallen leaves,

lying,
I peer out to see
a face emerge from light
and long shadows

calling me:

look,
and the dead-leaves configuration
shifts its smile
(the wind
cries a siren's song
and I condemn it):

then,
with a wish,
a cloud,
or gust of wind,
earth spins,
and the vanquished face dies
as shadows unfold into dusk.

John Gillon

Truisms Come and Go

Today
I donated blood.

The nurse said,
"You bleed well."

I answered,
"I know."

Horace Crump

FATHER KNOWS BEST

Chapter 1: Friday

Clackety-clack-clack! The worn baseball cleats tapped out their tatoo as eleven year-old Johnny Starr raced home from baseball practice. The long awaited afternoon had passed all too quickly and now he anticipated dinner as he dashed homeward through the afternoon sun.

Friday! The cheerful clink of glass greeted him as he trotted into his house. Bottles rolled merrily over the porcelain kitchen table, breaking into thousands of brightly reflecting pieces on the floor.

"Hi, Pop! Payday?"

Mr. Starr was lying on his back on the floor, dressed in his customary weekend attire—boxer shorts and a T-shirt.

"Uh," he grunted. Every Friday Mr. Starr cashed his paycheck and began "firing the sunset gun" as Mrs. Starr referred to his habit of relaxing with adult beverage, Johnny grinned, knowing it was now time for a favorite game he and his father played—Hide and Seek. Mr. Starr had started it long ago, knowing the strenuous exercise involved would help the ambitious boy in his dream of someday becoming a major leaguer.

The big man opened one eye slowly. It resembled an egg yolk with a raisin in it, but Johnny saw the twinkle through the glaze.

"Get the hell outa here," Mr. Starr murmured.

"Make me," Johnny jibed.

"You godamn punk," Mr. Starr roared merrily, hurling an empty bottle at the boy. Johnny nimbly dodged it and ran like hell out the screen door. It slammed shut and then burst open again as Mr. Starr gamely followed, carrying a broken bottle and a two-by-four. Johnny dashed across the yard, impishly knocking over several garbage cans.

"Dick! Dick!" a new voice now chimed in with the young athlete and his dad, who were now busyin themselves by gaily shouting obscenities at eac other.

"Dang it," Johnny managed to kick the neighbor dog in frustration; it was his mother, blowing th whistle on the rough-housing as usual and ending th fun, as mothers always seem to do.

"Leave the boy alone, Dick! Come get som dinner."

Mr. Starr, going along with the game, likewi feigned anger at Mrs. Starr's reproach, but th mouthwatering thought of dinner pulled him into th house. He slapped Mrs. Starr affectionately across th backside with the two-by-four; the plum dark-haired woman shrieked her approval.

"T.V. dinners," Mr. Starr complained, openin another bottle of adult beverage. His thirst was standing joke at the Starr household. "Think I'll trad with the dog," he joked, pointing to a dish on th floor.

Johnny, meanwhile, had slipped in the door, hi seeing his parents were involved in a serio discussion, had politely remained silent and busie himself by looking for change in his mother's purs

"If you wanted a cook you shoulda married on you stinking drunkard," kidded Mrs. Starr.

Mr. Starr laughed and ran his fingers through hi wife's dark hair until she again shrieked her obvio approval and enthusiastically patted his cheek, leavin four red marks. Mrs. Starr then turned to her son.

"Where the hell have you been?" she asked i concern, bussing him fondly with a skillet.

"I was playing baseball," explained Johnny. "Th big game with the Uptown Spartans is tomorrow, s some of the fellas and I were tossing the pill aroun and loosening up!" Johnny's team, the Downtow Trojans, annually played the Spartans who we archrivals, for control of the neighborhood.

"Whacking the old horsehide, eh?" said Mr. Starr, licking his fingers as he finished another bottle of "hootch" as he referred to his favorite drink, still remembering all the terms he had used once as a young player himself. "Damned waste of time," he said, finally.

Johnny smiled and dug into his dinner. What a gay household he was a part of. Mr. Starr was already belching his approval of Mrs. Starr's culinary offering, and a spirited round of table talk was always sure to follow.

"Gee, Pop," the boy said, "Could you give me some tips for the big game?"

"Sure thing, kid," Mr. Starr smiled, no doubt recalling his younger days. "Always wear a cup!" His leg snaked out under the table to Johnny's groin. "Let that be a lesson to you."

"Thanks loads," Johnny managed to gasp.

Mr. Starr, finished, rose and walked into the living room, undoubtedly exhausted from a day of labor; a dull thud informed Johnny and Mrs. Starr that he had settled down for a nap.

Dusk was upon the neighborhood. Johnny yawned. "Pop's got the right idea!" he sighed. "Think I'll turn in, too."

Chapter 2: Surprise

The next morning Johnny awoke alert and refreshed, the only thought on his mind directed towards the Big Game. He nimbly dressed and raced downstairs to meet his teammates. In his haste he awakened Mr. and Mrs. Starr who understandably poured a pot of coffee over his head for luck.

"Hi, Johnny, Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Starr" The team chattered excitedly in the kitchen, their cleats making enormous gouges in the linoleum floor. "All set for the Big Game?"

"Jeez, you bet!"

The boys were familiar with the Starr house and had let themselves in as usual. Mrs. Starr smilingly frisked each lad in succession, clucking maternally over what a group of "damned hoodlums" they were.

Johnny smiled proudly as his father downed a bottle of hootch to the team's "good luck." After quickly finishing his own training table breakfast—Fresca and a Twinkie—Johnny and the team raced out to the Starr garage where they had stored their equipment. The door was yanked open and the boys ran expectantly inside

"Holy Cats!" Johnny yelled. THE EQUIPMENT WAS GONE.

Chapter 3: Foul Play

"It's gone!" Billy Rag, the team's stout, impetuous catcher spoke first, "All of it. What gives, Starr?"

Johnny turned pale. "Uh, . . . maybe next door . . ."

"Maybe," broke in Lefty Southpaw, the team captain, "Just maybe there's been foul play!"

The Trojans all chimed in their agreement. Apparently, during the night some mysterious intruder had made off with the equipment—and now they would have to forfeit the Game.

"No way we can play now," Billy mumbled, choking back tears. The game was all-important to the Trojans, the local ball team to which all the boys belonged.

Johnny raised his arm. "Look," he said, quietly, "We may be on the ropes. *Sure*, we may be down. But we're not out, not yet. Not by a long shot! We're still the best damned baseball team in the whole world. We can beat those crummy Spartans, equipment or no equipment!"

The rest of the team agreed that Johnny was a fool and that there was no choice but to forfeit the important game with the Spartans, who, across town, were a major opponent of the Trojans.

"We might as well start over to the park," said practical Lefty Fields, the team's left fielder.

"Yeah," agreed the lanky pitcher, Ken Nesin. "But it sure is gonna be tough telling those Spartans we can't play."

There was, nonetheless, no movement for the door, and all the fellows stood about dejectedly, eyes downcast, until they became aware of the presence of Mr. Starr.

"You boys took quite a setback," he consoled,

leaning on the lanky pitcher. "Tell you what," he continued, "I'll drive you to the ballpark."

"Gee! That would be swell, Mr. Starr!" The team immediately accepted the generous offer.

"I'll, uh, walk, you know, exercise and all. . . . " Johnny said, half-grinning.

Mr. Starr started the jalopie with a roar. "Hop inside!"

Dick Starr, Johnny's father, put the car into gear and began to back out of the garage, apparently forgetting that he had backed in. Planks and rafters tumbled into the vehicle. The boys roared their approval of another one of Mr. Starr's famous antics.

"Shut the hell up!" he quipped, slamming the auto into a forward gear. It raced down the driveway and out into the street, over several of the boys' bicycles, forcing an oncoming milktruck into a telephone pole.

"Hooray, hooray for Mr. Starr!" the Trojans yelled, laughing. Johnny, carsick already, became the butt of their jokes. He blushed good-naturedly at the jibes of his comrades at his failure to reach an open window. But their jokes still could not conceal their disappointment over the disappearance of their baseball gear and their chum's abortive attempt to keep it down.

Suddenly, a cry went up from the entire team as the car roared off the road, turning over and over until finally coming to rest in a sewage ditch.

Chapter 4: Clue

"Foul play again, I'll wager," Billy yelled indignantly, climbing out from under Mr. Starr.

"Right, it must be a plot. Our adversaries will stop at nothing."

Look, fellows, Look!" Johnny shouted excitedly. In his hand he held a slip of paper. It was a list — a li of all the Trojans' missing equipment.

"This could be a clue," mused practical Lefty. Th paper read: "Nate's Loans: 21 Main St."

"Wow," Lefty took command, "Let's g there—quick!"

Luckily the Downtown ball club was close to th ball park and at the same time only a block fro Nate's, a pawn shop. Several of them split to the par to delay the game. After a brief conference with th umpire - a man liked and respected by the team - the returned to the team.

"It's highly irregular," the ump had said, "But yo boys have won my trust."

Mr. Starr, meanwhile, was sitting next to hi overturned car, watching in amazement the sever cases of adult beverage which had been in the truc and were spilling their contents into the earth.

"Buck up, Mr. Starr," Ken yelled. "We think we're on base now in getting to the burglar—probably th same rat who caused our accident! And when we g him—socko!"

"Yeah, you and whose army?" kidded Lefty, wh felt that lanky Ken was a turkey.

Meanwhile, Mr. Starr had stood up "Aha-ha-ha. . . ." He wailed, obviously dispirited ov his loss of adult beverage.

"What a guy!" Lefty yelled, "His car is in a dit and he can still joke. Let's go, fellows."

Chapter 5: Found Out

Nate's pawn shop was located in an older section downtown Sanitown, a town comfortably populate solely by white Anglo-Saxon Protestants since th early 1920's, when a moat had been dug around it.

small shop, Nate's nevertheless allowed its owner—a man named Nate—to live comfortably.

"This is it." Johnny held the ticket and barged into the store with the team following close behind.

"Hello, sir," Johnny said, "We fellows are the Downtown Trojans and we think you've got our equipment!" He held out the list for the perusal of Nate, owner of Nate's pawn shop.

"Yes, that's right," he said, "it all came in last night. Nice stuff, too!"

"And there it is!" Lefty spotted the equipment neatly stacked in a corner, not yet on display. The boys looked at each other in dismay. "Who brought it in, sir?"

Nate smiled. "Sorry, fellows, that's confidential."

Johnny looked determined. "We have reason to believe there has been foul play involved," he said.

The man's eyebrows raised and he whistled in shock. He ran an honest, if disreputable business and though small, it enabled him to live comfortably. "It was a feller by the name of . . .DICK STARR!"

Chapter 6: Solved

"Pop?"

"Mr. Starr?" The Trojans all looked at each other in disbelief.

"Me."

The boys wheeled around only to find Mr. Starr standing in the door, carrying a bottle which had escaped destruction in the crash.

"I, uh, hocked your equipment, boys. It's all my fault."

"But Pop . . . WHY?" Johnny questioned.

Mr. Starr took a long swig from his adult beverage, then faced his son. "I needed the money to support, uh, your Aunt Bea. She's penniless!"

The Trojans gasped. The intruder they hunted was Mr. Starr and he had needed their equipment to support a poor old lady!

"It's all right, Mr. Starr," Billy said softly.

"No." Mr. Starr looked down. "I'm a thief."

"Wait a minute, fellows! Hold on! Time out!" Practical Lefty's face brightened up. "I've got a plan. We needn't forfeit now! We'll all go to bat for Mr. Star—by playing a benefit game with the proceeds going to Johnny's poor old — Aunt Bea!"

"Golly, yes! That's a real all-star plan!" The lads voiced their support enthusiastically and patted Mr. Starr on the back.

Mr. Starr smiled at the young ballplayers around him. "You're swell, kids," he said warmly, forcing the lump back down his dry throat, then washed it down with another swig of adult beverage.

"Only one problem," Billy said. Turning to Nate, owner of the shop, who had been eavesdropping. "Is it all right, sir? That is—can we have our equipment?"

Mr Starr made a circle with his thumb and index finger, obviously a sign of his repentance. Nate nodded.

"O.K. fellows—you can have it."

"Hurray, hurray for Mr. Nate!" The Trojans excitedly gathered their much missed gear. Fists smacked into mitts, and the team, so dejected only a short time ago, was once again a group of cherry youngsters. Nate laughingly suggested that they get over to the ballpark quickly, "before I call the cops."

Promising to spare his windows the following Halloween in thanks, the Trojans trooped out the door.

"Nothing can stop us now!" Billy yelled exultantly. "We'll cream those Spartans!"

But he spoke too soon, as a city bus ran out of control, jumped the curb and ran over the young athletes.

"There's always next year!" Johnny shouted in encouragement to his teammates as they awaited the quickly summoned ambulance. And, to a man, they all voiced their agreement, but expressed concern over what would become of poor old Aunt Bea.

Mr. Starr, already thoughtfully gathering the team's scattered gear, assured them he would think of something. □

Portrait of Lady Day

Splash on
molten singeing reds.

Dab it with simmering
oranges, yellows, and golds.

Stroke on
lusty lowtoned blues.

Oh dem blues
jump into the soul.

Now dem blues
are paining my heart—

"Shoulda left dem blues alone
from the very start."

Horace Crump

TRAVELLER

When I think of the times
I once lived in
I guess you could say
There's been too much I've found
And dying for crimes
Never forgiven
I've been made an example
The whole world around

So it's about time
That I left you
Though it hurts me
I have to jump off the stage
Though it 'kills' me
I have to jump off the stage

And I'm a Trav'ler
A fast man but indignant
And I'm a 'dier'
But I'll never die
Won't see me again
For Twenty years now
When you remember me from Forty years past
you will cry
So hard you'll remember what you started
Don't forget to remember what you ended.

S.P. Goodman 1

I'd like to be romantic
And sweep you off your
Head over heels,
Toss you up to the sky
Watch you drift down
Open-mouthed, gasping quick breaths
Toward a snowdrift-soft landing in my arms.

And then I'd dance tender footed
Round your grasp,
Laughing melodies of moist memories,
As you clutch me tighter
As I throw you loose
As you bound head over toes,
In boyish jubilee, to a stop.

But people are watching.
So I'll probably smile hello
Brush your cheek
Touch your arm
Ask you how's your family
How went your holidays
Did you miss me, I missed you.

Kathryn Graffin

Old Father, Daughter Done

The old man
in spitting distance.
He is Neighbor.
Waterlord
of the girl next door.

I have noticed the razor in
His windowsill.
I
look
straight
at
Him.

I bring flowers to plant.
But don't you want your daughter
blossoming?

I visit his spawn everyday
Tendering
eden in a carefully
cultivated field.

I roll there like a happy dog
My drawing book
fills with hunger
for the strange nooks of
Neighborhood daughters
swilling at midday.
He glares, tightens his oakgnawn fist,

Through muddy eyes

He sees the tan summer swelling of her belly
like a copper kettle set to fire too long.

At midday
the laundry is on the line,
the workers rest.
It is a detached day

to lose.

I notice the distance
peer at one window in
particular
keep
my
tongue
to
myself.

Craig Shaffer

Blues
A scatter
of desperate notes
going nowhere
but
down.

Horace Crump

"8 AM News"

Misty morning madness
Tumbling about in bed under the watchful eyes
Of acrylic brilliantine splendor.
Time for school?
Break a rule.
Well, says Jack, I've tried it and found it quite agreeable
Scandalizedsoapoperasitcom.
Oh, not him again!

Mary placed her faith in a wall-eyed, two-bit, no-shit preacher
Man, and moved to Alabama.
Works on a pig farm.
Pigs for the Lord.

Japanese slant-eyed grin from ear to ear
Sitting in Toyota with Sony tape deck.
Who won the war?

Crackpot crack shot narrowly misses crack hack.
Bigger than skateboards, better than frisbees.
Ballistics, only 99 cents.

Testquizexam.
Druzhina sobor veche.
Special knowledge-
Chrystalline.
Chiralsuperimposedmirrorimage.

Too much too soon.
Crawl back into dreamland.
Alarm reset to afternoon.

J. David Yohn

For A Dying Parent

I walked toward the warm arms of home,
breathing the childbreath of sureness
there's just nothing like coming home
coming home, coming home
to black behemoth maw-gaping masks
devouring the place that I came from
my old womb

my mother has old eyes now, dark with mortality
my father, it is my father who cannot weep
the house tastes of ashes already, dim and deaf
there is nothing to listen for
nothing that I ever said there was remembered

even the life I took with me from their two lives
has left no trace
my blue eyes are only mortal now, too
the chain of my dreams is broken:
for my mother's mother's eyes to look
bluely into my mother's, for me to reflect
their eternal blueness, our blueness,
into the child of my eyes
dynasties crumble in a day, I saw mine
in a moment or less, slip away
I knew when I saw how soon blue can change to black.

Mary Jo Sweeney

Prodigious Step

It was almost as if
according to some shaping
misshaping force
that those four corpses lay
there, systematically spread,
mangled, equidistant
from the tangled wreckage
poised like an omen
beside the tracks:

I remember now
looking into my father's
crazed, vacant eyes,
as they reflected
without sorrow
the shape of things.

John Gillon

Drunk on the droning of the rear placed engine
Speeding blurred images surrounded
My escape from the world has four wheels
With four gears for transit
To no place any different from where
I left the only difference being
The place inbetween that belongs to
Noone but the night and the
Stars and those with the desire to go
When whats behind culminates and
Frustrations mount against a mock-up
World and cylindrical existence. nobody
Figures its in themselves leave it to
Someother freak or anything but
A personal encounter with surrealistic
Dances of night air and putrid
Gasoline aroma and the heated leather
Seats and rancid overflowing ashtray
All comfortably warmed by a revving
Mechanism and rolling wheels and
Whirling lights and whistling air through
cracked rubber and fingerprinted
glass

Michael H. Beightol

Deuce

Tonight
My feet
Smacked asphalt,
My legs
Were bleeding out,
I was almost
Running,
Running again
On the blackest straight
Blackness, that cuts a mile
Of story high marsh grass
To the Great South Bay,
Where it's so easy
Just fuck the headwind
And run it down
To where a body
Swells and dies,
Gasping and sighing
To pull up short
In the midst of
The husks of
The summer's drunken love.

Mark Leuchtenberger

A grain of sand alone
Among billions of brothers
will wash away
Amidst the waves.

Jim Dubinsky

Nostalgia

Thinking back;
The greatest thing
about my childhood was the warmth.
Warmth floating out
fogging windows
that hid the cold desolate world
of winter.
A potbelly stove
filled with oversize pine logs—
Cinders crackling against
sun red iron;
Hot enough to warm a room,
Hot enough to burn the mind.

horace crump

arousal

the real thing
no longer seems
to satisfy

gratification
relies upon
fantasy

make
her
believe
her
make
believe.

Joe Sallenger

"Dwell on her graciousness, dwell on her smiling,
Do not forget what flowers
The great boar trampled down in ivy time"
- Robert Graves

Tiny majesty
Prickles my skin:

I have never seen
Wrists so small.

Skipping ahead of my arm,
Leaning rather on your own momentum,
Laughing and leaving and living
With constant attention to order -

You have the dancer's body
And the dancer's spirit:
Only your face embraces.

Vainly I oppose you;
You slip in and out
My enclosures
Like water through
A gizzened ship,

Afloat again.

And though I have dreamt
More than once
(You worry with reason)
Your shredded dress, your knees
Bloody on the paving stones,

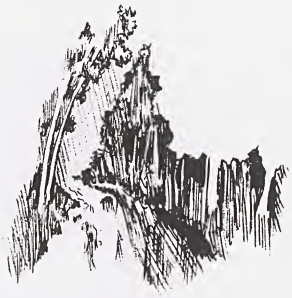
In my obvious mind-bending impotency
Lies your advantage.

I have not the will

I have not

I

Mark Leuchtenberger



Vanishing Point

waters are moving
into indistinction
showing wear at the
edges; the currents drive
downcenter stones,
leeching the
disrupting spirits
of flow -- I've
never seen clarity lost
in a motion so easily,
arriving from
high nowheres in
particular and beyond thought,
returned

Doug Abrams

Marble Arch

Dusk on a haze of starlings
crosses up the Thames and
joins them in counting out

light, patiences
worn through standing
flight to a headlong birch
row; the leaves ready
an anxious winter
past which they see nothing
but the marble
arch

Doug Abrams

Last Wishes

Driving home
I had a premonition
Of losing control
Spinning helplessly
Through shattering scattered glass
And grinding melted metal
To a predictable finish in a ditch somewhere.

Arousing aching
I wondered who I was
(if I was wearing clean underwear)
If you will cry over me
Or simply look away
Shall I be a martyr
Or whimper complaints.

I think I'll play the saint-
Dying ever so gracefully,
With parted lips calling your name
Lifting glassy eyes to the ceiling
Reaching out for a last embrace
It will be so very lovely
As long as you remember.

Kathryn Graffin

Legacy

The holes of wind whistles
through the walls like breath
through plastered lace.
rat feet touch the floor with
cottony whisper.

beneath the black helmet of the stove
which could have been a soldier once
but died a
ash pregnant
stove.

Craig Shaffer

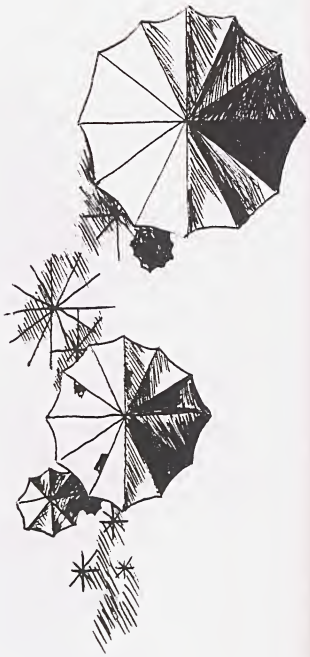
Dirge:
Yours for the living

I walk empty halls and tired pavements
Blackened by the rain
And the absence of the moon
Listening to echoes.
I am pierced by eyes
That are drained from life;
The hollowed eyes
Of modern madonnas,
Dead from puberty.
I smile at widows
On night trams
Who are rushing home
To quilted layers
Seized by cold nights
Behind sealed doors, alone.
I take shelter among the dead
Of the cathedral's undulating
Silence in stone
And wait for the sun
To bleed into morning.
The line revolves slowly
Around a circle.
Black sweeps into red,
Slow gyrations in a war of attrition.
The night slowly explodes
Against the world.
With the hurry of morning light
I watch a child's head explode
Under the weight of an automobile tire.
The blue sun splatters in the corner,
Its being drips on the wall.
I motion slowly to the flower peddlers
Who rush up to greet me
As I look through shattered windows
Into the oak-panneled music room.
My feet move across a painted landscape
Whose pigments smooth themselves
Along the insides of my toes
As my head is depressed and fingered
Upon a key of ivory while your ivory fingers
Light through the dirge.

Erik Lounsbury

Small Umbrella

These days I find my poems like broken umbrellas.
I dig them out of dark closet corners
to find they have holes where the light shines through.
Their bare metal ribs gleam at me, defiant,
And tattered edges ravel away
to nothing.
The handles I have on things
fall
apart;
I am deceived by the smooth curve,
thinking it is mother-of-pearl,
instead of only plastic.
Still, sometimes
the wind catches them
(those battered umbrellas),
and blows me to places
where I've dreamed of being:
to leafy orange groves,
cool behind the sun;
to sunny English gardens,
at ten in the morning;
to midnight sleigh rides
and bells sounding quietly
beneath the hush of snow,
the horse's breath cloudy
in the darkened air,
and the rush of runners
on high-frosted grass;
all these places
and more. And the wind
buoys me up
to float my parachute
to earth again
gently.



I peer through my umbrella holes disdainfully.
Outside, the cry of the junk man is tempting.
I hear his horse sniffle past my gate and
rush to the door, only to pause --
one hand on the knob --
to smooth my broken umbrellas
to folded respectability
And I tell myself,
"But if I let my poems go,
blown away by the wind
or carted away more slowly,
with ceremony, by the
junk man's horse
what
will I
do
when the
rain
comes?

Judy Haughee

At the St. Athens

At night
Mr. Fong would sit
On his pink bedspread
in the yellow lamp light
with his silver needle
flashing
through three layers
of silk.

Like a bright bird
stitching
the sunrise
to the sea,
the needle moved
to join
silks:
red and gold and green.

Half–songs would leave
his wrinkled lips.

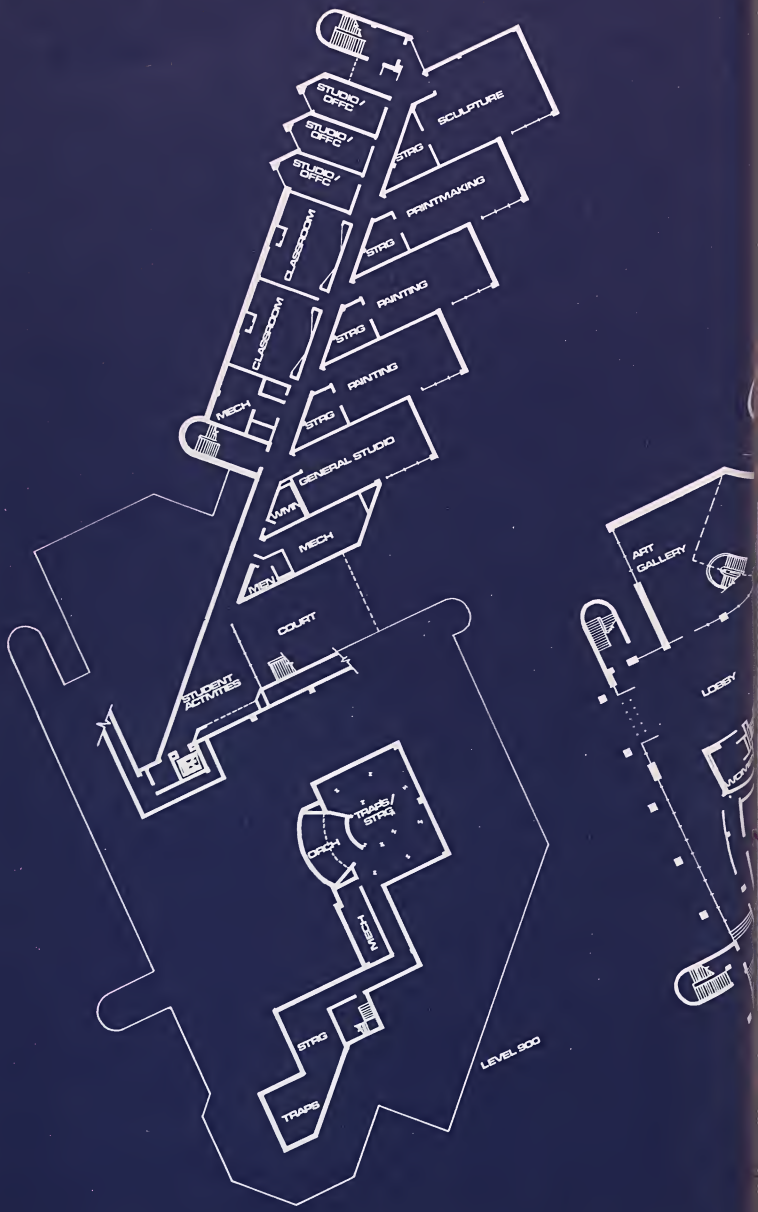
They were
Chinese lullabies
of white new moons
and the fine feeling
that rice wine leaves
before tomorrow.

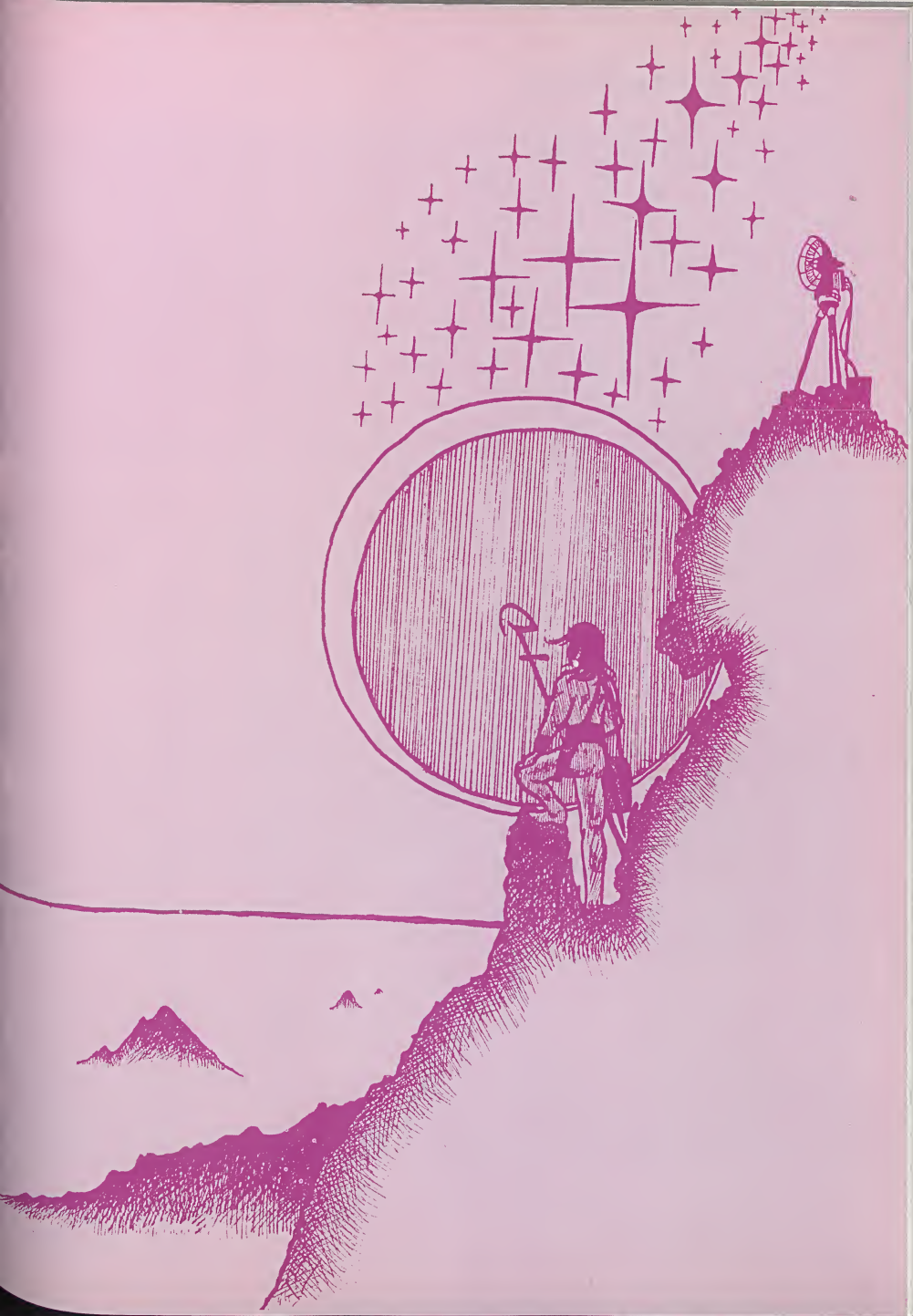
Mr. Fong knew
the grimy rush
of Euston train station
and a navy cap
that he wore
when he made
sandwiches
for the people there.

And Mr. Fong knew
silks, oh, yes,
and all the dragons,
red and green
for Chinese Happy New Year
at the only restaurant
in the heart of London
where they knew his name.

Half–songs would leave
his wrinkled lips.
They were
Chinese lullabies
of white new moons
and the fine feeling
that rice wine leaves
before tomorrow.

J. K. Haughee


STUDIO / OFFC
STUDIO / OFFC
STUDIO / OFFC
SCULPTURE
STRG
PRINTMAKING
STRG
CLASSROOM
CLASSROOM
PAINTING
STRG
PAINTING
STRG
MECH
GENERAL STUDIO
WMN
MECH
MEN
COURT
STUDENT ACTIVITIES
TRAPS / STRG
ORCH
MECH
STRG
TRAPS
LEVEL 900
ART GALLERY
LOBBY



The Student
Spring 1976

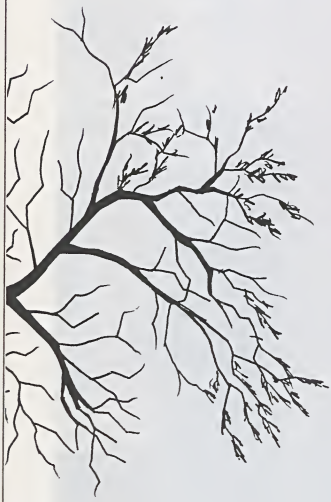
1975-76 Literary Contest Award Winners

In this issue, you will find the winners of the 1975-76 Student Magazine Literary Contest. We wish to express our appreciation to judges Bynum Shaw, Michael Roman, Dillon Johnston, Jerald Bullis, Mark Yandle, Mike Hiester, and members of the staff.

Cover by Steve Goodman

The *Student Magazine* is published four times per academic year by the students of Wake Forest University, with funds provided by the University. It is a non-profit organization existing by and for the Wake Forest community. Contributions may be brought by our offices in Room 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to P. O. Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina, 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the editors. The *Student* is printed by Keiger Printing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

First Prize Photography
Eric Morel



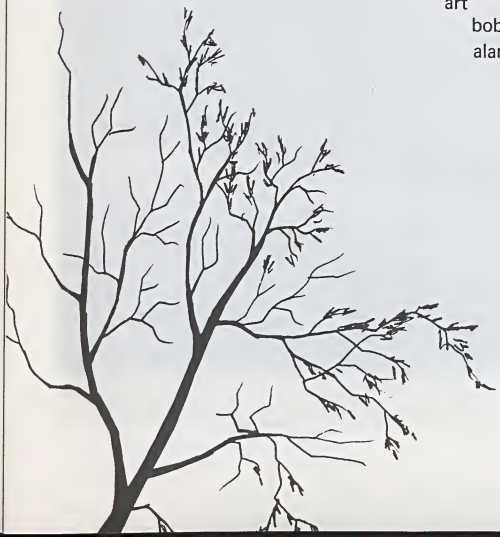
editor
bob melton

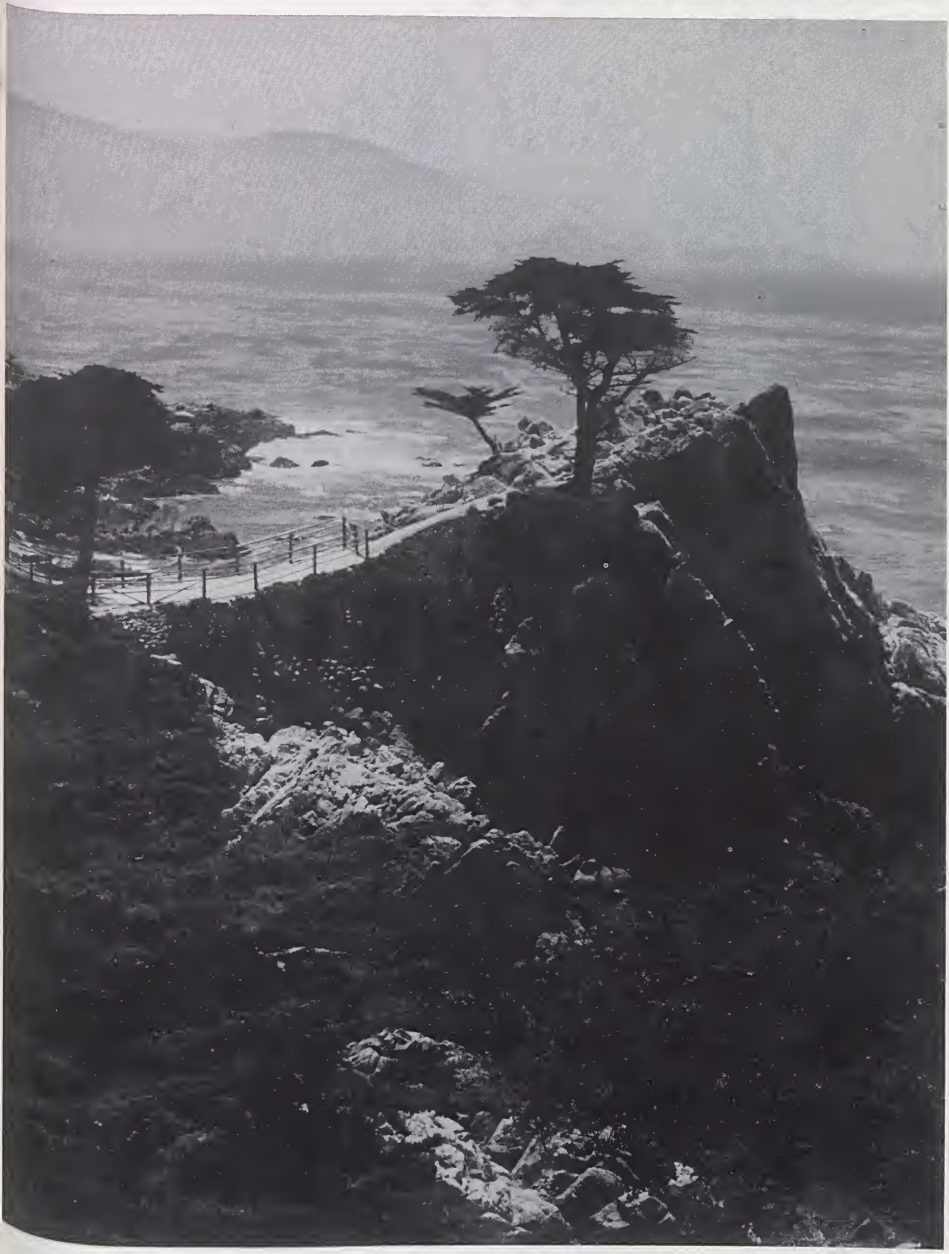
associate editor
judy haughee

assistant editor
terry weary

staff
becky baker
tyler cox
sue ellen farmer
steve goodman
kathy heaphy
mark leuchtenberger
george mewborn
doug norton
craig shaffer

art
bob kirchman
alan johnson





← Second Prize Photography
Steve Duin

First Prize Fictio

RAPIDS

by Richard Carlson

Danny was rocking and swaying on his bed in wild convulsions. "We're goin' over!" he screeched, "Look out for the boulders!" Paddling frantically over back-currents and whirlpools he guided his canoe through the rapids and reached the calmer waters below. Suddenly, he let loose a cry of urgency: "Watch out for the waterfall!"

The force of gushing water flipped him from his canoe onto the floor of the cabin. I watched the catastrophe intently from the bunk across the room. "There aren't really any waterfalls on the river are there?" I asked, "Bill said there wouldn't be any waterfalls."

I knew then and there that I had asked another stupid question. Danny looked at me in the way he always did when I asked stupid questions. His answer was no more than a wince. Picking himself up from the floor, he paused only long enough to dust himself off before swaggering out the door.

"Don't pay him no mind, Ben," I heard from Spider's corner. "Danny's just crazy. He ain't got no sense at all."

Spider was an incredibly thin and meager boy with a bony face and ears that stretched outward like a wingspan. His nickname occurred quite naturally. For the first days of summer camp I had flouted convention by referring to his real name, Larry, but at last I had given in when 'Spider' acquired a certain tradition. That probably hurt Spider a little—not giving in. I had been the last to call him Larry. Even afterwards he tagged along behind me, a habit of his which often annoyed me. I never had the heart to tell him what a pest he was. Of course, much more than any of us realized at the time, Spider made life easier for many of us. He filled the shoes of the cabin goat perfectly.

I decided that Spider was right about Danny, although I never found his judgement persuasive in itself. "You ever been on the Tumulgee River?" I asked for reassurance.

"Naw. But I been on rivers before. All rivers are pretty much alike."

I found that comforting. Spider's conclusion was consistent with the general rule which operated implicitly at Camp Running Bear: nothing was ever as fantastic as it was imagined to be. The Tumulgee, I reasoned, would follow the letter of the law. I had no reason to expect otherwise. Two and a half weeks of

Camp Running Bear had made me into a sober veteran. I was a different boy from the one who had picked up the "Welcome to Camp Running Bear" pamphlet three months earlier.

Perhaps it was my fanaticism for history that was to blame for my predicament. By the sixth grade I could recite the name of every pioneer and Indian that had ever blazed or prowled his way across the frontier. That was my specialty. The frontier was my dream world, a secretive escape from a life I thought to be exceedingly dull. All my life I had been surrounded by the suburbs. If anything exciting were ever to happen there, it would certainly not be permitted to last. Either the city or the country would have been better, but there were no gangsters or wild beasts in the suburbs.

And worst of all was the pampered safety of home. The wildest beast I stalked at home was a huge, atrociously ugly beetle I found one day in the basement. I detested bugs, but there is little glory in bagging a beetle. Long after my twelfth birthday I had not yet ridden a horse, paddled a canoe, fired a gun, or shot an arrow. My friends were a highly unimaginative bunch. I could never persuade them that baseball was a disgracefully sullen game or that football was void of high adventure. Perhaps it was because I could offer them nothing better.

It was Mr. Knight, my sixth grade teacher, who took a special interest in my case. I had worked my way into his favor as a good student, and he was eager to encourage me. One day he showed me a pamphlet. The cover read "Welcome to Camp Running Bear", and below these words were the very images I adored. High on a rocky and jagged peak a pioneer and his Indian guide surveyed a wilderness which spread eternally before them. Not that I ever supposed for a moment that there *were* Indians and pioneers at Camp Running Bear, but I knew from those images that the people of Camp Running Bear were people of my own mind. Indeed, all the challenges I had missed in life were catalogued one after another in the following pages. My mind fixed on Camp Running Bear from the moment I saw the pamphlet.

Camp Running Bear was about fifty miles north of my home town, plunged into the foothills of the southern Appalachians. The surrounding landscape rolled from farm land to forest. Nearby was a lake of pristine blue where we had our water activities, and along the far shore were the docks and cottages where elder vacationers played their own games of wilderness frontier. Still there were long stretches of untouched shore, and if I concentrated my attention on these expanses of nature, I could almost wish away the encroachments of civilization.

One could also suppose, from any of the lower vantage points of Camp Running Bear, that nothing but wilderness ensued beyond eyesight. The woods were thick and green, the sky fresh and blue, and the ground carpeted with green leaf. In the midst of this, I had hoped for a log cabin to set everything in an

authentic order. There was only one that I considered to be genuine, a shed for maintenance equipment. The cabins where we slept, the cafeteria, the crafts lodge, and all the other buildings of our village were of weatherboard, though gloriously unpainted.

There were two of us in our cabin. Many of us were disappointed that the accomodations were not primitive enough, what with floors and bunks and electric lighting. We resigned ourselves to these few conveniences and began to put our house in order. From the start there was a problem of bugs. My bed was on a top bunk from which I could view the whole procession of insect life across the ceiling beams. I was never content to have the bugs there. I had seen bugs magnified eye to eye on the television screen and knew them to be far more hideous than most people realized. Eventually one of the bugs would fall, or crawl, into my bed, probably while I was asleep in order to catch me unaware. I brought this idea to the attention of our counselor, Bill. He simply replied that there was nothing to worry about.

In no time at all the cabin was made primitiv quite by accident. After days of tramping throug mud and dust and pine straw, we endowed the floo with its own ground. Mixed in with the dirt was a accumulation of candy bar wrappers, lost socks an underwear, three or four pages torn from magazine and more bugs. Before long I felt besieged betwee the floor and the ceiling. Each day after lunch we ha clean-up time. Bill would assign duties, distribut brooms and rags, and without another word, slip ou the door. Of course the cleaning did not last long only long enough for Bill to disappear. This patter began from the very start. On the first day, continued to sweep while most of the others ha already drifted to other activities.

"What's wrong with you?" Tom asked cynically.

Shyly I answered. "Nothing's wrong."

"Well cut it out; nobody else is cleaning."

I looked about the cabin. Except for Spider, wh was busily arranging his bed, the rest of the boys ha turned to games, conversation, or napping.

"Bill told us to clean up," I pleaded.

"Bill's gone." Tom became impatient. "Put th damn broom down. You're gettin' in the way."

"He'll come back. He'll be mad."

"Aw fuck off!"

No one had ever said 'fuck' at me before. I had general idea of what it meant, and was at least certai that it was an angry word. At this particular mome it sounded frightful. Passing through my ears, th word slid past my tightening throat and came to re and burn in the pit of my stomach. I put down th broom and went to my bunk to arrange my things privacy. Spider, who had watched the scene quiet now rose from his bed.

"Don't let Tom bother you, Ben. We're suppose to clean here. You just mind your own busines Tom. You . . . "

Before Spider could release another word, he w lifted into the air by Tom and Danny and tossed o the door. Spider returned momentarily sputtering anger, but this only provided added amusement fo the boys of the cabin. Bill came to gather us for th afternoon's activities before further trouble cou develop.

In following clean-up periods there was mu speculation about Bill's mysterious disappearan during that hour of the day. It was Danny's idea spy him out. With Tom at his side, he slipped out th door one day soon after Bill had made his exit. Thir minutes later they returned. We all crowded arou them to pry loose an answer, but neither Tom n Danny would reveal their secret.

"We'll tell later," they said to us. "We can't te now."

Later that night Bill went off to a counselo meeting, leaving us alone again. Tom and Dann disappeared but were not long gone. When th reentered the cabin, each held an armful o magazines. They were gleeful over their captu

telling us of the hidden place where Bill had stored his magazines. There were more than enough for each of us. I shied away from picking one up for myself, preferring to watch from a distance. The magazines, I thought, were mysteriously sinful, but the mystery seemed an imperative one. From the magazine racks of drugstores, such magazines as these were out of reach. Many times I had longed to peek, but that was something I could never do under the watchful eye of some other customer or the store manager. Now they were within my grasp. I reached for one, then hesitated. Everyone but Spider and I had long since immersed themselves in pages and pages of pictures. I looked over Pete's shoulder to glance at the pages as they turned in his hands. The burning ache came back to my stomach and I began to walk back to my bed.

"Look at those boobs," laughed Danny.

A great lump rose in my throat and my imagination for once took me back home and away from the wilderness. It suddenly occured to Tom that Spider had ignored the pictures.

"What's your problem, Spider? Don't you like these pictures?"

"It ain't right to look at pictures like that," Spider answered emphatically.

With that the cabin was convulsed with laughter. Tom tore a fold-out from a magazine and carried it over to Spider's bunk.

"Hey Spider, take a look."

Spider curled away. "You lay off, Tom!"

"You know, Tom," Danny said thoughtfully, "Anybody who don't like pictures like these is probably a homo."

Tom inquired, "You a homo, Spider?"

For a moment the cabin was silent. A roach darted across the floor and took refuge in the closet. No one paid any attention to the roach. Most eyes were searching out the room for a knowing face. Spider had retreated to the far corner of his bed and only looked out silently in appeal.

"You a homo?" Danny repeated.

"I . . . no, I ain't no homo."

"Well then, why don't you like these pictures?"

"They're . . . It ain't proper."

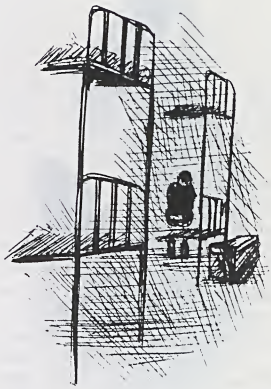
"You sound like a homo to me," Danny concluded. "Hey Pete, you think Spider's a homo?"

Pete considered the question for a moment, then, "Yeah. A homo."

Not knowing for certain what to make of this new word I continued to look about for hints. The others submitted their opinion that Spider was indeed a homo and they all had much fun in practicing the word. From then onward, homo was used freely, always with certainty when directed at Spider, but directed readily at anyone when other insults seemed insufficient. By such lessons as this our vocabulary grew by leaps and bounds. I avoided most of the words myself, partly because I failed to learn the meaning of some of the words, and partly because I was afraid of them. The magazine pictures especially opened all sorts of opportunities for imagination, and Danny and Tom were always more than ready to fill in any details anyone might require.

These discussions filled the idle hours of Camp Running Bear. Our activity hours were more closely supervised by Bill. Camp activities would have been a welcome relief for me from the unpredictable but generally scandalizing stories and antics of Danny and Tom, yet camp activities quickly became as dull as any game of football or baseball. Naturally, the first horseback riding trip, the first archery and riflery lessons, and the first canoe trip were exciting enough. It meant little to me initially that the horses seldom broke into a trot and always followed the same carefully laid out trail. I was satisfied in having finally mounted the back of a horse, but in a little while I became bolder. "Next time," I would think, "we will try more daring stuff." Each day we rode over the same trail at the same slow pace.

The other activities were no better. Having mastered the bow and arrow and the rifle, there seemed nothing to it. The canoe trips were my most enjoyable experience. The canoes glided so gracefully across the lake once we had learned the proper strokes, that I was at once soothed and invigorated. The lake, however, was a small one. Very shortly we had criss-crossed the lake from one shore to the next, exploring every cove and circling every island. At the end of one week, we had pretty well exhausted all that Camp Running Bear had to offer. At the end of two weeks, I was genuinely bored and increasingly



homesick. In addition to the stomach aches I suffered at the words of Danny and Tom were the stomach aches I inflicted upon myself during lonely nights when my thoughts drifted to home.

At the opening of the third week, Camp Running Bear had pushed routine to the point of monotony. Tom was a veteran of the cabin, along with Danny, having attended the camp for two previous summers. I asked him one afternoon during lunch whether things would ever change.

"Naw," he replied. "They won't let us run the horses or let us take them off the trail. They're afraid we'd get hurt."

"But we can handle the horses," I protested. "They already taught us how to ride. It's no fun riding around in circles so slow."

"It don't make no difference to them. They don't care if we have any fun or not. Fact is, they probably wouldn't want you doing anything fun anyways."

This struck me as peculiar. "Gee, the only reason I came here was to have fun."

"Well you came to the wrong fuckin' place."

"Aren't we ever going to do anything different?"

"Nope."

Never one to lose all hope, I persisted. "Well, there's got to be something we haven't done yet. We've still got another whole week. We might as well all go home if we're just going to do the same things over and over again for another seven days."

"Well . . . there is the river trip."

"A river trip?"

I was immediately intrigued. I shoveled down the last few noodles of spaghetti on my plate as Tom explained to me the yearly canoe trip down the Tumulgee River.

"They only let the older cabin groups go on the trip," he began. "I couldn't go last year, 'cause I was too young then. But this year we'll go. I had some friends who went last year; they said it was a real blast. Right at the end of the trip, there's a lot of rapids, just like in the movies. Better than paddling around that damn lake anyway."

Is that why you came back again this year? To go on the river trip?"

"Aw. I wouldn't of come if I could help it." He shook his head grimly. "It's my mother. She sends me here every year, right after I get home from school. I'll be goin' to another camp when this one lets out."

It had never occured to me that anyone was ever *sent* to summer camp. Washing down my lunch with a last glass of milk, I tossed this bit of irony about in my mind. I felt a vague sympathy for Tom but considered that, were I his mother, I would not be anxious to have him about the house, anymore than I was now anxious to have him about the cabin. Still, I could never see the camp in the same light again after Tom's revelation. Having already taken a disliking to Camp Running Bear, it seemed to me that it was little more than a dumping ground for boys.

Bill announced the river trip two days later. Danny was particularly elated, and the excitement which sent him spilling over imaginary rapids across the floor of the cabin infected everyone with spirit. Perhaps Spider was right about Danny being crazy, and if there were no waterfalls, all the better. In any case, the Tumulgee would offer us our first taste of real excitement.

By the afternoon before the day of the river trip, the waiting had become unbearable. Bill left as usual during cleanup, and our discussion meandered to the subject of the Tumulgee River. How long was the river? How deep? How rough were the rapids? Gathering the bits and pieces of information he had collected from older campers the year before, Tom answered our questions.

"Some places it's pretty rough. At first it's slow and easy. It's like that for a few miles, then all of a sudden right at the end, you hit the rapids."

I rolled back in my bed with visions of cascading whitewater gushing over great rocks. It was then that Danny suggested that the river might be *too* rough.

"I guess the river's nothin' for somebody with experience, like Tom or me. We done an awful lot of canoeing, ain't we, Tom?"

"Yeah, we ain't no homos when it comes to canoeing."

Danny continued. "I'd sure hate to have to face the Tumulgee if I'd never been on a river before. Lakes, like the lake we been fuckin' around in, they ain't nothin' like a real river, 'specially a river with rapids."

"It ain't no place for somebody without experience," agreed Tom. His judgement seemed final.

"You remember poor ole' Tod?"

"Tod?" Tom was puzzled.

"Yeah, you remember Tod. He was the kid that got killed here last summer. The one who died on the river trip."

"Oh yeah . . . poor ole Tod."

Danny was solemn in a way I had never seem him before. Looking at us all in the eye one by one, he began the sad tale of Tod's demise.

"Tod was just about the bravest, smartest, best kid you could ever know."

"A hell of a guy," contributed Tom.

"You wouldn'ta thought a guy like him would crack up on the river, even on the Tumulgee. But just as his canoe hit the rapids, he lost control. No matter how much he fought, he couldn't get the canoe away from the rocks. Then . . . wham! Right into a boulder. Tod disappeared into the water. His canoe was broken into three pieces. The only thing we ever could find of Tod was his left shoe and his watch."

All over again I could feel the burning in my stomach. My throat squeezed tight.

"He drowned?" gasped Spider.

"Never saw him again," replied Tom.

"Aw, you're just tellin' stories," Spider burst out.

Danny moved threateningly toward Spider. "You callin' me a liar?"

Spider recoiled into the corner of his bed and trembled back, "You just get away from me, I ain't done you no harm."

"Well," Danny growled, "You'll see for yourself. 'Specially when you come floatin' down the river in a hundred pieces."

Danny eased back, snickering at Spider, who continued to cower in the corner of his bed. My stomach had begun to throb. I turned back toward the wall wanting to see and hear no more. I regretted my earlier eagerness for excitement, thinking that somehow I was guilty for my own undoing. For the rest of the day I was shrouded with gloom. I fired rifle bullets inattentively towards the bull's eye at target practice, fielded fly balls listlessly or not at all on the baseball field, and picked at my dinner that evening. The night was a sleepless one. Tossing from side to side I could only envision the crushing weight of rocks and water upon my frail body.

When reveille arose me the next morning my fear had not ebbed. In fact, as the hour of our departure approached, my fear became more intense.

Bill gathered us into a bus along with the other cabin groups which were to accompany us, and we began our journey to the river. The bus was alive with laughter and chatter as we set out, but it was a long trip from the camp to the river, and after an hour of driving, many of the boys slipped away into the sleep they had missed the night before. I gazed out the window at passing landscape, recollecting in my mind

all the lectures and demonstrations we had received on the art of canoeing, trying to visualize each strategy and maneuver that would take me safely down the river.

When we arrived, we were all astonished by how small the river was. Oozing slowly under the bridge where our bus had stopped, the Tumulgee seemed nothing more than a muddy creek. A truck loaded with canoes which had trailed behind us pulled up behind the bus, and we began to unload our crafts. Spider, however, trotted down the bank for a closer look, and peered far downstream where the Tumulgee lazily twisted out of sight.

"Aw, this river ain't nothin' like Danny said it was," he called back to me. And indeed the river looked harmless enough. I felt a spell of relief tempered by the suspicion that there was more to be seen. The back end of a canoe came sliding out the back of the truck toward me. I grasped the end and with the help of Bill lifted the canoe out and onto the

ground. Spider rushed up the bank and marched to the spot where I assembled my gear.

"We're supposed to go in twos," he said.

"Yeah, Spider. That's right."

"Maybe you and I could go down the river together."

I began to say that I had hoped to make the trip with Pete, but looking about I saw that Pete was busily preparing for the trip with Neil. Everyone but Spider and I had paired into twos.

"Well, Spider, I guess it's me and you."

Together we picked up the canoe and carried it down to the shore, where we eased it carefully into the water.

"You get in while I hold the canoe," Spider demanded eagerly.

When I was well seated, Spider reached across th width of the canoe to pull himself over the edge an into the seat, but his grasp slipped and his body rolle backwards into the water with a loud splash. We wer surrounded with laughter.

"Hey Spider," we heard, "You can't even get in canoe much less ride one." Tom looked o triumphantly. Behind him in the same canoe wa Danny, who added further mockery with, "Hey Spider, there's a rock down the river with your nam on it."

Grumbling indignantly, Spider crawled into th canoe. We pushed away from the shore and floate downstream. Ours was the last canoe in a line o fifteen, led by a counselor from one of the othe cabins, and trailed by Bill. For the first two hours th water carried us gently along. Except for a occasional ripple broken by some fallen limb the rive was smooth and unwavering. The shores were line alternately by woods or homes, at times an apartmen complex. We had traveled well out of the forests o Camp Running Bear to the more populated regions. I was an uninteresting scenery, but I had becom content with the easiness of the course we wer following. Children playing in their waterfron backyards ran to the shore to wave and point at us and we waved back. Here and there a rusty ca bobbed in the water and offered us a target to ste after. We made a game of catching the cans to fi them with water and watch them sink. Tucked awa in the little stagnant coves of the bank wer collections of all varieties of objects which w counted in fun: tires, milk cartons, a bicycle. The there were the stretches of quieter woods and fiel which made us feel more like the frontiersmen w had hoped to be.

The current changed suddenly, speeding from it earlier slow pace into a quick, forceful flow. W scarcely needed to paddle to propel ourselves, an merely guided our canoes down the river. Th landscape, too, had become rougher. The bank steeped upward in shelves of rock. The last signs t town relinquished their hold to thick forests whic stretched endlessly along the river. And finally, w caught our first glimpse of rapids. They were no severe, but the rapidity with which the canoe sli over the foaming, splashing water left me breathless Afterwards, Spider turned back to me with a smile o confidence.

"See Ben. It ain't nothin' really. They was jus pullin' our leg."

I nodded in agreement, feeling more certain that th the stories were a hoax. The fear that had followe me relentlessly since the afternoon before no relaxed its grip, and my mind was left free to enjo the deepening forests which closed around the rive The others, too, were transfixed by the scenery Except for the rhythmic splashing of paddles and th gentle rippling of the current over moss-capp stones, the whole land was void of sound. I rested my

addle for a moment across my lap and gazed up into he sky through the outstretched limbs of soft green rees, past the sloping peaks of the highest pines, up nto the sky where a hawk drew circles in the air. The un had dropped down in its arch and now only ltered through the leaves. Ahead we heard the sound f more rapids. I took my paddle up again and guided he canoe through the rushing water.

We had been on the river for several hours now, nd I knew that we must be approaching the end. The cenery finally lost its hold over us, and the constant hattering and laughing which was more customary to ur group was resumed. Spider and I were still quiet. he trip had tired me but had also left me with a eeling of accomplishment. The next day, I thought, I ould be going home. I was anxious to leave, but for he first time since I had arrived in Camp Running ear, I did not feel regretful. All of my troubles, put way in the past, were to me now nothing but the omach-aches of a worried child.

Then I heard the distant rumbling which made me nderstand that we were not finished. Spider turned o me with his jaw hanging loosely downward.

"You . . . you think maybe these are the real pids?"

"Maybe so."

Ahead of us I could see the frontmost canoes ouncing over the wild froth of rapids more fierce han any we had yet crossed. From behind I heard ill calling out to us, motioning us to the left. Seeing hat the right of the river was guarded by a number of eat boulders, I tried to pass Bill's commands on to pider, but the noise of the water was now so great hat we could scarcely hear each other. My heart robbed in my throat and every muscle squeezed ightly, my arms straining to force the canoe away om the rocks. But Spider had chosen a different ourse. While I paddled strenuously to the left, he addled with equal fervor to the right.

The canoe spun like a pin wheel smashing about om one wave to the next. We were sprayed with ater and rocked first in one direction and then the her. I gave up all hope of paddling or controling the noe and only struggled to balance the precarious at. We plummeted downward, then jerked upward. ith a great thud that nearly shook me from my seat, e canoe skidded over a low-lying rock and came to abrupt rest.

"We're stuck!" Spider wailed.

Looking down from both sides I saw the water sh past us, leaving us stranded like a clumsy whale a sand bar. Wedging my paddle against the rock, I ed to push away, but the waters that had flooded o the canoe had weighted us down. We were stuck t.

Desperately I looked for help. The other canoes d disappeared. My mind was clogged with panic d my body tense and trembling. Spider jumped m the canoe into the water which was ankle high r the rock.

"We've got to push it off!" he hollered.

"What?" My ears strained to hear him.

"We've got to push it! Get out and push!"

Gradually my mind cleared and I understood. I stepped from the canoe into the water and in one great concerted effort we thrust the canoe forward, jumping back over the edge as the canoe glided on.

Within moments we reached the more tranquil waters below. On the far bank I saw the rest of the boys assembled in a group, their canoes pulled out of the water and up the bank. When we landed, I waited expectantly for the jeers that I knew would come, but was altogether confounded when I noticed that Spider and I were being ignored. The other boys were grouped further down the shore. Curious, I walked cautiously in their direction.

Then I saw Danny and Tom. They were soaked and dripping with water, encircled by inquisitors. I caught Pete by the shoulder.

"What happened to them?" "They capsized. The whole canoe just flipped right over." Pete laughed. "They had to swim their way down."

I edged closer to the crowd to hear Danny and Tom relating their story.

"It was awful," Danny said. "Why, if it weren't for the fact that Tom and I are such good swimmers, we'd of been drowned for sure."

The others gasped in admiration.

"We was just paddling along," started Tom, "When all of a sudden the biggest damn boulder you ever saw just came right out of nowhere. We paddled and paddled but it just weren't no good. One big wave picked us right up and smacked us right against the rock. Why, we had to jump out like fuckin' acrobats or we'd 'a' been broken into a billion pieces."

I turned around and headed back to Spider. Spider was resting in the grass. A ladybug had landed on his head, and before he could brush it away, I captured it in my hand and admired its bright red color, then let it go.

"Well Spider," I sighed, "I guess we had one hell of a fucking time."

"Huh?" Spider looked up in astonishment.

"I guess we had one heck of a time . . . I mean." □

First Prize Poetry

ONCE

a poem for my grandfather

Once
in the unchanging world
my brother, sister,
five cousins and
I
stood at the center
surrounded
by old people
whose job it was
to hold our sweaters while
we played, take the bones out of
fish and stand guard at night.

You were reliable.

We counted on you to terrify us
with your daily show of
injecting insulin in your
blue-white thigh
then
laugh when we squirmed
at the sight of
so many needles
so long, so shiny
in their bottle of alcohol.

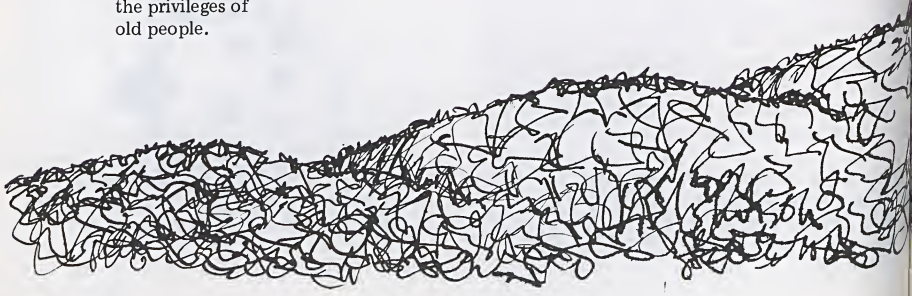
On Sundays
you drank coffee
from your saucer
for our pleasure
and after dinner
took us riding in your car.

At every stop sign
we would hang out the back window
envying you as
you spat
tobacco juice onto the road.
Then we would settle back
(until the next sign)
importantly aware of
the privileges of
old people.

Once
on a dare from
the girls across the road
I hollered up the ice cream man
even though we had no money.
As he turned into the
long dirt driveway
we ran and hid in the barn
awaiting repercussion.
After the longest moment
you found us
passed out orange popsicles
and left
without saying anything.

"You're getting taller
You're growing up"
the old people said to me
and I nodded
just to humor them
for I knew it would never happen.
The world was the same size
big as ever
and you were reliable.

I ran to you
the day I found
a neighbor's child
tantalizing a coiled copperhead
with a broken dogwood branch.
You braced your foot
against a stump
raised the gun
and as the snake's head wove among
green white blossoms
you killed it.



I was eighteen
and knew the world
and you
and both were reliable
until one hot day
after mowing the yard
you rested your hands
on my shoulders
fell behind me
and died
open-eyed
while I still
pressed my mouth
to yours
and breathed
for both of us.
An ambulance intruded and
took you away
covered with a
blue sheet
leaving only
your false teeth
on the ground
beside me.

"I never heard
no bad thing
about him"
a neighbor
offered me
at the funeral
but I was angry
and when I did not take it
he shrugged
and turned away
to help the others mourn.

"I saw him die"
I announced
to the trees
but they simply swayed over me
as they had done before
and offered no explanation.

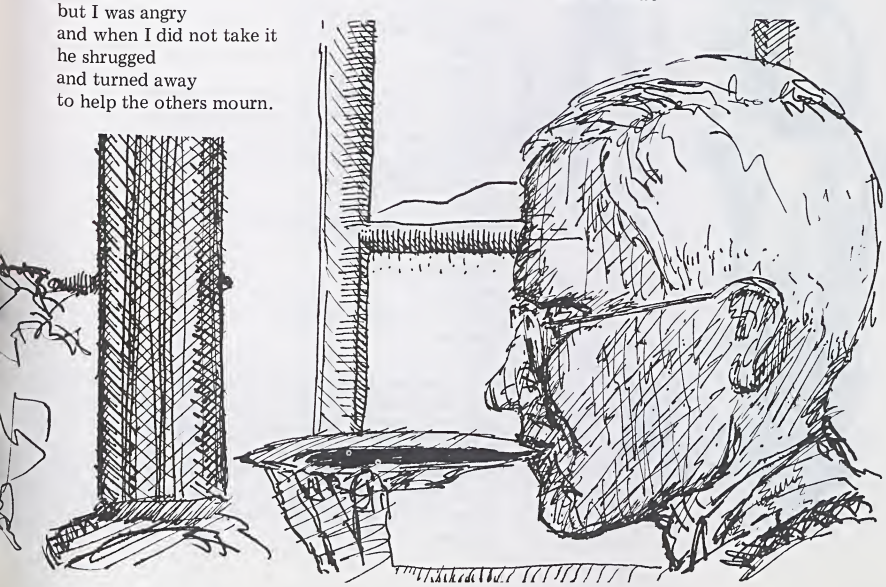
"I saw him die"
I said and
looked
into mirrors
to see if there
was not some
change
in my face.

These days I wear
my legacy of your old overalls
and try to invoke you in dreams,
poems and
home movies.

Getting back is harder now.

Not even
I
could save
you
and the unchanging world.

Jan A. Doub



First Prize Poetry

MONSTERS

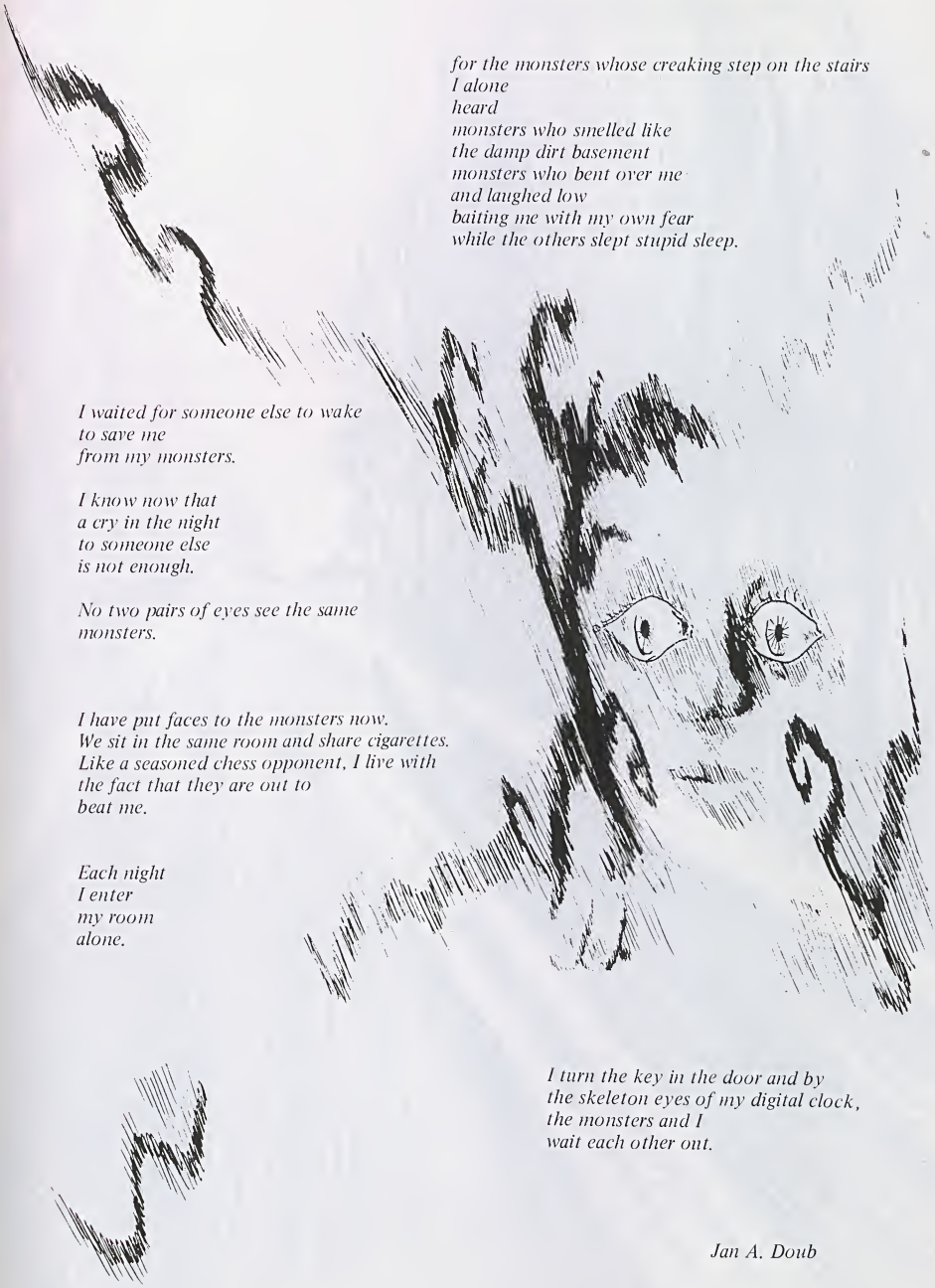
Alone
at night
I am thinking
of other people
alone
in other rooms.

I will my thoughts to be
a hand to their shoulders
the only way
I can touch them
in their nights.

We cannot share our nights with someone else.
Our aloneness is a private thing
It is the first death we confront
It is the monster under the bed.

I grew up and learned that
the people
I counted on to save me from
monsters
had their own.

My child nights
I spent
waiting for
monsters who lived in the farthest corner
of the dark front hall, in the vanity mirror
in my room, in the robe which hung on the door
and made no tell-tale sound when a monster stepped
from its folds at night
night
when monsters were attuned to
me
knew my room
my bed
knew I was awake, waiting
waiting
for monsters
who lived outside among the trees, who shuffled, slow
but sure, through the dust in the driveway, up the
sidewalk, past my sweet sleeping collie who gave no warning
to me
huddled close, far from the edge of the bed, sweating
under blankets pulled up to my ears, not daring to move
to turn the pillow to the cool side
waiting



for the monsters whose creaking step on the stairs
I alone
heard
monsters who smelled like
the damp dirt basement
monsters who bent over me
and laughed low
baiting me with my own fear
while the others slept stupid sleep.

I waited for someone else to wake
to save me
from my monsters.

I know now that
a cry in the night
to someone else
is not enough.

No two pairs of eyes see the same
monsters.

I have put faces to the monsters now.
We sit in the same room and share cigarettes.
Like a seasoned chess opponent, I live with
the fact that they are out to
beat me.

Each night
I enter
my room
alone.

I turn the key in the door and by
the skeleton eyes of my digital clock,
the monsters and I
wait each other out.

Jan A. Doub

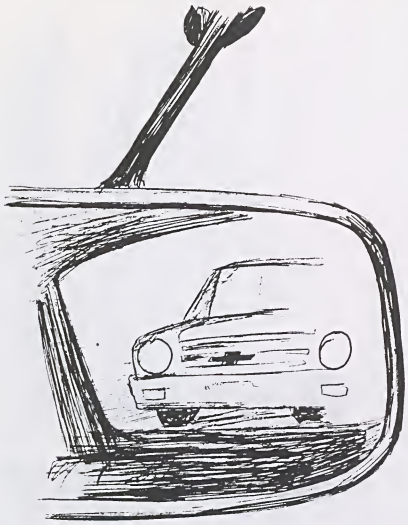
Second Prize Fiction

Why Dost Thou Judge Thy Brother?

by N. C. Hobgood

Jenny's head lay peacefully on his lap. Her eyes were closed. Her long blonde hair reflected the acetylene rays of sunlight that cut through the windshield of Jack's 1976 Volvo. Jack gently pulled a strand of Jenny's shining hair. She did not awaken. He slid his right hand down her smooth warm neck. She continued to sleep.

It had been a rough day for both of them — a rough day of walking for Jenny and a rough day of writing for Jack. Jenny had attended the North Carolina Arts Festival, this year under the auspices of East Carolina University. This event luckily, and efficiently, coincided with one of Jack's law school assignments: to spend a few hours observing an



instructive malpractice suit being litigated in a nearby Federal Court. The law professor at Wake Forest who gave the assignment had hinted that anywhere from 90 to 900 "legal" pages of notes would reflect "adequate coverage of said litigation." So, since eight in the morning, Jack had written furiously, and when court had recessed for the weekend at about three o'clock, Jack had written an astounding 95 pages of notes. Jack's right hand was very tired.

Naturally, returning to Winston-Salem on this particular day, Jack soon discovered that it was more pleasant to steer his Volvo with his left hand, while the warmth and smoothness of Jenny's body medicated his tired hand. But despite the fact that he was driving with only one hand, and despite the general fatigue he always felt in the late afternoon, Jack drove steadily along, occasionally glancing out the left and far right sides of the windshield at the fields of freshly plowed peanuts that bordered the road. A dense, alternating forest of brush pine encompassed the fields. The forest appeared docile when far away, but inevitably rolled up on the road, strangling it with darkness. Then the forest would recede again, and the fields would dominate, so that at times the faded grey highway portended the center line of a tenuous demilitarized zone.

Suddenly, Jack caught the presence of a red Chevrolet tailing him in his rear-view mirror. Its closeness startled him; it didn't appear to be more than three feet away. A collision would undoubtedly occur if he slammed on the brakes for a deer jumping the road. Jack knew that there were a lot of deer in this area of eastern North Carolina; he wouldn't take any chances. He slowed the Volvo to around 45 MPH. But then the Chevrolet slowed, too, dropping back about twenty-five feet. Jack was still worried. He slowed to around 35 MPH. The Chevrolet slowed too. Jack was annoyed at the Chevrolet's stubbornness. "Pass!" Jack shouted in his mind with intermittent glances to the mirror, "Pass!" But the Chevrolet wouldn't pass. "Pass!" Son-of-a-bitch! "Pass!"

With this last order the Chevrolet telepathically pulled out and passed the Volvo. Jack looked but couldn't see the driver. As the Chevrolet regained the right lane of the highway Jack read the consuming bumper-sticker with the imperative red lettering, HONK IF YOU LOVE JESUS. Jack quickly suppressed the impulse to obey, even though the condition of the command compelled a reply. Soon the Chevrolet disappeared around a distant curve. Jack felt kind of bad: A good Baptist would have honked his horn. "If I had only known," Jack thought to himself, "I wouldn't have called him what I did."

Jack's remorse inevitably brought other things to mind. A long-forgotten picture of Jesus flashed within his memory. The picture hung in a mahogany frame on a light-green wall the same way it had in his childhood. Though the picture had impressed Jack more then, when long hair and "different" clothes were an uncommon sight, the generous expression Jesus conveyed was still pressing in Jack's mind. There was still something comforting about that generous expression, or maybe it was something else, something that seemed to say "Look here now, I've got control of the situation." Jack wasn't sure exactly how to explain it. "If only I had honked," Jack thought to himself.

Gradually his remorse faded. He relaxed and opened the air vent. The smell of freshly unearthed peanuts immediately captured that "new" smell of the recently purchased Volvo. The smell of freshly plowed peanuts was a good smell. It was a smell that cleared the sinuses and the mind at the same time. "If I could bottle it," Jack mused, "I could make a killing off those poor city people who have to breathe that polluted city air."

The air rushing from the vent was not cold. In fact it was rather mild. Given the average day in late October this one was an atypically comfortable Indian summer day. His left hand felt the coolness of evaporation as the air rushed through his damp outstretched fingers, while his right hand felt the warmth of Jenny's body, as it moved slowly down her back.

Jenny stirred slightly, smiling softly. "That feels good," she said in a sweet, approving voice.

"I know," returned Jack presumptuously. "It feels good to me too."

"How long have I been asleep?"

Jack gently returned his hand to Jenny's neck. "Oh, I'd say we're about twenty miles, ah, thirty miles out of Greenville. Are you still sleepy?"

"No, not that much. I just got kind of relaxed when you picked me up . . . but your day . . . I never got the details."

"I told you, didn't I?"

"But didn't you . . . "

"But didn't I what?"

"What you started to tell me in Greenville but decided not to. What was it?"

"You don't want to know. It's nothing."

"Yes I do. Tell me."

"You don't want to know."

"Did you get lost in the Court House? I dreamed you got lost and couldn't find the court room."

"Now that's dumb."

"Ha, Ha, that's what happened. You got lost."

"No it's not. What happened was good."

"You got lost, but then found the court room, and everyone watched you walk in late like you always did in that literature class."

"No, look now, you're getting ridiculous."

"Well you're the one that was late again."

"The truth is . . . the truth is . . . I saw H. Holler Hampton today."

"Who?"

"H. Holler Hampton, the East County District Attorney . . . don't you remember? . . . I filed an application with them as an assistant."

"You never told me about that," Jenny said surprised, sitting up, alert.

"He told me that I should be a happier boy when I check the mail tomorrow."

"Yes, and what else?" pursued Jenny, excitedly.

"Well, ah, that means I got a job . . . can earn a living, ah, but most importantly I . . . " Jack paused momentarily to consider his professionalism, and then continued his words in a more controlled, crisp manner. " . . . that is, more importantly, my overriding concern is to serve the public in the best way I know how."

"And you'll be able to buy a house and settle down in Greenville . . . ?" pursued Jenny further, more excited.

"Well, the public interest . . . I haven't really thought about that — a house. But look, maybe someday you can get a job in the School of Art there at ECU. Greenville is a great place to live. You could come visit me."

"You rascal," Jenny said, a little outdone. "Wouldn't you visit me? Or maybe you think you're too good for me."

"Now Jenny," Jack said solemnly, "you know me better than that."

"I know I do," Jenny said drolly. "Too good."

This last pronouncement bothered Jack; it was a vague insult of the kind he most despised, and it would not pass without an answer.

"Now seriously, Jenny. You know me better than that. You know how I really am. You know what I majored in."

"Politics," Jenny said with a curt sourness.

"Now that ought to tell you something right there. — That I appreciate political things. — That I really like people. — That I can be on their level. That's how I am. I want to serve the public. I don't want the buzzards of society to blow anything over on them. I'd just as soon break the back of an oil company as the neck of a criminal."

"Uh huh," Jenny said.

"I pity them all," Jack added compassionately, "City people, country people, rich people, poor people, I'm for them . . . You know, I started from a farm right here in this area."

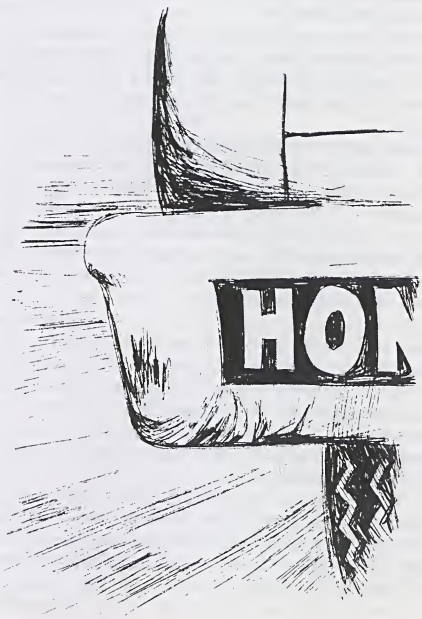
"Oh no," objected Jenny, "You're not going to give me that po' little country boy lecture again . . . Well then, hurry. Go ahead. Let's hear it for Horatio Alger."

"Quit being facetious now, you spoiled little chalk thief," Jack admonished Jenny mildly. "You still don't understand me. We've known each other for about six years now, and you still don't understand."

"Uh huh," Jenny said.

"Listen now, I was raised in these woods. And we worked. From five in the morning we worked. Fed the chickens. Milked the cows. Fed the cats and dogs. And then to school on River Road."

"Yeah, I know - I know about the little one-roomed schoolhouse you started the first grade



in . . . How many times . . . "

Jack suddenly interrupted her. "See. See how you get everything confused. I never said I started in a one-room school house. I said we had combination grades — first and second grades in the same room. But strict discipline. And we didn't have all those pretty plastic toys to play with like they do now. We played with blocks of wood."

"Uh huh," Jenny said, "Now tell me how long you went to that school."

"Well, you know that; Daddy told you before he . . . didn't he? — That he got that professorship in English at Raleigh, and we moved when I was going on to the third grade. But I remember my first and second grade well."

"No, your mother told me when you moved. And she said she was glad. She had to drive thirty miles to shop and buy groceries. She didn't like living right there in the same house with her mother-in-law either."

Jack spoke quickly, a little disturbed. "That was the homeplace of my family for six generations. When Granny passed away they sold it . . . Anyway, I wouldn't take a million dollars for my country blood." He gestured to a harvested corn field. "You know the folks who harvested that corn? Their toil is my toil. Their sweat is my sweat. Their tears are my tears. Their blood is my blood."

"You mean the folks who own the land, or the ones who built the corn combine?" Jenny replied jokingly.

"Very funny. Very funny." Jack drily acknowledged her humor. But Jack was not to be outdone. All slights of character must be avenged. Jack grimaced heavily. The Volvo slowed to pull to the side of the road.

"What are you stopping for?" questioned Jenny.

Jack looked at her grimly. "I'm gonna get you back for making fun of me." The car stopped and Jack stared sternly into her beautiful sky-blue eyes.

"What are you doing?" Jenny asked nervously.

"You little lying chalk thief," Jack said harshly, gritting his teeth.

Jack authoritatively placed his right hand on Jenny's neck and brought her toward him. He clutched her tightly. Then there was the uplifting sensation of her fresh lips and a generally fine feeling as Jenny rubbed the back of his shoulders. Jack spoke to her assuredly: "There's an old Confederate fort about ten miles from here on the Roanoke River. Daddy and I used to hunt squirrels there. The earthworks are fantastic. It's a beautiful, isolated place — you know — rustic, pastoral. We'll ride over."

"You little rascal," Jenny said, with a reassured smile. They kissed again, and again the Volvo was moving down the road. Jenny sat snugly next to Jack. Her tan legs looked so smooth against the plush green interior of the Volvo. Jack's right hand played with a soft strand of Jenny's gleaming hair. He continued to drive with his left hand.

"You say you used to hunt at this fort?" Jenny pursued.

"Well, yeah, in a way. Dad did most of the killing though. I was too young to hunt with a shotgun."

"How far did you live from Fort what-do-you-call-it?"

"Fort Branch — and I'd say that the homeplace is not more than four miles from it."

"Will we pass your homeplace before we get to Fort Branch?"

"Ah, no — no we won't," stammered Jack. "Anyway it's not in the family anymore. I told you they sold it."

"To good, hard-working East Carolinians, as you say?"

"The best, of course. I don't remember who, but I'm sure they were well-bred Eastern Carolinians with 'good raisin' as we say."

Suddenly, Jack spotted a sign pointing west that read, RIVER ROAD 12. There were no cars behind Jack, or anywhere in sight, but he gave a turn-signal anyway, and turned left. The paved road which they now found themselves on was much narrower than the main highway; the midsize Volvo consumed

almost both lanes. The unmarked path of asphalt winded torturously into the countryside like a blacksnake in May. A small ditch readily paralleled the meandering road on each side. There was no shoulder, so a flat tire would have to be changed on the road. In many places the pavement was broken and chunks of it were missing, and crabgrass chewed away at the broken asphalt for as far as you could see. Gradually the road meandered away from the corn and peanut fields and totally into a smothering pine thicket.

"What kind of road is this?" Jenny asked apprehensively.

"It's a farm-to-market road paved in the early fifties," answered Jack knowingly.

"Why don't they repave it or do something? I've never seen such a sorry road."

"Politics," said Jack decisively.

"You don't mean. . . . "

"I mean the formulation and implementation of public policy. Means-ends analysis and all that."

"You're getting a little heavy for me."

"Well, let me simplify it for you," said Jack in a condescending manner. " — The people of this area are simple, life-loving people who assert themselves in a simple, frank and honest way. — You know — The Commonplace. The nuances of political diplomacy are alien to them."

Jenny nudged Jack in the chest. "Careful, you're beginning to sound like an English professor."

"I mean — that is — they don't have access to the Henry Kissingers of Harvard. Expertise. Why, just look at all the fuss they had over this East Carolina Med School. It takes a special kind of person to understand the situation and do something about it."

"Oh," said Jenny, without expression.

Jack was getting emotional: "It just burns me up — the way government discriminates. If only the public had someone they could put their CONFIDENCE in. CONFIDENCE — that's what this country needs. . . .But I know one thing, one of these days in the not-too-distant future we're going to get together, and when we do get together, there are going to be a load of repercussions all the way from here to the Capital."

"Speeches, speeches," Jenny thought to herself, "If I only had a flute." She tried to change the subject. "How far to the fort?" she asked.

Jack slowed the Volvo. "Look for a dirt path by some crooked pine trees with. . . ."

Suddenly Jack slammed on the brakes, startling Jenny — "W-Where are you . . . . "

"This is it Jenny girl," Jack interjected. "This is the path."

Jack threw the car in reverse. The Volvo made a metallic grinding noise as it backed before a narrow dark skeletal path (more like a firelane) that led into a dark woods. The Volvo danced along the wild path. Tall goldenrods and other weeds made painful scratching cries as the car rushed over them. The Volvo had not gone far before it came to a fork in the road. Jack stopped the car.

"That's funny, I don't remember two paths. One of them must have been cut later. That one to the left looks newer." This "newer" path that forked to the left looked a little less loathsome. It appeared brighter, grassier, or maybe the weeds were just not as tall. There was a long silence as Jack searched his memory and pondered the proper path to take. The Volvo rushed against the strident weeds of the path to the right.

The Volvo continued to bump along the dark descending path. Gradually the earth transformed the path's gentle falling into an intense, winding drop. Jack gently pressed the brake and geared the car in low. The Volvo pleaded with a protesting mechanical grind as it made a straining roll deeper into a dark growing forest of cypress and oak. The air grew moist and cool, and lonely.

Jack felt kind of light on the inside but didn't say anything. Jenny was more open about her feelings — "Jack, I think we should go back," she said. "I'd hate for us to get stuck out here in the middle of nowhere."

"I said I was going to get you back, didn't I?" punned Jack. Again his right hand gently rubbed Jenny's warm neck beneath her soft flowing hair in an assuring, protecting way.

"Oh Jack," Jenny broke, and buried her head in the front of Jack's shoulder.

The Volvo continued to wind lower — down into the shadowy woods of cypress and oak. The damp sloping ground was a contrast to the straightly-proud hardwood trees that harvested the sunlight, sharing it in some spots with the smaller plants. The path was still black and lonely, but not as weedy. Then as the Volvo cleared a final downward curve, a mellow invasion of sunlight brightened a small, grassy area on the bank of a shining brown ribbon of water.

"The Roanoke River!" exclaimed Jack energetically.

"But where is the fort?" asked Jenny, looking aside.

"Ha-ha, you'll see it," said Jack with an excited laugh.

Jack jumped from the car with vivacious anticipation. Jenny followed him to the edge of the river bank. Despite the apparent lowness of their present location, the unusually grassy river bank was steep from where they stood; the river flowed silently — distantly, but directly beneath them. The river bank, while already cliff-like, rose further to the left of them with a slope comparable to that of the path they had just finished traveling.

Jack gestured to it. "At the top of this it's like a peak of a mountain overlooking the river and land. We shouldn't follow the edge of the river bank too closely to get there, but we ought to at least stay within twenty yards of it. That peak is something — many an ironclad has been sunk from that placement. First though, there's the moat to cross that fortified us against land attacks."

"We're not going to swim it?" exclaimed Jenny, ". . . My new skirt."

"No — Ha, ha," Jack laughed. "But we can wade it . . . We've got our jean shorts in the trunk from when the fellowship had that Coke party on the Yadkin River . . . Remember? And we've got. . ."

"But no old shirt," objected Jenny. "I'm for sure not going to mess this one up."

"As I was going to say," returned Jack, "I've got two or three gym shirts in the trunk, too."

"You don't forget anything," said Jenny softly, with a faraway look in her eyes.

Jack guided Jenny back to the Volvo. "Wait here a second," he commanded. Jenny sat on the front bumper, while Jack got the keys out of the ignition and proceeded to open the trunk. Behind the spare tire, and between several cartons of empty Coke bottles, Jack found the necessary clothing.

"Here, put these on," he said, as he threw her a pair of jean shorts and a shrunken gym shirt with the words WAKE FOREST BAPTIST FELLOWSHIP imprinted on the front of it. "I'll change back here," he added. "Don't look now."

"What irony," mused Jenny, as she checked the shrunken cotton gym shirt for size.

Jack slammed the trunk shut and faced Jenny across the top of the car. Her breasts looked so soft and round beneath the cotton gym shirt.

"Ha-ha, ha-ha, alright," Jack exclaimed with fiendish laughter. "I'm gonna gitcha. I'm gonna gitcha. You better run."

Jack gestured to the rising bank as he made a threatening, bestial dash for Jenny, who screamed shrilly, and dashed just as quickly in escape. At first Jack chased her around the car. It was fun, but Jack didn't want to chase Jenny around the car the rest of the day. "You're getting my car all finger-printy," he shouted to Jenny.

Jenny took an alert stance by the front end of the car. Jack was standing catishly beside the trunk. Jenny laughed. "Finger prints-finger prints-finger prints," she exclaimed, giving the hood of the Volvo several quick pats.

Jack gritted his teeth violently. "You little chalk-thieving. . . . I'm really gonna gitcha now." He sprang like a cat for a robin to the front of the car.

Jenny screamed and with sweet gasps of laughter circled the car a final time before taking a wild tangent up toward the fort.

"I'm gonna gitcha! I'm gonna gitcha!" shouted Jack in jocular pursuit.

They immediately disappeared quickly into the forest, where they ran up the formidable river bank and amid the dark oaks and cypresses. The leaves that blanketed the ground became crispier with every step. The trees changed, too. The older cypresses and oaks gradually receded, though not altogether, before an advancing army of supple young pines. Jack had the feeling that Jenny and he were the dilatory soldiers in an advancing, victorious army. "You'd better run faster! You better run faster!" he shouted to Jenny.

With outstretched arms Jack made a sudden unsuccessful surge; jumping like a Jack-rabbit for Jenny's waist. She laughed as he tagged her thighs and fell to the ground. "That's all right — I'll gitcha, I'll gitcha," Jack exclaimed as he regained his footing.

Soon the earthworks of the fort were visible through the trees, christened by the dark depression of the moat. But the chase only hastened. "Stop! Stop!" shrieked Jenny, "You're gonna run me in the moat!"

"GATCHA!" Jack seized Jenny around the waist at the very edge of the moat and hugged her tightly. "Here we go-o-o-!" he exclaimed, and they half-tumbled and half-slid into the bottom of the moat and onto a deep snow of leaves and pine straw.

"I thought you said there was water in this moat," said Jenny as she brushed the pine straw from Jack's hair.

Jack looked around naively. "Ain't here no more."

"Where does this thing lead to?" pursued Jenny about the moat.

"It goes around — I remember — for about a mile. See the river through there?" Jack pointed to the beginning of the moat — a deep interruption in the pitch of the river bank overborne by an eminent rampart. "You could say it starts there and goes inland and back around to the other side of the fort and out to the river again. . . ." "Great protection," added Jack. He turned his sights up to the rising river bank behind that rampart. He held his stare contemplatively in that direction for a moment, and then turned to Jenny. "Let's keep near the river so we won't miss the peak. That's the best way. That's where it's so beautiful — pine straw, nice breeze. Great view. . . I remember."

He kissed her, and immediately the two were walking hand-in-hand quietly up the acclivity of the river bank. A silent, cool-dry breeze occasionally stirred the branches of the plenteous green pine trees. The sun speckled the soft pine carpet before their feet, while a wild silence followed their way. There were no sounds of civilization heard, except in Jack's imagination, where grim ghostly cries, rebel screams, and rifle fire erupted in ringing echoes from the long-abandoned earthen bunkers that dotted the interior of the fort. These sounds tore at Jack's heart.

Being an avid reader of the history of those divided times, Jack frequently reflected on the bloody sacrifice his spiritual brothers must have made, and then, for nothing. No, nothing. No sovereignty. No honor. No law-and-order. No peaceful sleep. Nothing but reconstruction. How it made his blood boil! — Reading in *THE NEWS AND OBSERVER* that the murder rate had risen 26 per cent in the state in only one year; Jack had a knack for remembering such things. There was just too much meanness in the state these days. The reason? Jack ventured an invasion of some kind. Californians — well, maybe, but more so those "damn Yankees." Jack instantly recalled a professor from Brooklyn who had given him a "D" in Foreign Literature. Murder is a most despicable crime. "If I ever got the chance," Jack thought to himself, "I would send him to the Gas Chamber."

Dreamily Jack saw himself in a field of mellow green rye, well within sight of a majestic white mansion. Through four or five relaxed willows in the front yard the four sturdy white columns of the mansion seemed to secure the future for frolicking. So in that field of refreshing green rye Jack rolled and

laughed — naked — before the laughter of Jenny. In that vivid verdancy there were no cares — no thoughtless professors, no exams, no competition — just total beauty. Then the vivid dream began to fade. . . .

"No. . .No. . .No. . .," Jack moaned. "Strike the tents!"

Jenny looked at him, perplexed. "What did you say?"

Jack shook his head and blinked his eyes heavily. "Just messing," he said.

Above them a Fox squirrel peeped out of its nest — the sole sentry of a family. Jack pointed out the russet-colored squirrel. There was something exciting in the air now, something promising. Jack felt it stir him. He clutched Jenny tightly. In the next moment they were at the peak.

"Here! Here!" exclaimed Jack.

They walked within a huge tunnel-like bunker of the peak that had once served as a placement for the main cannon, and approached the edge overlooking the river. A sublime, flourishing panorama of nature burst before them. The bright brown Roanoke River meandered for miles to a distant blue horizon, where an assuring sun glistened in the sky.

Jenny shuddered: "I feel like I'm standing on a cliff."

Jack stood behind her with his arms protectively around her waist. "Don't worry," he said, "I'm holding on to you."

He brought his chin to her soft flowing hair and from across the top of her head sighted across the river to the other bank. He saw that it was only slightly higher than the mute, moving river it helped guide. There he also studied the swollen ominous roots that grew out and around the trunks of sable swamp cypresses. Jack figured that the river frequently flooded the opposite bank.

Suddenly Jack spotted two deer — one with antlers — struggling — in the awesome shining river and pointed them out to Jenny. Something about their effort moved Jack. — The two deer swam so CONFIDENTLY to the higher bank. Then he remembered a poem he had read in the third or fourth grade — something about the death of a doe's mate and how she had mourned for him.

Jack heard rifle fire and looked behind him. No — It was only his imagination. He caressed Jenny lovingly and they renewed their aesthetic romance with the verdant expanse before them. A cool breeze stirred the pines behind the bunker, causing a crusade of goose bumps to cling to Jack's body. From nature's podium it was clear to him. Jack hugged Jenny tightly. " . . .So help me God."

II

Jack awakened to the buzz of a passing motorboat. He yawned and looked around. The horizon had visibly subdued the sun — just a lingering red afterglow vaguely lit the sky. Jack rose from the soft pine bed of the bunker and slipped on his jeans and shirt. Jenny was still sleeping. Jack gently nudged her and whispered, "Wake-up honey."

Jenny yawned and smiled vaguely. "It's gotten colder. . .and darker," she considered. "How long have we been asleep?" Jack helped her slip on the cotton gym shirt over her soft breasts. "Oh, ah, I'd say no more than two hours. — We've still got time to walk down to the other side of the fort — to the moat. And there's a field we can follow back some of the way so we won't have to wade through all those leaves."

"Why can't we go back like we came?" asked Jenny.

Jack spoke quickly: "Because you've only seen half this place." He gestured toward the west. "And it's not completely dark yet." He took Jenny's hands and pulled her warm affectionate body close to his. "I love you," he said softly, "Do you love me?"

They walked carefully from their summit, down into the unseen side of the fort, leaving their advantage behind them. The retreating crimson sky blushed through an uneven sieve of pine needles and branches. They continued down, dodging the rugged young pines growing in and around small worn mounds of earth, with quick sidesteps to the left that

took them further from the bank of the river. The air grew cold and wet. Damp leaves, parented by an increasing number of oaks and cypresses, began to peacefully integrate the pine straw.

"Perfect Justice," thought Jack, "In nature everyone gets his chance."

The woods were getting darker by the minute.

"How much longer?" inquired Jenny in almost a whisper.

"We'll make it," Jack said decisively. He squeezed Jenny closer to his side. "We should hit the moat on more level ground. When we follow it around back to the car you won't even know it's winding uphill — the land doesn't fall as much or as steeply on this side of the fort."

"I thought you said there was a field?"

"Oh yeah, there's a peanut field. Should be plowed by now. . .good for the sinuses. Follows the moat for 'bout a mile."

Accordingly, the ground gradually flattened and through the trees they could see the shadow of an extending bulwark of earth. Jack strode confidently ahead.

"You sure have a good memory," lauded Jenny.

"No, not really," said Jack.

They quickly mounted the rampart, but discovered to the chagrin of Jack that no plowed peanut field bordered the moat — only an old firelane.

"That's right. That's right." Jack looked convincingly at Jenny. "It's a firelane that follows the moat back here. . . .That's even easier to walk on."

"I hope there are no briars in it," said Jenny disdainfully.

"Nope," Jack agreed. "Time to slide." He hugged Jenny close to him as he positioned her to slide into the moat. A solid kiss warmly fortified them against the prickly coldness of the air: "Here we go-oh," exclaimed Jack.

"Wait! Wait!" Jenny shrieked. "Rocks." She pointed down to three or four small white solid-looking objects jutting slightly above the leaves.

"Rocks?" Jack said with a confused look, "There's no rocks around here."

They crawled backwards down the bank of the moat and waded in waist-high snow of leaves and pine straw to the rocky-looking objects. Jack stirred the leaves and straw away with his leg, and slowly a slanted unmarked slab of marble emerged before them. Jenny quickly joined his effort. They feverishly scattered the leaves and pine straw away with both hands and legs, and three more slabs — one of which was broken — soon jutted from the earth.

Jack and Jenny stared, agape and panting. The crimson sky faded further to the west and the shadows faded, while a lone "Wolf" owl protested coldly in some distant branches, spurning an involuntary shiver in Jack and Jenny.

"Killed in action," said Jack reverently, "One-hundred and ten years ago."

"And for what?" signaled Jenny.

"History," Jack said decisively.

"Historic symbols of an economic struggle," added Jenny.

"Struggle, yes," agreed Jack fervently.

Suddenly Jack reached down and gripped the top half of the broken tombstone. "Watch this," he puffed.

Jenny was startled — "What's gotten into you, what are you. . ."

"Take this — ah-ah-I — ." Jack swung the broken slab of marble up to his chest. His muscles tightened as he pressed the stone over his head, trembling. "WATCH OUT!" he gasped. In one instant the slab fell from his grip and shattered before them. Two broken tombstones now jutted from the earth. Jack was utterly humiliated. With feigned nonchalance he picked up two of the broken chunks of marble and offered one to Jenny. "Want one?" he asked.

"No-thanks," Jenny answered coarsely. "It's not mine."

"OK-OK," Jack said with two rushing sounds. He threw one of the chunks of marble to the ground and stuck the other in his pocket. He looked up to the firelane. "Let's get out of here. We'll walk back by that as far as we can," he said, pointing to the firelane. Jenny didn't speak. The firelane by the moat was about as wide as the one that had guided them to the fort, but the weeds on this one lay flatter upon the ground, and it was worn to the dirt in some places, as though it may had been recently used. Jack

authoritatively hugged Jenny close to him as they walked down the path; he wasn't sure whether or not Jenny was ashamed of him — doubting him? Jack stopped. Slowly his hands slid beneath her cotton gym shirt and raised it as they moved gently up the soft sides of her body. Jack felt relieved as Jenny's hands warmly acknowledged his gesture of reconciliation. He lowered his head to kiss her.

"How far are we from the river?" asked Jenny in a sensuously soft whisper.

"Not far," said Jack. "Why?"

"I thought I heard a motor."

Jack and Jenny hastily untangled their grasps on each other, as a dark-colored pick-up truck with its parking lights on cleared the critical curve in the firelane. Slowly it crept toward them. Jack and Jenny waited in stunned silence on the driver's side of the path. The truck moved at a terrifically slow speed. Jack could trace the outlines of three men in the cab of the truck. Slowly the truck got closer, and Jack strained his eyes to determine its make. He thought it might be a Chevrolet, but he wasn't sure. The truck finally stopped next to them with a squeak. Jack saw that it was a Chevrolet. It was loaded behind the cab — Jack noticed several boards scattered over a bulging canvas. The truck was also pulling a small fishing boat with an Evinrude outboard engine.

"You let me do the talking," Jack admonished Jenny.

The driver rolled down the window and nodded to them. He was a relatively young man, maybe the age of Jack, but he lacked Jack's college boy freshness. — His brows weighed heavily on his eyes and his wet-black hair was combed back in clotted strands behind his ears. His face was unshaven right down to the high collar of his tattered hunting jacket, and

though without smile, he carried a pleasant downward dimple behind the corners of his mouth. All in all, his demeanor was characterized by an exaggerated sobriety.

"How ya do?" he courteously addressed Jack.

"Howdy do," returned Jack a little tensely. "How was the fishin' today?"

"I ain't no fisherman," the driver said plainly, before sniffling.

Jack looked briefly to the dim red sky. "Nice weather today. Good for the crops."

"So you say," returned the driver plainly.

Jack was lost for words. He looked around for some hint of common ground — "You know, my daddy used to drive a Chevrolet. . . ."

The driver sniffled harshly, "Yawl neda ride somewhere?"

"Surely dew," Jack replied, reassured. " — just along the canal here." He gestured to the shadow of the moat.

The driver turned to the other two men in the truck, as though for advice. They murmured something to him that Jack couldn't hear, and when he turned back to Jack his face was as red as the sky. "Be glad to help you. . ." he said sniffling. Jack thought he might have the flu — poor thing probably couldn't even find a doctor.

"Sure do thank ya," returned Jack vigorously. "Just dump us off where the firelane leaves the canal, if ya kindly would."

In the rear of the truck was the peculiar outline of the cargo in the soiled canvas. Heavy sizes of lumber were laid around the sides of the canvas, except at the back, where the canvas was creased against the tailgate. Jack looked for a comfortable place to sit but didn't see one, so he pulled the handle of the tailgate. The wet heads of two deer — one with antlers — sprang out from under the canvas like a jack-in-the-box. A noose throttled the neck of each deer, and their hanging tongues were dripping with blood.

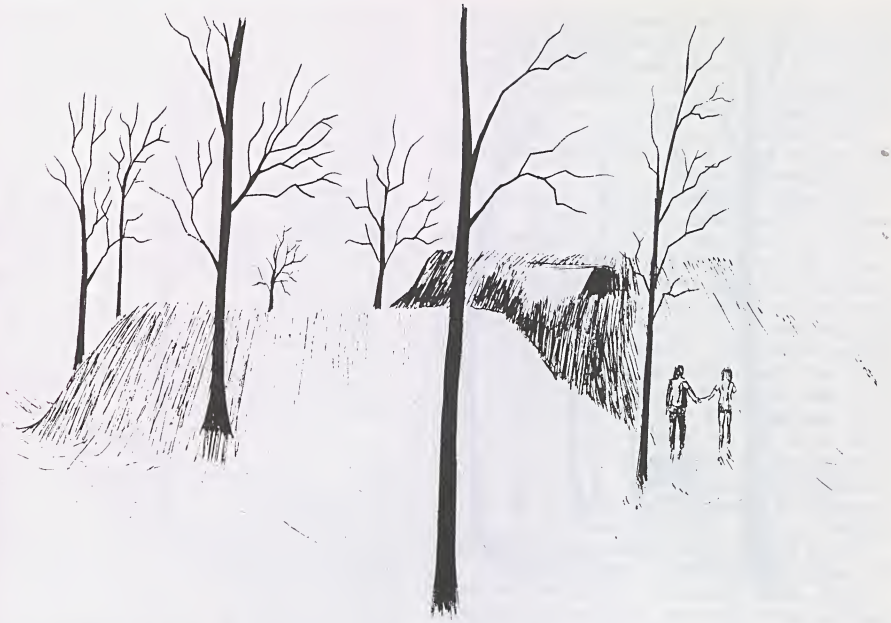
"Jack, Jack, let's walk instead," pleaded Jenny in a distressed whisper.

Jack sat Jenny next to him on the tail-gate. "We should ride," he said.

"Ready!" the driver shouted. The shocks and springs of the truck and boat trailer squeaked, and the truck was moving slowly down the path. A fog of exhaust trailed the truck in the cold damp air. Jenny sat silently, and rigidly, next to Jack. He put his arm around her and gently nudged his head next to hers. He explained that it was impolite if you needed help to ask for help, instead you should let them offer to help you first. Then you should courteously accept their help. It was impolite to refuse.

"Suppose you need help and no one offers you any?" questioned Jenny.

"Nonsense," answered Jack. "Everybody is somebody in North Carolina because everybody knows somebody... Why I bet you that fella up



there even remembers my family."

Suddenly the truck stopped and the driver called from the cab — "This the place?"

"Fine. Just fine," yelled Jack, adding, "Hey good buddy, can'ya wait just a minute. I need to know something." He whispered to Jenny, "I'm going to see if he remembers Bells. My family was well-respected. I bet you he remembers."

"Oh Jack," Jenny moaned, "It's getting cold."

Jack grabbed her neck possessively and guided her to the cab. The driver was checking his beard in the rearview mirror when Jack thanked him — "Sure do 'prechate the help."

"You welcome," replied the driver, still checking his beard.

"By the way," Jack added, "Ah, . . . you live in these parts?"

The driver made a slanted glance to Jack. "'bout three miles from here."

Jack's eyes brightened, "Then maybe you've heard of the Bells — they used to live in these parts too — the Bell family."

"Bells. Bells," pondered the driver. "Something 'bout that name rings a bell."

"Ha-ha, ha-ha," laughed Jack.

Jenny was impatient. The jean shorts and gym shirt were not very protective. "We should get back," she whispered with a shiver. The driver squinted his eyes and sniffled.

Jack continued: "I'm just a country boy myself. A country boy from right here in this area —" Jack paused and then began again, casting his eyes to the ground. " — From country boy to country lawyer — but I can still remember the times when we . . ."

"Jack —, Jack —," Jenny moaned.

"Yeah," continued Jack, ignoring Jenny, "I know that farm work is hard work. I remember. . ."

"Jack, it's cold," whispered Jenny.

Jack took an audible breath of air through his teeth and exhaled a barely controlled admonition to Jenny: "Would you justshut-up a second," and then aware that he may have been a little too harsh, he squeezed her neck playfully and added, " —You pretty little chalk thief."

The driver was evidently moved by this display of affection. He raised his upper lip tightly above his gritted teeth as though he was about to sneeze, but coughed instead. Then he turned to the other men in the truck again and they murmured again. Jack thought that they might be considering an invitation to supper, but the driver's arm moved and immediately the doors of the truck flew open, and a high caliber Smith & Wesson flashed from the driver's left hand. But the long sleeve of his hunting jacket hid his right hand. "WHY DOST THOU JUDGE THY BROTHER!" he cried shrilly.

The racing of Jack's memory jolted his whole body. Jenny looked nervously confused, but was not shaking like Jack, whose body began to quiver like a squirrel's tail. One of the men who had jumped from the truck grabbed some rope from out of the back of the boat and walked to where Jenny, Jack, and the driver were standing. He was a stylish young man, wearing a neatly pressed and well-matched beige

hunting outfit with new hush-puppies that had high crepe soles. He had a small walkie-talkie attached to his waist via a belt of genuine grain elephant ear. He raised the rope in his hand and addressed the driver: "Is this enough rope, Chalk?"

Chalk, the driver, considered the rope: "I think that will do the trick, Doc. Why don't you give me your professional opinion?"

Doc looked at Chalk respectfully and spoke, "I'm ready to do some stiching anytime you say."

The third man from the cab was gathering some boards and rope out of the back of the truck with child-like excitement. He looked much older than the other two men, having deep swollen wrinkles in the high forehead above his coal-black glasses. Even his clothes looked older — He wore a faded black plaid shirt, with a faded black pair of dress pants that had a vivid white strip down the side of each leg. The pants were peg-legged and made his hazy black leather shoes look big and heavy-looking. He took the materials that he had gathered from the truck and walked to the moat. "Vill ve finished in few minutes!" he shouted, before disappearing into the shadow.

"Don't let him confuse you," said Chalk to Jack and Jenny. "He thinks he's a German Signtiss."

Jenny stood composed as Doc tied her hands together behind her back. He did not tie her ankles. Then he moved to tie Jack's. "You better emty those pockets first," he barked.

Jack's quivering hands dug slowly into his pockets and grubbed out the chunk of marble, which Doc properly turned over to Chalk. The keys to the Volvo and a bottle of Sinaid soon dropped to the ground, and Doc tied Jack's hands also. Disconcerting hammering noises snapped from the moat. Chalk handed his pistol to Doc and reverently studied the piece of marble. His eyes were just two black orbs as the burgundy glint of the sky faded away. Jack began having trouble breathing and fell to the ground heaving and gasping for air. — He heaved with hollow, rasping gasps.

"Jack, honey. Oh Jack my darling," Jenny said as she stooped to nurse him.

"I might be a re-lapse of that pler-sy he got sick with in the first grade," suggested Chalk sniffling.

Jenny stood up angrily. "Why don't you leave us alone," she pleaded. "You crazy beast! Idiot! Liar! Son of a bitch!" she screamed, throwing her foot toward his groin.

Chalk slapped her down so hard with his left hand that he gashed her cheek and she began to cry. "That's what my teachers said, Ma'am," he said in an almost pitiful voice. "But I never stole anything in my life, much less a few pieces of lousy chalk. I jist ain't got no need for it." He stared crossly at the ground, and snarled violently: "Only she don't believe me. . . .Believes him!"

Jenny was still a little stunned — she sat slightly sideways, gaping lifelessly. Her cotton gym shirt was soiled badly, and her feminine skin was kind of dirty. Jack lay nearby and looked a little haggard himself. His skin was muddy with sweat, and he panted like a hot dog. Both he and Jenny looked awfully foolish, only the words WAKE FOREST BAPTIST FELLOWSHIP, emblazoned on their gym shirts, offered any hint of cultivation.

Chalk made reference to the words after a reflective pause. "You know, I used to have CHARACTER when I was a child. I used to know all the scriptures by heart, and Jesus — why, he used to sit by me all the time. But somewhere along the way I lost it, and now they won't even let me dust the 'rasers anymore.

There ain't but one verse I'been able to remember since: Romans 14:13. Now why is that?"

Neither Jack nor Jenny could say a word — Both students had satisfied their religion requirement with courses in the Old Testament.

"I know I let my family down," Chalk said sadly, glowering at the ground. "They were all strong livers — My gre-great grandeddy died right here." Chalk nodded his head toward the fort. "They say my great grandeddy got shot to pieces on San Juan Hill and my grandeddy got killed as a spy, . .even my deddy was a casuality. Only I didn't die in no war — I only lost a hand." He stretched his right arm above him and his shirt sleeve slid down, revealing a nubbed forearm crowned by a reflective silver cap. "And to think. . ." Chalk added bitterly, "They won't even let me dust the 'rasers anymore."

"Vere r-ready!" shouted the German Scientist from the shadow of the moat.

Chalk and Doc stirred eagerly, and Jenny stood up painfully. But Jack didn't even attempt to stand. This angered Doc so much that he kicked Jack in the ribs like a football. "Suey, suey, you goddamn pig, file one in that moat," he demanded. Jack muttered something and got up and walked with Jenny and Chalk and Doc into the moat.

"Overe h-here," called the German Scientist, standing proudly beside his invention — an automatic lyncher. Actually there was nothing very innovative about it, except that two pliant pine trees growing midway the side of the moat and pulled down with fragile tension to its bottom would provide the necessary "pine power" to hoist a human body into the sky.

"Look now," Jack said hopefully, as Chalk tightened a noose around his neck, "I know you had CHARACTER and I'll be willing to help you any way I can. There's bound to be some goodness you can do in the world."

"Ain't nothing," Chalk said decisively. "I've already tried. I wanted to be a Plan Path-fologist at the State University when I got out of my war. That's how I am — I'm like a plant — A tobacco plant. . . ." He produced a hawkbill knife and began scratching his beard with it. "—First you give it a bed, then you snatch that away and put in the field. And Jesus, it

rains so hard that the 'black-rot' sets in — jist ain't no sense in it. If I could help out any plants, I would help those tobacco plants."

"Well, mercy sakes alive," said Jack with nervous enthusiasm. "Why don't you jist go out and be what you want to be?"

"Damn foreigners," Chalk said with a snarl. "—They say you got to know their French language even to help the plants. But I guess that's how the world turns — Across one ocean it screws just like it does from across the other."

"Surely you got CHARACTER," Jack said desperately, his body jerking uncontrollably. "I know you had it."

"Well, that's mighty nice of you to say," said Chalk, with flattered modesty, "But you should have said so a long time ago."

"Look now, listen now," Jack said more desperately than ever, sweat bubbling from his forehead and spilling into his fluttering eyes. "I can get you in Wake Forest, I can, I can. . .I know you had character. . .and it's a tobacco school."

"Ain't no need tryin'," Chalk advised him gruffly. "It's like deddy told me before the war — 'Old students never die, they jist rot away'—you know, my deddy was a smart man with words."

"Lord have mercy," exclaimed Jack, spitting his words, "Where's your CONFIDENCE?"

"Shut-up!" shouted Chalk instantly, flashing his hawkbill at Jack's throat — "You got no right to say that."

"CONFIDENCE. CONFIDENCE. CONFIDENCE. Mercysakes alive," said Jack forcefully, trying to get his point across, but not aware that he sounded disrespectful. "I know you had CHARACTER, and I'm willing to help. . ."

SWOOSH! Jack and Jenny's necks popped as the two supple pine trees snapped them up into the dead red sky. Coldness. Darkness. The bodies of two human beings swayed innocently in the breeze. Jenny looked at peace, but on the ascent the noose had accidentally cut into Jack's throat, ripping out his adam's apple, and so his body was dripping a lot of blood.

Soon the three men were heading back to the pick-up truck, laughing and joking with one another.

"I can't see a damn thing," the German Scientist said as they lighted the path.

"Wait a minute," replied Chalk, reaching into his coat pocket. "I'll flick my Bic."

"But not before you take a Coke," said Doc as he fumbled in an ice chest in the back of the boat.

"You asking or telling?" returned Chalk snuffly.

They all leaned against the side of the pickup truck to discuss the day's hunt and drink their Coca-Colas beneath the blank sky. They all had a lot of things to say, but Chalk summed up the situation best when he said that children should be seen and not heard. Finally, though, it was time to leave because there was visiting to do, and again they were moving — away from the fort, and the moat, and into the total darkness to see the Waltons. □

Second Prize Poetry

For A.B.

Once I caught you
Chording wild loons over a lake;

Early low rolling fog,
Still unpinked,
Sliding between the cattail roots,
Easing to the mossy trees
Where you stood
Holding your breath—

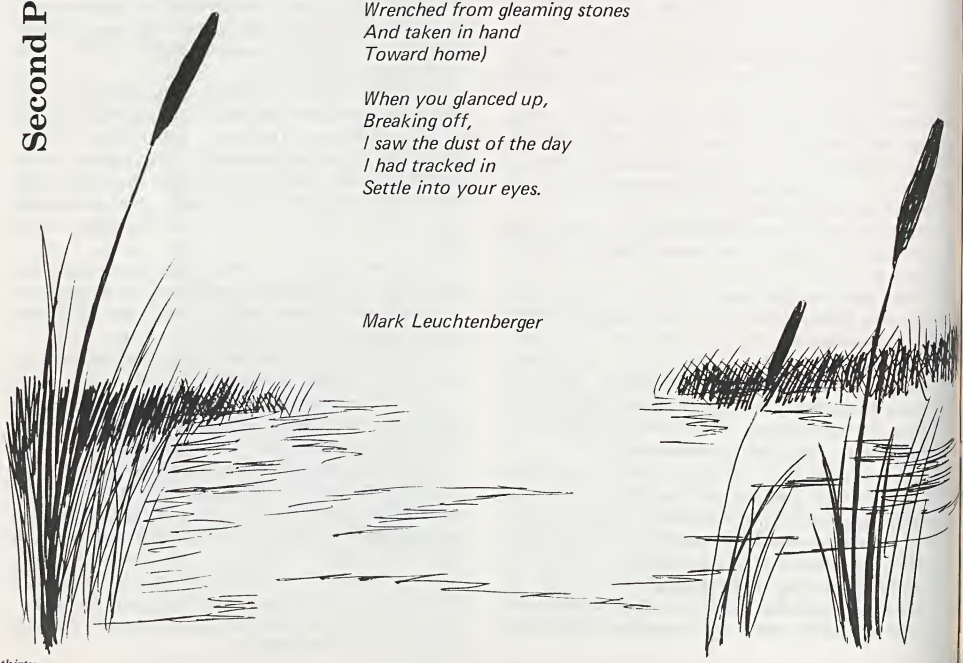
(I stared
Into the Massachusetts creek,
Seeing there the posturing of crayfish
And water striders rafting;

Absent until discovered,

Suddenly cringing
Beneath the shadow from the bridge,
Wrenched from gleaming stones
And taken in hand
Toward home)

When you glanced up,
Breaking off,
I saw the dust of the day
I had tracked in
Settle into your eyes.

Mark Leuchtenberger



Third Prize Poetry

Meeting

Now that I've spoken to the
wind and mingled rains, I said, I
will stand for substance (tidebreakers

of cinderstone, rubble, almost
any hindrance upon the motile

void would suffice dearly) and
become rigid in heart:

and nowhere did I neglect this
reticence, amid light I dealt
shadows, among the silent faunas

I declared myself firm structure
out of chaos; I held account of

order until random exchanges
reflected nothing more
but intense patterns--the hum

of wake waters a careful
proportion of force and direction,

energy's middle ground adherence
to steady natures; all then, was

not unexpected--tolerant entirities
submitted to the scheme, appearing
real and weighing the imagination

with fact: lean hills below
piedmont, birch, elm, stalk

and patches of weeds, circular
hierarchy of species, precise
dominion;

and the wind moved into fields
without motion, neither turning
grasses or giving rise to leaves.

Doug Abrams

Third Prize Fiction

'Coon Fight

by Russ Wiederspahn

When I was twelve I realized I would never be as much like my grandfather as I had always wanted to be. This realization had been creeping up on me as I grew older and visited him less often. But it dawned on me, rather quickly, as a result of an incident I wish I could forget.

Grandpa was born on a farm outside the small town of Bartlett, Texas. He had lived and worked on it all his life, had married and raised two sons and a daughter. He had seen that they got an education and saw his sons go to war. They had all married and left the farm, which Grandpa had continued to work with hired help.

My father had married a native New Yorker and they settled in New Jersey to raise their own family. My sister's birth preceded mine by a year, and my brother followed me three years later. All the rest of the family had settled in Texas and we would visit them every year. This particular summer, we three kids stayed with our grandparents while Mom and Dad visited our aunt. She was ill, and it had seemed best to leave us behind.

Grandpa and Grandma were both in their seventies and had left the farm two years ago. Grandpa had not wanted to leave, but the meager crops he could grow would hardly pay for the help needed. Lacking any kin willing to take over, he sold it to a nearby rancher as grazing land. Grandpa bought an old house in town and tried to become a happily retired man. Our visits were not as pleasurable now as we all felt we had grown up on the farm. Dad did not tell us how wrong we were.

Grandpa woke me this particular morning by opening the curtains and letting the early morning sunlight flood the room. He then walked over to my little brother's bed and shook him from sleep. As I watched him I wondered what he would have been doing if he still lived on his farm. He had of course risen in the early dawn as farmers and ex-farmers do.

I noticed Grandpa still wore his cowboy boots and work clothes and his wide brimmed hat still hung by the door so he wouldn't forget to wear it. He wasn't out-of-place, though; the town was populated with older and younger men dressed the same. His voice was gruff but gentle as he ordered us out of bed. "Come on, boys, time to get up. Grandma's got your breakfast going."

With that, Pete and I jumped out of bed and raced

to get dressed. Breakfast meant pancakes and Grandma's were the best. We both imitated Grandpa's outfit, right down to the boots. Our cowboy hats hung on the rack under his. We hustled into the kitchen and eagerly sat down at the table.

The whole kitchen was done in white and the sunlight dazzled our eyes. But we could have been blind and still known where Grandma was. She hummed loudly over the spattering of batter and the sizzling of bacon. She quickly had two plates stacked high and flowing with syrup set down before us. The clacking of our knives and forks almost drowned out her humming.

Grandpa came into the kitchen with his boots clicking on the bare floor and sat down to watch us eat. He was followed by my sister Liz shuffling in wearing bathrobe and slippers and rubbing sleep from her eyes. She sat down with a yawn and Grandma fetched her bacon and juice.

"Them boys are sure hungry, Grandma," said Grandpa as he opened the paper.

"Well, they're still growing. Got plenty more here, boys, if you want 'em." Grandma smiled as Pete grabbed his empty plate and jumped up.

"Come here, Pedro," Grandpa grunted as he lifted my brother in his two large, calloused hands. "You keep eating them pancakes and I won't be able to lift you no more." He set him loose and Pete strode over to Grandma for a second helping.

"More for you, Russ?" she asked.

"No thanks, Grandma," I said, trying hard to swallow my last bite. "I don't want to get fat like Pete."

"Fat!" he yelped, pouring half the syrup bottle onto his plate and the table.

"Now, now, he's not fat. Your daddy ate just as much when he was Pete's age. If you don't start eating, Russ, you'll turn out like Punk." Grandma had calmed Pete, but we both laughed at her mention of Uncle Punk. Everyone, even Aunt Nell, called him that. Grandpa had started it because he was younger and smaller than Dad. I knew he ate just as much though.

"Say, boys, I've got a treat for you today. How'd you like to visit a friend's farm?" Grandpa had struck a responsive chord, because even Liz raised her eyes and sat up in her chair. Not for long, though. "I'm sorry, Liz, honey, but you'll have to stay home with Grandma."

"Why?" she whined, slumping back. "Why can't I go, too?"

"Because old Charlie White caught a big raccoon and Jake Tyler's bringing his 'coon dog down to fight it." Pete and I both doubled our attention. We had never seen a 'coon fight before, but we had heard plenty of intriguing stories. "Besides, his farm's an hour and a half south and there's only room for three in the truck."

"But I want to go, too, just to see the farm. Please. I'll sit back in the bed if I have to." She saw Grandpa was weakening, but Grandma stepped in.

"No, there won't be anyone to watch you while the fight's on," Grandma's voice was firm. "It ain't something a girl ought to see."

That was that, but I knew Liz would pout all day. It didn't seem to matter that she was half again as old as Pete. I felt sorry for her. I would've given anything to be on a farm again myself.

A half hour later, Pete and I walked out the door wearing our hats and joined Grandpa in the truck. A crunch of gears and a kick on the accelerator sent us on our way. Grandma and Liz waved from the front porch and Pete and I grinned back.

Just south of town Grandpa pulled onto a side road next to a fenced-in field. It contained a falling down shed and a lone horse which stood in the

center, grazing. Grandpa stopped the truck and we climbed out. We followed him through the gate and as we walked to the shed, the horse lumbered over, swishing his tail at the flies. Grandpa opened the shed and filled a bucket with oats which he poured into a feeding trough. The horse ambled over and began munching his feed.

Grandpa stroked his nose and we could hear him saying, "That's it. Eat slow, you're not as young as you once were, Jughead."

Jughead had been Grandpa's last horse and he hadn't wanted to get rid of him. They had grown old together; Grandpa had aged fast when his farm stopped being productive. He came down to feed the horse every day at around nine, just as he had when Jughead was a younger horse, prancing about a similar field in front of the barn on the dirt road behind the old farm house. I remembered better than Pete when Grandpa had taught us to ride. He would lift us aboard as our nostrils flared and our eyes widened while Jughead stood placidly ignoring us. Grandpa had delighted in our terror, but we soon learned that the horse was more fun to ride than the tractor. Now the farm was gone and Grandpa often said he felt as lonely as Jughead must.

We patted his rump and ran back to the truck while Grandpa locked the shed and closed the gate. He walked slowly to the truck and then we were on our way again.

The trip to the farm took a long time as Grandpa slowly drove along inspecting the crops in the fields by the road. We arrived before Mr. Tyler and his dog, so we were set free to roam the farm as Grandpa and Mr. White reminisced. We asked if we could walk in the fields and Mr. White sent us off with a warning, "Mind you don't ruin any plants now." Grandpa had taught us that long ago, so Pete and I raced to the nearest field, climbed the fence and plunged into the tall corn.

It was just like being back on Grandpa's farm. We wandered under a sky of green with blue patches. Next we came to a cotton field and after conquering the fence, we rambled among the low plants chasing frightened horned toads which we would find alternately sunning themselves or hiding in the cool shade. We felt the rich, black soil mold under our feet. The earth varied from a dough-like mud to sun-baked pottery etched with cracks and peeling to reveal damp clay.

We walked back to the house with a small toad as a prize which we let go so we could go inside for a coke. Soon two trucks arrived, carrying Mr. Tyler, his dog, and three other men. The 'coon dog jumped down from the seat when Mr. Tyler opened the door. I was immediately disappointed as I had expected a huge animal which growled at anything that moved. Instead, it was a friendly little boxer that waggled its stub tail and seemed to smile from its mashed face. It had no scars on its body and appeared to be groomed for show.

My brother and I followed the six old men down to the barn where the raccoon was being kept. It was just a grey and weathered wooden box with a rusted tin roof which rattled loudly when I hit it with a dirt clod. Pete imitated me but was severely out of range. Undaunted, he scooped up a large stone and ran ahead until he was sure he could reach. He did, just barely. I laughed and the men all chuckled.

Grandpa stopped and remarked to me how much like his old barn it was. I agreed and followed him out of the noonday sun into the dark barn. I couldn't see at first, but my nose was startled by the stench of manure and rotting wood and hay. When my eyes became accustomed to the light I saw signs that the barn was inhabited by hornets and rodents which probably preceded the intended occupants and seemed likely to succeed them. A rattling attracted my attention to an area of the barn where a ladder of two-by-fours nailed haphazardly to the wall led up to the loft. At the base of the wall was a small metal cage which held the raccoon. It was scuttling back and forth in apparent fear of the suddenly growling dog.

The raccoon looked quite small inside the cage but was actually about equal in size to the dog. Mr. Tyler tried to quiet his animal as the men formed a semi-circle facing the wall. Each held a stout stick or board in one hand and I sensed that even if it won the fight, the raccoon would not get away. I wondered if its only crime had been getting caught, but I forgot this as Mr. White pulled the string to open the cage. The raccoon darted along the wall, only to be turned back by Mr. White's stick. Pete and I found stations

on the top of nearby stalls so we could see over the men as Mr. Tyler struggled to control his dog long. enough to untie its leash.

The dog leapt at the 'coon, which rewarded him with a lashing paw. The dog's ear was torn and he backed away. He found an opening as the 'coon tried to climb the wall and bit it as it clung to the first two-by-four of the ladder. Mr. White stepped in to knock it down. It appeared only I, my brother, and the raccoon had never been to a 'coon fight before. I decided it would be the first and last for at least two of us.

The dog knew its business and I soon learned why its tail had been cut. The 'coon once again tried to climb to safety and the dog latched onto its tail and dragged it down. Mr. White had been prepared to offer help. The raccoon lashed out and retreated again and again until he had taken Grandpa's position in a corner. Finding itself trapped, the 'coon became as vicious as the dog.

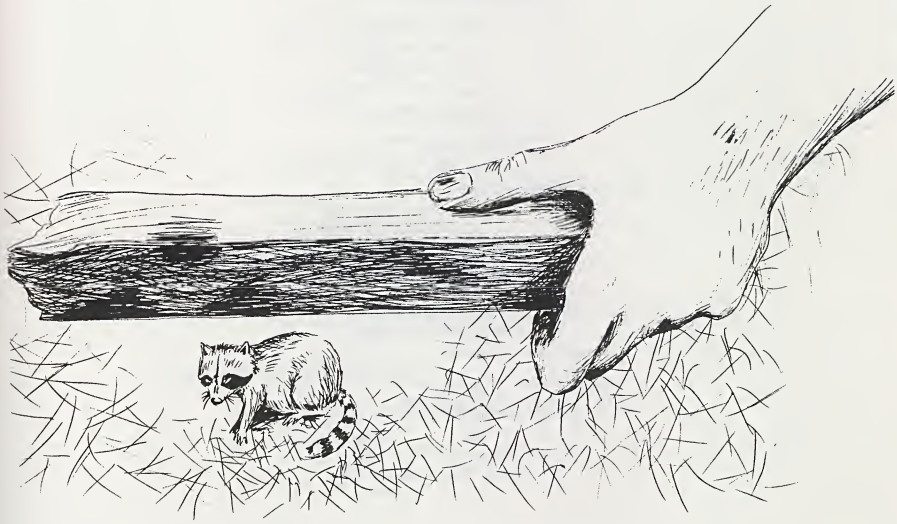
The fight lasted surprisingly long. When the animals alternated giving and receiving bite wounds and the raccoon was clubbed trying to escape, I thought neither would last long. Both were tenacious, though, and soon both were badly mauled. The raccoon fought on without the use of one forepaw and the dog was splattered with blood from shaking its bleeding nose. After close to an hour, the fight seemed a dream-like slowdown of the original. But dreams and nightmares were to come later.

The men continued encouraging the dog and taunting the raccoon. Their semi-circle had drawn tight and our vantage point provided only glimpses of action. Pete and I climbed down from our perches and sat on the dirt floor. Grandpa then left the cluster of action and led us out of the barn into the lengthening shadows of afternoon.

Muted cheering reached us outside and I knew the dog was the victor. It was easy to imagine that he had finally secured his jaws about the raccoon's neck and held on until the tired animal gave up at last. The men did not have to resort to beating the 'coon to death; only the dog would taste blood today. Mr. Tyler emerged from the barn holding the panting, heaving dog close to his blood-stained shirt. He was followed by the other three men and then Mr. White, who carried only the cage.

Back at the house, Grandpa exchanged good-byes while Pete and I sat in the truck. We watched as the six old men, all wearing similar attire, huddled respectfully over the now bandaged dog. I removed my hat and glanced at the barn. My head itched where the hat had sat all day. I scratched it and placed the hat on the seat. As Grandpa walked toward us I moved it to my lap. We were soon headed for home where Grandma would have dinner ready for us.

We rode in silence until Grandpa asked us if we had had a nice day. As I looked over at him I saw his face silhouetted in the setting sun. I tried to think of home and Grandma's cooking and I knew Pete would eat more than me at dinner, too. □



RECOLLECTION OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

THE COSMIC CRADLE

With the kettle on the burner
and the burner all aglow
and the broth all boiling
I came
out of a puddle;
a splash of salt-mineral ocean
sliding down
ammonium nitrogen carbon
hills
flushed out and flowing
by the demands
of constant rain cloud
barrage
inside the ozone layer
pelted by the downpour
crackling in the cosmic hail
and constant electrical
discharge

"Hello" said the thunder

I didn't answer
I was in my rock crevice pool
crackling
before Ben Franklin
crackling
before Tom Edison
crackling
before Conn Edison

I was in the oven
I was on the way
I was on the menu
I was becoming created
I was coming

and in the miracle
of the mutant pool
in the surprise
of my coacervate droplet self
my macromolecular image
my shiny mirror bead of me
I was stirring
an embryo
a life thing becoming
in a polymer puddle
without the benefit
of a proper mammal father's careless
sperm
or gentle mammal mother's suckling
egg
and warm tomb of womb
and gentle orange-maroon
curtain

Instead I was stirring
an oozing cytoplasm
without face
or brain
or even
nucleus
But I was coming
Mother's carbon placenta
all around
my rock crevice puddle
womb
open
one side to the sky
and Father's constant lightening discharge
sparking
sparking
Mother's empty womb
sparking
crashing
sparking me
Father was coming like crazy
sparking
crashing
sparking
"Hello" said Father

I still didn't answer
I was busy coming
squirming
in cytoplasm embrace
feeding on Mother's
rocky crevice-wall breast
sucking nitrates
and simple protein compounds
(a sweet unspoiled offspring)
Father crackled
and laughed
bold
and proud
and crashing round the heavens
passing out exploding cigars
to celestial body friends
and indifferent constellation relatives
while Mother
rocked me round the sun
at a 93 million mile-a-year clip
weaning me on her blood line
warming me inbetween
to the sun's great energy beam
and the heat of her glowing breast
beaming
blue and green
in the presence of black stillness
encouraged by white brightness:

I was growing

"Hello" I said.

Mark Pompilio

ANOTHER G.D. TREE-POEM, BILL

Moma would
say that
I'm sitting here like a
knot on a log: however, I'm not
dead, not
full of blossoms, either, but
I'm here, waiting in
the bar for
someone to come over and
inspect lichens
on my bark; there's interesting
stuff on my
dark side, but which
of these
city-slickers can see
well enough to notice?

Means of
communication amaze
me; my arrogant
branches won't submit to
French trimming;
I'm alone;

but today I walked
with Bill, visited
hill-tops, duck-ponds,
and admired a
grove of pines for looking
like home.

Perhaps I'm an
evergreen, always hiding
my skeleton, letting
go of few things (except for

silent needles and
tight cones); call me

Jean-sans-Peur! I'm not
afraid to bend! Go ahead and
cut me down; I'll grow
inside crevices and
shall split boulders. The Larousse
dictionary has an
emblem, Je seme a tout vent!
And I also ride
the wind, waiting to
open, to hold, to give.

John T. York

the beauty of the metal
trees and of the snow
and of girls, rustling
beneath down
feathered coats, and men,
strong shadows passing
with hats, all this
pressed into me, hurting
that which always
hurts. whatever pain comes,
it came then. i began to run,
the lights passing
quickly, shedding cones
of lifeless light
in my path. deftly,
i dodged the forms, my feet
shocked at the sidewalk, and entered
your house. up
the stairs, your form lay, curved
beneath sheets. approaching
slowly, i lay down
beside you and stared
at the pattern of snow through crossed
panes, the flickering
of head lights
on the far wall.

as the tips of wheat, swept
over wooden floors,
trail darkness through
the dust, so
my fingers travelled
your face, pulled
tight over bone.
waking early, i had seen your face
tense, had not known
what to do,
except wake you,
gently. relaxing your face,
your clear eyes
opened. you whispered
your dream of the city, your eyes
travelling from the wall
of sunlight
to my cheeks.

phillip anglin

GRAY

Mildred hung the
Laundry, his suit.
On the porch.
It is raining again.
Gray
Gray
Gray
On her desk of fifty years
Is her hair brush, woven with mesh net of
Hair, where acrobats of dandruff
Surf over the waves & curls.
Gray
Is the half-eaten anniversary steak
They left in the refrigerator.

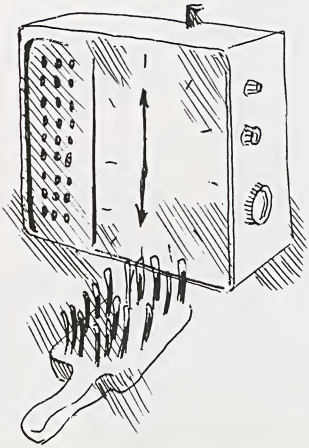
Have you heard the sound of gray?
It moves in whispers.
Bees in a box, nestling against winter,
The crackle of radio at 6:00 AM, turned low
For sleep, whispering through the slick slide of
Nylon, of corduroy
swish, swish, swish;

The rubbing of the frostbitten foot
On the chair leg, the stuffing of a
Cloud into an ear.
A whisper is created when
Spreading the yellow rubber anus
of a vacuum sack &
Fingering the gray clumps of dust.

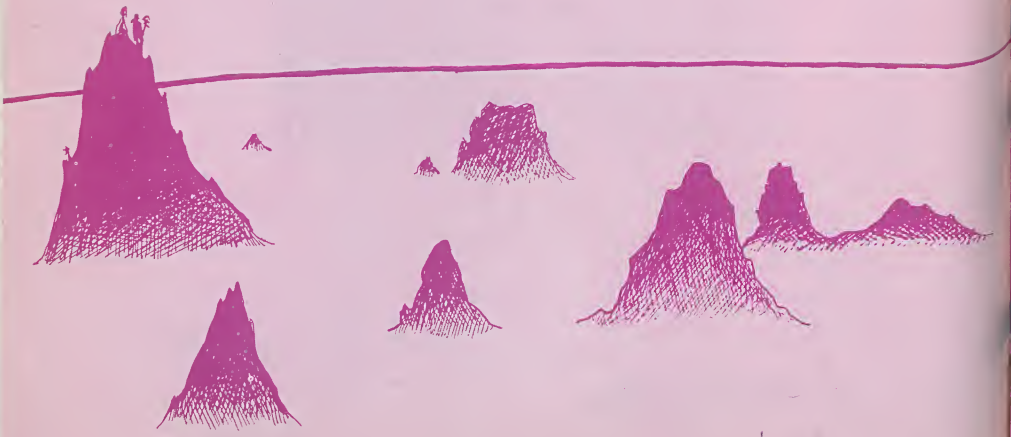
Gray
Gray
As spider teeth, as
Cunningham's cancer, as the howl
Of an alley cat, as
Grandmother's breath,
gray as the muck
Of a drained lake, as an octopus;
But not brain-mold gray!
(that is rich purple)
As an avocado as octopus blood
Artichoke heart, as purple as
Poke berries, as luscious as
Filly's (oh!) so mod/punk
silkshirt.

cat
paws a brown grave
where a body tires to die.
planted blindly, the mole moves on,
passing the spirit-souls sifting like
mist through mulch.
it is autumn, the cat eyes sting with
leaf smoke, waiting to spring
on the reach for air.
Gray
I know a girl
who cannot see or understand.
She wanders from me as through frosted glass.
Is she ruined by gypsies, tarnished by a talisman,
ashen again?

Craig Shaffer



Third Prize Photography
Craig Shaffer



The Student

Summer 1976

The Student Magazine is published four times per academic year by the students of Wake Forest University, with funds provided by the University. It is a non-profit organization existing by and for the Wake Forest community. Contributions may be brought by our offices in Room 224 Reynolda Hall, or mailed to Box 7247, Reynolda Station, Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27109. Opinions expressed herein do not necessarily reflect those of the editors. *The Student* is printed by the Keiger Printing Company of Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Cover art: Bob Kirchman

Dear Reader,

If you do not find an opinion about this matter and hang onto it, this magazine may die. In case you are unaware, the Student Budget Advisory Committee has sliced the budget of *The Student* by nearly half. That means that two issues, rather than four, will be printed next year. Or technical quality will go down.

We recognize problems. Other organizations need money too, but we cannot help but wonder why *The Student* was selected for such a huge cut. Surely there is something important about an outlet for creativity on campus. The new Fine Arts Center suggests that someone here thinks that there is a place for cultivation of the fine arts in a liberal arts institution. We would hate to think that the Fine Arts Center is merely a prestige item. What do you think?

The Student magazine is not a club which serves its own members. It is, we hope, a product which reflects creative thought in the university. Many former contributors and editors got their starts in the literary world by being first published in *The Student*, and now they are writing and editing in commercial publications.

A meeting of the Publications Board with SBAC revealed the committee's abysmal ignorance. Although admittedly, Student Government's battles for power have been hard-won, we think that some things are more important than that. Literary community and creative outlet for two things.

The expense-cutting proposals offered by the SBAC were really rather ridiculous. Following their suggestions of using cheaper paper and printing only two thirds as many copies would result in a cost reduction of only $800 a year; yet the budget has been reduced by $3,700. The members of the SBAC were not well-informed. We find their ignorance inexcusable. Due to that ignorance, we are forced to fight the irresponsibility of the SBAC by requesting that publications be placed under the jurisdiction of the administration rather than under Student Government. Though it seems ironic that *The Student* magazine should ask the administration for protection from the irresponsibility of a student committee, we find it necessary. And we ask you to support us in our decision. We have appealed the budget, and now we make our appeal to you. Write a letter. Send copies to President Scales and Mr. Lucas. If you think that what we do is worthwhile, then make your voice heard.

At any rate, we've met and published some creative people who had something to say through art, photography, and the printed word. We hope you've enjoyed it this year.

jkh (and rgm)

Hunting

I am uneasy hunting,
Keeping an eye on the windowpane for her.
I go out walking on a night before rain,
Sitting in a tree then on a white field,
Damp with a Buddha sitting
Without his legs below his knees
Beside me. We run, our heads
Bent back and falling to the trees
That line the field's horizon.
I slip into a back room
Filled with images of angels.
A five-by-eight black-and-white print idol
Is nailed to the wall by a thin candle.
It is not a night for hunting.

Last night I went hunting
After rummagin through eyes,
Firelight, photographs, and word
I came home, my bladder full of wine.
My hunting satchel was also full.
Tonight an old friend and I
Chased out patterns
Through the darkness of stars
Without a moon.
We sat by a creek that jerked
Like the first motion picture.
We were outside a lit inverse
Hemisphere of earth to which clowns
And witches were apt to attend,
Or gypsies pound the night for.
We climbed back through the woods
To our world where trees stand out
White against the black sky,
Lit by streetlights.
The silver rose lights
Deep in the guilt room
In the dim of afterglow.
We tear it and throw it high
Into silver-blue dust.
We break worn oak chambers
And leave books burning,
Fling stars into trunks and some minds.
We chop horse-back through
Pine and stone mountains
To fall thirsting upon a bright
Ocean of white porcelain.

Now I've seen her flames;
I can rise above.
She had closed my eyes,
Fleeting virgin martyr,
Gospel of my images, terra cotta.
She twists trees in the air,
Roots tangle through her blood.
Blood tricks my fingers,
Her face falls from my hands.
I crawl below gradations of her face,
Conquering, visions survive me,
Move me through labyrinths
Of salivation, cold and dry.
She falls at my feet
Between laughing and crying
Beneath a half full moon.
She reaches for more wine,
Something she never did before.

Each time she leaves
I frequent a Greek theatre
In a North African desert.
Worn carved faces lie smiling, open-mouthed,
Cracked and half-buried in the sand.

Maybe we were asking the time
And maybe I don't know,
I sauntered through her
One last time.
I broke off her tongue,
Sealed my ears and asked
Why she was going.
She cried I was deaf.

We were always chasing
On the edge of our selves.
She was the scarab,
Sands slipping through my eyes,
Hunting falls off through the dead winter.
Perhaps it will be an early spring.

Erik Lounsbury

Visiting a Friend In Imagination

Part I

In a surprise visit, we gorge
Starved memory for
spontaneous invitations
To run nude on dull winter hills!
For dinner serve absinthe and unicorn meat
Gouged from the sweet peat of fantasy.

I examine the oriental patterns of your dishes,
our banter violates the past.

Part II

Angry with thick boots
– I kick off the mud like a
Dog shaking bees from its ears.

I must have trampled someone's garden.
It is a warning.
I must keep the illusions closer to home
or wear a steel cap when I
lay down to sleep.

My skull is a skeptical jar, wary
of the opium-milk of
vision.

Craig Shaffer

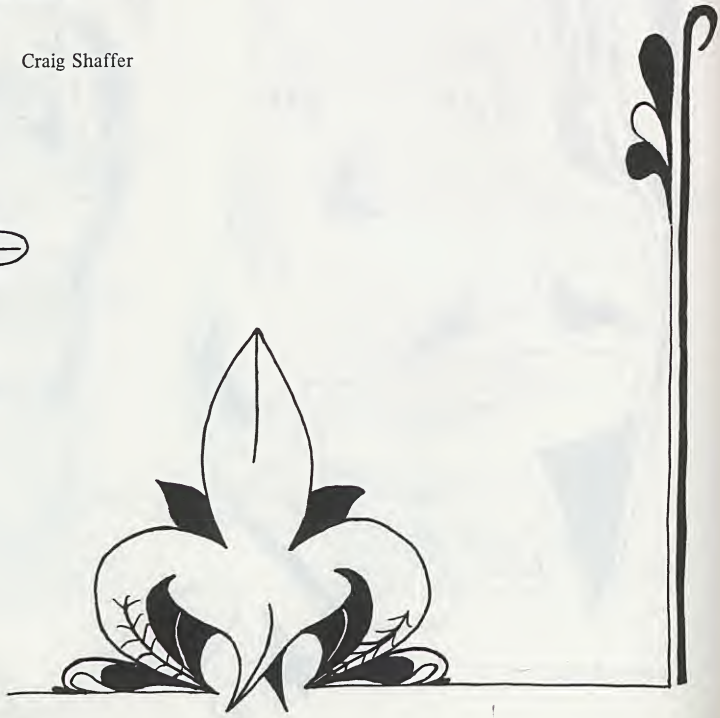
Reach of Zen

Jim Leather nudges the gray gravel
Chunks of sun bubbled asphalt, with
Sunglasses strapped tight like a shiny black bra
through which he
Watches the turkey reflections of his
thin necked wife.

The window is painted with the white day
--streaked with spice-heat lightning
flat as colored paper.

The playpen in the kitchen corners
hums with ozone,
In the emptiness they share in a quiet pain
between them
In the roaring air of their breath beyond
the window field of lightning
and wet, acned, asphalt.

Craig Shaffer



A July Day in Matamoros

I.

Weatherbeaten
bewrinkled gringo
begging on the streets of Matamoros

II.

mercado
"Have you anythin' e-speshul een mind, la-dee? NOthink? Ah, la-dee, come eenside my shop, I have nothink."

III.

grapefruit peels
hot dropped stench
peddlers I'm pinched.

IV.

"Tox-ee, tox-ee. Meece, you wanna tox-ee?"
But of course. One loves a leisurely ride and if the brakes worked he wouldn't use them anyway. Just honk your horn and hold your breath.

V.

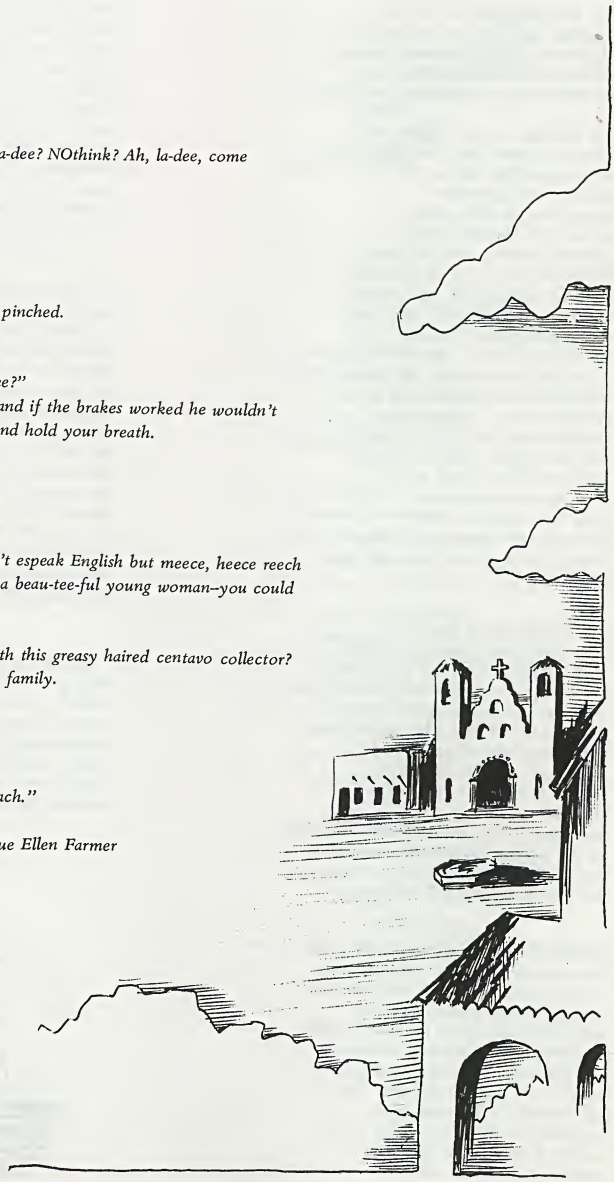
proposal upon buying a turquoise ring:
"Meece, theese ees my brother. He doesn't espeak English but meece, heece reech and he would make you hoppy. You are a beau-tee-ful young woman–you could make beau-tee-ful museek together."

Yes, and I'm supposed to be impressed with this greasy haired centavo collector? Thank you sir, but keep the money in the family.

VI.

gringo grins
tobacco stained teeth
"Buy some chiclets la-dee? Only 3 cents each."

Sue Ellen Farmer



OUTLINE

I

I'm so real in my own eyes, it's
boggling elsewhere I'm a subject for
skepticism, that is, my literary tastes are
literary, and since they and I are a
common lot it's an affliction I'm stuck on.

I'm kidding, seriously, when I say
there's not much out there when
stars impose light across
galaxies, the black holes
absorb heat like hills of clay,
in short it's crowded with
splendid littleness; but you won't
believe me, won't say, okay Doug,
whatever you say goes. An intruder
plows in now, 'Knocking off a few
small masterpieces?' he asks. 'Just
killing them,' I say. I go first for the
larynx and hope to leave the throat
unspeakable, so my piece may be
stated in silence. I want to have
enough stature to mix as an equal
with the common folk, to keep my
mind open like a slough so that
it's a tap to the heartroots,
those first capillaries, then
swallowing the branchwork is blown
through the heart and circles the brain,
all of

which sounds to be a parasite
cyst, a flatworm, growing the length
of the intestine wall, thin as lettering,
and finally burrows out into the body proper.
But I can't get a hearing, an audience
to bear with me while the earth unfolds,
and 'clarity,' they sing, 'clarity.' I
would reply, 'It's as clear as the
eclipsed shadows, as the comet's tails,
as the mind;' though since they're not
listening to know, I don't bother insisting
on this piece of lgoic, on the world's
own syntax; 'Yes,' I join them, 'clarity,
but at a price, long term banishment.'

That there's not balancing of wills seems
plain enough to me, the world tilts one
way and the sun another, one wave rises
and stomps down its neighbor; the
symmetry's impossible, my mind's killing
me, bringing out the worst to make the
best apparent, to get me to reputation,
a scale I can point to and say, 'Here, I
have arrived.' I have arrived at
an outline of the future, which is my
head as it shucks hair, the knees
wobbly after softball, after I
fall away from the top of the key and
draw iron only.

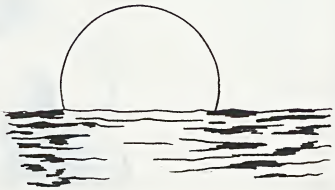
II

I'm looking for a composition I can
point to and say, 'This is my
contribution, this is the phrase I will
have read over me when the grass is resod
and everyone has turned home to their rooms
without me. There are two wills to the world,
dichotomy of place and end; the place is the
gingko tree or elm, the end is a wind;
I'd go as far as to say, if it doesn't
move, it's not going to be conversational,
if it does, you've got an argument on
your hands. The dead rocks swell into
rivers, the winds seek to wedge the
gatewalls and drain off into the blackness,
for want of better words.

I'm holding together, my words likewise
are nothing flimsy, gritty kind of,
bull-headed; where I conclude, I don't know
I know, but I'm confident there are
options that can be excluded; all things
end where they begin is one literal
interpretation, a gulfcurrent calling
to salmon, warm pools lodged with
the turtles's brain; these two metaphors
addressing the difficulty directly
may distract you, may seem awkwardly
stressed. Then consider the world
you recall before you were mindful
of the world, and once you can remember
that is your death, to be again joined
with total recall.

I think I'm closing up shop, jumping
ship, getting off lightly, by repeating
myself - I'm still burdening sun with
shadows, I jaw at stars, ergo the sum
is real though parts are slovenly. The
mind's dark disease and we're taking
clarity as we find it,
patching the crack with poetry.

Doug Abrams
(from *Sabbatical Pieces*)



he said once 'the thing has to last'
not merely sinking by inches - Venetian suspense -
or striking in a sweep, like gulls diving,
frosting the vaporettos:
people too stubborn to twist or duck
but with a hand out for
the pastry that keeps its shape
with one bite or too many

i sit alone, never hearing the line
of flight, but caught with her
near a fogged-in window: beyond
low branch shadows and unfocused light
wrapped in slow breaths: moist brown motion
over swells;
washed back and forth against her,
grating, falling like water on
loose sand and transient lines

she left no crack of light behind -
i am like doors slamming
(he didn't say how to gnaw back)
and the echoes are like tides:
untreadable: i fling her
after the gulls,
storm the flour, while she rises
in a low wake, crawls back between
small waves

s. birchall duin

When April Comes

the simile
for peace is falling rain,
not a forming cloud: therefore,
listen to my noise (as seeds
split after the reticence of
winter); being afraid, I give you
the husk of feeling, the part
I don't need, but wait!
It has a story; this seed wasn't
planted by
careful gardeners but was
thrown away in a slop
of grease, grounds, and
half-eaten fruits: but foolish waste
can be forgotten; even under
this crust, plowed by bulldozers
and leached by rain, it squirms
toward you, asking for
help against the poke salad and
wild briars!

John T. York

festival at San Salute

when clarity beckons
(happenstance):
i direct the clouds
to say who are the poor
(and where they wait)

November tugs in:
the stone contracts
Dalmatia spice in disarray;
beggers (i read the signs) work
late: then hours fill their hand;
the marble steps back
off-white,
the frieze chips; order slides down
,uneasy cycles,
until the Adriatic draws
to Trieste:
again pigeons land
(and scaffolds hang)

did they ice still
when Salute flooded candle-light?
the heighth grants one slow
sweep over Giudecca:
dims to prying frozen
wings from the ledge of the Ducal Palace

s. birchall duin

Post New Year's Eve Poem

Drain the cup
coffee, that is.
Oh, we do adore playing
don't we?
Coffee's good, so's Hemingway
fills some spaces.
Knots in my stomach as I pace polished wood
but all i see are trees outside --
expect you -- you always surprise me.
Never know whether to greet you
on opposite or adjacent sides.
Funny isn't it?
Time doesn't necessarily pull
things together or apart.
I know you see me a package of
Mighty Mouse Jax
yet i feel a black ant
crawling across the skin,
keep you movin' don't I?
Perhaps I'll let you read this,
and you'll say its absurd 'cause I'm just
happy dancin'.
Oh you, you misinterpret the expression.
Come along, let young lovers weep
Years are long times, tonight they
were reduced in a single breath.

Sue Ellen Farmer

Mountaineer

Mountaineer
long rifle above the hearth
drinker of likker
homegrown
plows half-acres with mules
living
hand-to-mouth

Twenty thousand dollars·
for a half acre
old man
(to build a chalet, understand?)

Mountaineer
astride two cultures
take down your
long rifle
shoot the bull
dozer driver
now

Frank McNair

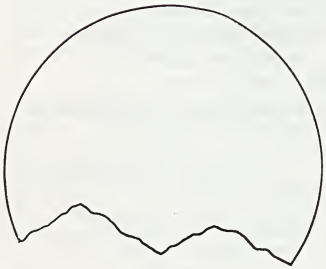
The Sun Setting on Asena, Italy

mountains take off their own
depths, internal mystery of form
leeching color from
their bones -

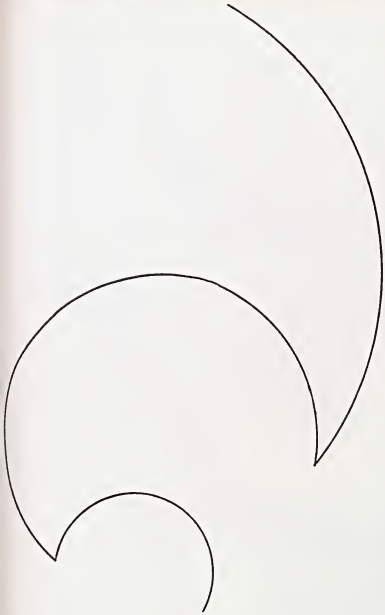
the shape for things to come
is less exact, a lean
darkness edging
firm

enstated as a substantial hedge
against paddling returns:
conscionable terms
assuaged in insight
leaven out impure light
scales, giving themselves
to a common cadence,
until they swing from it

and revelling over rigid
structures, come into floating
dimensions where they
swell in a rhythm



Doug Abrams



So much for the ability to kiss--
Who cares?
I've slept all my life with Innocence and She never
taught me how.

I love short term affairs -- the bubbles that give the syrup
of Life its effervescence.
(And what nicer than to drink Life's fullest and then
to enjoy that moment later in an instant of regurgitative
appreciation?)
Like the fables of La Fontaine -- quick and enduring -- but then
I like novels and epic poems.
Where to say (or when or why for that matter) Acquaintances,
Friends, Lovers -- ?
A nice problem to have -- like the English major who mixes
metaphors (better to have mixed for an Angel Food Cake and
ended up with cornbread than to be hungry).

So much for the ability to do a lot of things--

--like writing poetry
or kissing
or being an acquainted friendly
lover.

(The defendant is found guilty of trying all three and
is sentenced to chew the cud of his efforts.

Bill Roebuck

Paresis, I dreamed
I humbled myself beneath the
alum trees and the stream
rose from its flow, shriving me;

ragweed shed its cant and spoke; I greeted
them in their own element, hailing
them as readily as the spirit I am.

I wrote down my words and remembered them and
I rose from the clearing and went
to my dwelling places and as

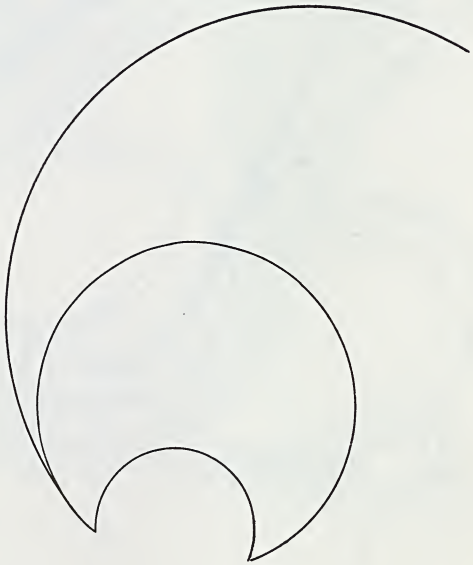
I entered the words grew hollow from center
and couldn't be told, but
returned to the wilderness of their

seasons; so I left the structures with
my silence to resume my speech
in the sullen forest; and

approaching the alum, I asked for
the freedom of my words, but they
turned their eyes

toward me, mangled substance and
image that I am, and the earth
grew under their groan

Doug Abrams



In their critically acclaimed third issue, the staff of CONDOR, a joint publication of Davis House and the SAC Board, humbly requested that some of the money wasted on The Student be redirected toward publications more appropriate to the intellect of the Wake Forest community. The Student, recognizing its obligation to communicate ideas of various denominations and levels of interest, hereby relinquishes space in its final issue of the academic year 1975-76 to CONDOR. We urge all our readers to ignore their first inclination, that of skipping this entire section, and give CONDOR the attention they deserve.

April 28, 1976

THE STUDENT
P.O. Box 7247
Reynolda Station
Winston-Salem, N.C. 27109

Dear Sirs:

Thank you very much for letting us print our fifth issue of CONDOR in your wonderful magazine. This is a wonderful opportunity for you to show the worth of your magazine.

upi s;; vsm hp givl upitdr;brd gpt s;; yjsy er vstr/ and try to minimize the number of typographical and grammatical mistakes.

Our first four issues have been ineffective in influencing or impressing anyone. THE STUDENT magazine, by their generosity, is allowing us to continue when student opinion demanded that we quit school and leave town.

In conclusion, CONDOR owes THE STUDENT one and we will not forget our debt.

The Editors
CONDOR

cc: President J. R. Scales

5TH EDITION MAY 1976

DOOBIE HOUSE and the SCAB BOARD

present

CONDOR

A JOURNAL OF

IDEAS, RECOMMENDATIONS and INVESTIGATIONS

BUT MOSTLY SHIT

"THE ONLY WAY TO FIGHT YELLOW JOURNALISM IS WITH YELLOW JOURNALISM."

-A.C.-D.C. MONOTONE

HOW TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE STUPID CHALLENGE ADVISORY BOARD

If you think you have a problem, you ought to see us. We think we've got some kind of special knowledge, and can kick the administration around with this two-bit piece of masturbation on paper. We can investigate too. Like, for example, just the other day we were sitting around wondering why Davis House is falling apart and we found that it's because the insects live there: US! Call us at the following numbers: Steve Gooney-Chairman-727-2345, Peter Killer-Vice-Chairman-727-2659, Bob Bathday at 727-2193, A.C.D.C. Monotone at 727-2503, B.J. Slobbins at 727=2149, Dave Abernasty and Mike Worry at 722-1009, Steve Baby and Strong Bummers at 1-855-9739, Dave Bumm and Jeff Ruptured at 945-5562, Dave Hassle at 788-7911.

If you wish to print something in this rag, it's your money and reputation. Call B.J. Slobbins or slip a C-note to Robafro ("Ro") Hunter, and maybe they'll get in touch with you.

The porpoise of the Davis House Stupid Challenge Advisory Board is swimming around in the university pool.

Spurred on by the blatant censorship of Ms. D. Richardson and her Old Gold and Black, the Stupid Challenge Advisory Board was begotten. Its primary purpose is to voice all the libelous slop we can find (or imagine, if there's a shortage).

THE "EDITORS"

Ever felt ripped off at Wake Forest? Then do something about it. BITCH! Here are the ten best bitch lines Winston-Salem has to offer, so you can get action.

727-2345	Garbage Collection, city yard
727-2659	Vice Unit, City Hall
727-2193	Streets superintendent, City Hall
727-2503	Juvenile Unit, 141 North Maint
727-2149	Narcotics Unit, City Hall
722-1009	Winsal Beauty Shop
1-855-9739	Geisha Massage Salon (Greensboro)
945-5562	C.V. Incorporated (Industrial Silencers)
788-7921	Konnoak Elementary School

SCAB QUOTE OF THE WEEK
by Flannery O'Connell

"A hard man is good to find....."

SCAB BOARD REPORT

THE BOOKSTORE: Mr. Clay does it again! With his sinister ties in the paper industry, he's arranged to sell only notebooks with lines one inch apart. The Book Baron's master plan is to force our already sweaty fathers to drip a little more blood on their blue collars for more notebooks. He thinks that because the lines are farther apart, we'll have to buy more notebooks from him as we use them up faster. And he's right. We're still too stupid to take our business elsewhere.

And what about the rumor that Mrs. Clay meets a man for dinner at home every night!

HOUSING: What ever happened to them fire extinguishers our Cunning housing director ordered for the men's firetraps. As of yet the problem of illegal fire safety violations is still unsolved by the administration. They're trying to figure out just how the hell you can have an illegal violation of anything! We'll leave that problem to J.R. and our English comp professors.

THE INFORMATION DESK: Did you know that Mr. Holoman, the man behind the information desk actually gets paid? Did you know that his pay depends upon the amount of work he's done? Did you know that some people in this world actually get paid if they do good work?

PRIORITIES: It is a true symbol of an idiocy sign when the school can pay to keep all of those poverty-scale groundskeepers and workers and refuse to hire grade-screwing, disliked professors. I mean, what's more important? A clean school or a good education?

HUMOR MAGAZINE: Hats off to Glenn King for taking the ~~initui initiati~~ first step in starting a humor magazine for the campus. Wouldn't it be nice if some of the money wasted on the Student could be spent making us always laugh instead of making us always think sometimes?

Recently CONDOR had the good fortune to interview the man who has pulled Wake Forest basketball from the stinking pits of mediocrity to a place among the finest teams in the county: Coach Carl Tacky:

CONDOR: Coach Tacky, to what do you attribute the team's fine 17-10 record this season?

TACKY: Well, I think you would have to agree that we did have a successful year. We lost to some people, but we also beat some people. This in itself is not that surprising. We probably would have been somewhere in the vicinity of 17-10, let's say 16-11 maybe, three years ago except, well, it took us awhile to adjust to the scoring potential and play-making, uh, ability of Tim Stare.

CONDOR: But Coach, Stare didn't play this year.

TACKY: That is rather coincidental, isn't it?

CONDOR: Alright now, let's get down to the issues. Any changes in team strategy for next year?

TACKY: We obviously are going to have to adjust to several things. Skip Brown will be playing his last year of basketball in this hemisphere and will again be the focal point of our attack. However, Charlie Floyd will be in Philadelphia and we'll have to find a replacement for him at the defensive forward spot.

CONDOR: How about Palma?

TACKY: Who?

CONDOR: Coach, you are being evasive. What about the press?

TACKY: I believe in freedom of the press.

CONDOR: No, no, the full court press.

TACKY: Any questions about liability will have to go through my lawyer.

CONDOR: The basketball press!

TACKY: Oh. As I recall, the press helped us a great deal last year. In one five-game stretch, it forced opposing teams into 129 turnovers, which is insignificantly less than the 136 fast break baskets it gave up. If I am forced to make an opinion, which I am not prone to do, the press will be abandoned in favor of a stall.

CONDOR: Like the four-corners?

TACKY: Well not quite. We'll probably send Rod in to search and destroy a backboard.

CONDOR: Coach, you know as well as we do, that a shattered backboard will result in a time-out. Since when have time-outs been legitimate stalls?

TACKY: In the position I foresee us in, we'll need to stall for all the time we can get.

CONDOR: I think we've been beating around the bush long enough. Isn't it true that Phil Perry will return to Wake Forest basketball next year as an assistant coach?

TACKY: Unequivocably false. However we are recruiting his younger brother, Peter Perry, to play for us next year.

CONDOR: How did you get the team so mentally prepared for the first round of the Atlantic Coast Conference tournament?

TACKY: Well, I think it goes without saying that it wasn't easy. I think it is important to realize that we were not the only team to lose that night. Someone has to win and someone has to lose. And we have won some very important tournaments: the Twin City Classic, the Gator Bowl, the Big...

CONDOR: But isn't it true that the reason the team played so poorly in the second half is that all the black players on the squad spent half-time arguing over who has the biggest schloonnggg?

TACKY: I couldn't say. I never talk to the team at half-time.

CONDOR: How many players did Coach McGeachy sign this spring?

TACKY: Somewhere in the neighborhood of four.

CONDOR: But can you deny the fact that all of them were for other teams?

TACKY: Where'd you hear that?

CONDOR: One final question Coach Tacky, and then you can get down off the table. Could you describe the worst move you've made all season?

TACKY: Oh, where should I begin? Now, let's see....

CONDOR: Alright Tacky, we've had enough of your slipperiness. How long do you think you can play dumb for us? We see through this charade of yours. You can't fool us.....

TACKY: What?

Jerk's Partz

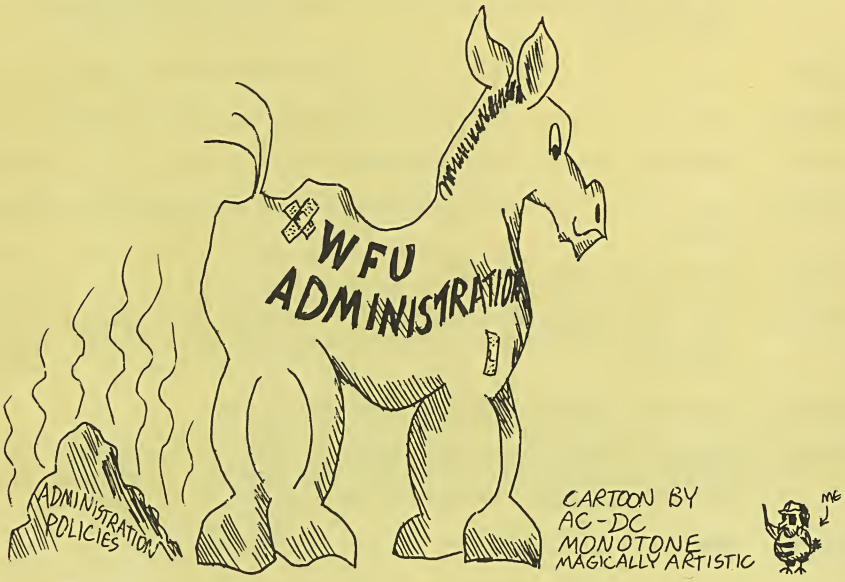
Below is an article by Zeal Jerkowitz nicknamed the Yapping Yokel of Yellow Journalism. Even though his ideas are not worth anything, nevertheless he helps us fill up space, and he does bring to our attention a serious problem concerning our right to social interaction with the opposite sex.

Jerk's Partz
Zeal A. Jerkowitz

For the first time the present system of dating at Wake Forest has been challenged. While attacks made by A.C.D.C. Monotone show the failure of Wake coeds to live up to their own standards. Wake girls expect all guys who date them to be of paramount importance and look like Robert Redford. Worse are the telephone refusals of Ms. WFU coed of guys she has never even seen. "The truth shall make you free" guys, there are girls at Salem and UNC-G who are hot to trot who would like to do something besides wash their hair on Saturday night.

FOR A GOOD TIME CALL 727-0495

Editor's Note: This article was denied publication by Ms. Deborah Richardson, Wake Forest Universities own Citizen Kane.



Regarding Zeal Jerkowitz's Article

Last week Zeal Jerkowitz turned in a column to Old Gold and Black. The column, as usual, was libelous, illogical and trite. I told him that it was poor journalistic policy to permit such tripe to be placed in any publication that took itself seriously.

This week, Zeal turned in more of the same old junk. Once again, I told him that we couldn't print his column for the same reasons. I told him if he would drop off the staff and out of school we would gladly print his remarks as a letter to the editor. He then submitted his proposal to Condor.

We accept. You send us two Mickey Mantles and a Johnny Callison (1964 only) and we'll send you Jerkowitz and 29¢ cash.

Sincerely,
Deborah Richardson

In Response

On behalf of the editorial staff of this publication I wish to say this to that and a lot of other things. We don't think that anyone anywhere any time any place any shape or form or any weight or any skin tone or any body odor or anything else should be censored by anyone. Translated, that means if we could have control of the student newspaper, we could print what we want instead of making this grungy little piece of fishwrapping. But since we don't have any editorial control over Old Gold and Black, we want unlimited access to it as "freedom of speech."

And please don't bother writing to me about this response, because I don't ever want to have to censor your voice.

Magically ignorant,
A.C.D.C. Monotone

P.S. I we don't want to edit anything, why am I called an editor?

The Mandatory Pit Plan

The February 6 Old Gold and Black reported that ARA Slater has proposed a mandatory meal plan policy for next year. Now, we think the Old Gold and Black is an awful paper run by awful editors but we believe the news that they tell when it's to our advantage.

If we were really on the ball, we'd know that Slater Food Services have not been used at Wake Forest since years ago. ARA has been the contract operator since 1972. But let that go. We've got a list of twisted logicalities that prove the meal plan to be a sinister plot to sweat more blood from our sweaty fathers.

If everyone must eat there, there will no space to eat in the Pit. Then, if there is no space in the Pit, no one will eat there. Still, they will be required to pay for the meal plan. But then again, there will be a decrease in prices because of the guaranteed buyers. Therefore, ARA Slater will reap huge profits of no expenses for food because no one will eat there but everyone will have to pay for it.

Even though food prices will be lowered, Slater will make huge profits because he won't have to cook any food.

My concise description of this meal plan is "impossible!" It would be disastrous for any university! No one would be alive after the first week of eating that slop! You say it couldn't be done? I didn't think I could pass corrective composition and philosophy, too.

Strong Bummers, ('85, I hope)

Dean Reece has been a major focal point of our frustration and anger over the past couple of years, so we decided to see what we could do to make him look like a jack-ass at our first opportunity. So here we go with an interview did by SCAB members last week when they learned how to talk. Reece got his B.A. from Wake Forest about 2000 years ago, so now you can feel alienated because he's not a member of the Pepsi generation:

SCAB: You've been called the "hatchet man" for the administration. Does this bother you?

Reece: It hasn't had time to bother me yet. You just said it before you asked me the question.

SCAB: What's so important about the main plaza when our fathers are back in New York getting "sweaty?"

Reece: We feel that there ought to be some beautiful places left on earth. If you're homesick, we can arrange to pitch you a tent in the Cherry-Marshall parking deck.

SCAB: What rights do you have to stop us from turning the new Davis and Taylor central lounges into pig stys like the Delta Pig house with beer blasts and alcohol spectaculars?

Reece: Somehow, we feel that the present M.R.C. lounges are in their terrible condition from organized abuse. We can't see allowing the huge majority of truly independent students to have their facilities destroyed by a truly senseless habit when there already exist dumps to be trashed in.

SCAB: Dean, do you feel that the liberal arts tradition is outmoded in a career-oriented society?

Reece: No. I think that some people in this university were meant to go to vocational high schools, but thanks to their guidance counselors, they misunderstood the concept of going to college.

We just want to let you know that this wasn't the real interview. What really was said was toned down to make us sound more intelligent. We also left out some of the questions and answers because they were not quite sensational enough.

Dave Abernasty

Notably Ridiculous

Why doesn't Andy Cromer tell the Trustees about his neat little midnight rendezvous in the sacred office of the Student Government president last November?

It seems that apparently Cromer and one of his female-type "buddies" were playing shack-shack on the carpeted floor of the SG complex in Reynolda. Did you know that the furnishings in the student government office cost over two thousand dollars, and that such immoral happenings are regular features there? Just think, two-thousand dollars for those kinds of goings on. Wouldn't it be nice if some of the money wasted on student government could be given to The Student to entertain us?

What Ciriaco does up there with a rubber duck, we don't know.

* *

The CONDOR asked Provost Wilson what he liked best about Wake Forest. Here is what he had to say:

Wilson: "Well, A.C., I like the challenge of keeping this institution for intelligent, honorable people in the face of the recent influx of assholes like you."

* *

Robafro Hunter: A senior math major from Watergate City, D.C. He has been active on the Student Life Committee, the Afro-American Society, the SCAB Board, and the pinball machine.

The following is in response to the Old Gold and Black editorial dated February 2 (but really February 6, to throw you off) entitled "Press Censored."

It is obvious that even though the OG&B editors are students, they have completely and utterly lost contact with what the college experience is. We came here to get away from society so that we can learn just what we can and can't get away with in society through

various exposure to different courses, thoughts of school, and our non-academic extra-curricular experiences. Wake Forest also provides for the experience of trial by a jury of one's peers. If you want one just go out and rip some dude off and let the campus fuzz catch you. All together, these various and sundry faucets aid in the development of a more mature, intelligent, and also a conscientious bureaucrat.

There are many experiences that will follow us beyond our days at Wake Forest, and some that will remain behind. Our experience as the resident radical stays; our experience as the campus crook stays too, thanks to a "gag rule" that prohibits the details of any campus criminals' trials from being published. This not only allows us to "know one another" as "good" people regardless of our actions, but it also keeps our names out of that jumbled, gossip-inciting, misleading and generally truthful publication that the Old Gold and Black has been, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, amen.

My fear is that if the gag rule is erased, our names will get known around campus for what we are: perjurers, thieves, check-bouncers, and all those good things that we want to know about our best friends. The sentence of the board should be enough penance - - I mean, verbal reprimands make me cry just at the thought! Just think of all the mental anguish it would cause future criminals on campus if they knew that eventually everyone would know just what kind of person they are! The sheer trauma of a trial would be enough to make any Wake student mend his ways, right?

Students are here primarily to learn and to be educated, not to plagiarize, cheat, and steal. Therefore, we must cover up the bad things that some of us here do so that we don't let everybody into the most profitable ways of going through school.

After all, we are not students among criminals, we are criminals among students (or something like that).

And now, I'm gonna quit. I've got to get back to WFDD and pretend to be an objective radio reporter while I stir up some more trouble for Old Gold and Black. You know, I'm amazed that nobody's made the connection between my Renaissance "reporting" this year and the SCAB board attacks on OG&B. After all, I do work for both. Still,' that doesn't prevent me from objectively criticizing a rotten, biased student newspaper, does it?

ORIGINALLY MONOTONOUS
A.C.-D.C. MONOTONE

HOW TO SURVIVE AT WAKE FOREST WITH THE INTELLIGENCE OF A FROG

Guess

Guest Columnist

Have you ever wondered what gives this University the right to decide who you can sleep with and who you can't? Has it ever bothered you that the Administration goes under the assumption that they are more intelligent than you are? Have you ever grown curious about the ridiculous paradox inherent in a University that combines beer-drinking, jukebox-stomping, lust-stricken fraternity no-minds and that foxy chick in the bank? Has it occurred to you that anyone with a typewriter can have things printed in this publication? If not, read on....

The central question that confronts us every day is not whether we should walk on the grass. And it isn't why the sociology department continues to teach when God did not give them ability to. And it isn't Q8 on the Sigma Chi jukebox. I'll tell you what it is. Put that Lite down, dammit! The really fundamental question we face at Wake Forest is the question of honor. That's right, the funny word in front of Code and Council and after Who gives a shit about. We face honor every day. We face it on the quad when the administration sneaks it into the sermon titles of Wake Forest Baptist Church. We face it during the Scenic Tour behind the women's dorms when all those freshwomen beg to be pillaged and raped. And what, I ask you, is the typical response of the Wake Forest student to this face-to-face encounter with honor? Shooting the moon! That's right, dropping trou and wiggling in the sun.

Don't suggest that I'm not making sense. It's one thing to tolerate the perverted drives of four thousand different individuals on campus, it is a far different thing to let them thrive. The question of honor is a very simple one: it precludes beach weekends, filling in the dots on senior tests, dating during the week, picking fights with Rock Shep, and missing church. And I'll tell you all another thing, for those of you who can't understand English. Va fan goula! Mi Mange! Are you listening Administration?

In a rare instance of good fortune, CONDOR was able to catch Bobby Kutteh, recent SG president-erect, in his office. The following is an interview with someone who's proved himself to be more popular than Rob Showers.

CONDOR: Mr. Kutteh, how is it that someone who's never been popular enough to get into a fraternity, looks like burnt meatloaf, and washes his car with ivory liquid can be elected president of the student government?

Kutteh: Well, an informal survey taken by me indicated that I had a better picture in the Old Gold and Black than any of the other candidates. Besides, the increasingly conservative factions demanded a President who would stand up to the Russians and prevent Wake Forest from becoming a second rate power.

CONDOR: Mr. Kutteh, you've been called the "hatchet man" of the administration. Does that bother you?

Kutteh: It has not had time to bother me yet; they just informed me of my responsibilities last week.

MAJESTICALLY DISGUSTING
AC-DC MONOTONE

CONDOR: Mr. Kutteh, how will you continue the outstanding tradition of Mary Lou Cooper, Bunz Daniels, and Andy "Butch" Cromer?

Kutteh: Well first, I'm going to have Spike run over my face with a lawn mower, then I'm gonna have my chest rebuilt, and finally I'm going to remember to lock the door and turn out the light when I'm in the office.

CONDOR: Mr. Kodak, do you have any special talents which will be particularly beneficial to you during your tenure?

Kutteh: Well I voted for Nixon in 1972, which says something about my ability to judge character and think in long-range terms. Also I'm magnificent at winning friends and influencing people as I'm sure all my friends on Pub Row would attest.

CONDOR: Mr. Kojak, what basic student rights are you going to concentrate on?

Kutteh: Well, the first thing I'm gonna concentrate on is getting some black people into Kappa Sigma fraternity. Secondly, I'm going to work to expand the entrance requirements of ODK until they are loose enough to allow SG officials and girls in. Finally we're going to open the quad to other forms of entertainment than sitting around and watching the grits come out with their haircuts. The first thing I have in mind will emphasize group participation. The first forty people who volunteer will assist the SG staff in pouring lemon-lime slush down the throat of the Sundry Shop lady until she says "thank you."

CONDOR: Mr. Kotex, what original ideas do you plan to inject into the intervisitation crisis?

Kutteh: Well I'm glad you asked me that. We're going to force this issue down the administration's throat. We now have a bill before the student assembly which will allow each living unit to determine their own intervisitation policy, whether the administration likes it or not. We're going to then threaten to implement it, and then suspend it so we can take the intervisitation issue through the "proper channels." By this time the administration will be so confused that I am confident, as confident as I am in the very integrity of Student Government itself, that we'll be able to intervisitate at will.

CONDOR: But Mr. Q-Tip, what happens if that doesn't work?

Kutteh: Who cares? I have a nice sofa up in the office, as well as a carpeted floor.

CONDOR: Mr. Cue ball, how does The Student magazine fit into the plans of SG for the coming year.

Kutteh: It doesn't.

CONDOR: One final question, Mr. Kohoutek. What is the gross tonnage allowed per axle in the State of Nevada?

Kutteh: I don't know, his house is in the village though.

In light of the fact that The Student has so graciously given space to CONDOR, I would like to contribute a poem to the magazine. It is in blank verse, but shows unusual meter and imagery:

Reflections

rainy day --
my umbrella opens it's wet;
folded, colors bright, kite

blue cheese on fly paper:
APOCALYPSE!
blue pyramid: pointed: piercing: cardboard.
the cellophane son
sugar-free dr. pepper (10-2-4 saccharine)

jellied jedleys

once
a phone not connected
CAA615, FISH
MELTONR/M91.MATH
ABSOLUTE LOGICAL INTERCEDE//

flying fish
soggy seaweed
yucky yuck

waxing coldly
unvarnished desks
coffee rings. . .

A.C.D.C.M.

I've searched and searched the books for it,
to find it out,
what it means
"woman is. . . "
I asked my mother about it,
and the words she found
were mostly un--
satisfactory
to describe how it is to be one.

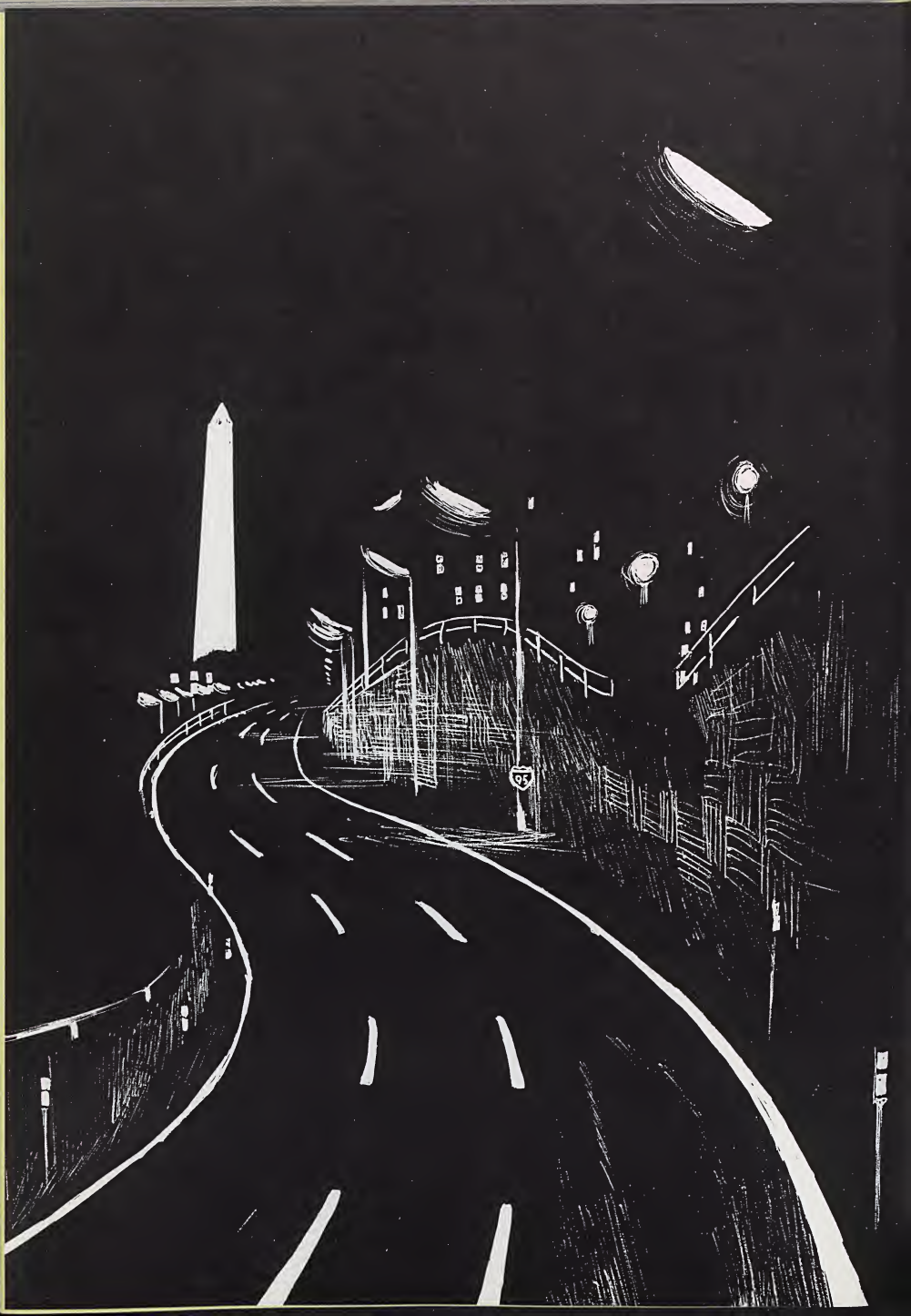
Once
a preacher's son
told me stories about
what girls and boys did
in parked cars at midnight,
and I
didn't believe him
because
his 13 year old wisdom
left my 9
year heart cold
concerning
the fascination of new
discoveries
in this area
and that,

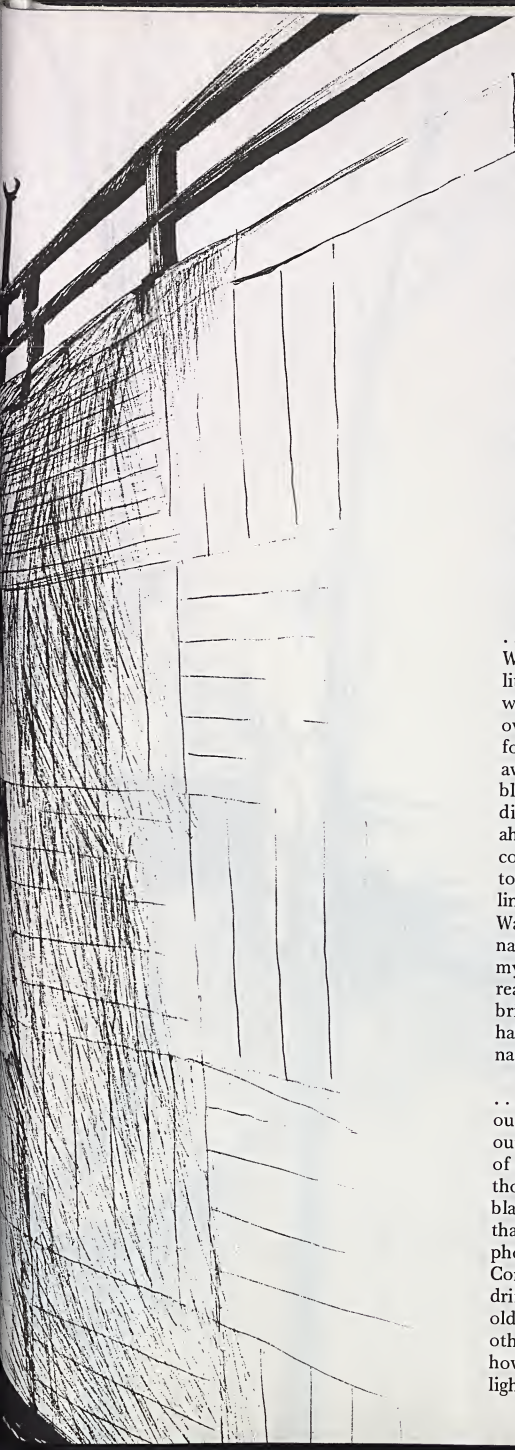
but
I took his words out on my doorstep
where I watched
the married people passing
and I
shook my head and thought it
impossible
(should I say inconceivable?)

Well, I don't know;
I even
have been known
to turn the ring on my left hand
and stand there
hand on front
of my
grey smock-coat

looking into
shop windows
trying to look radiant
or morning sick
and I still couldn't find it
what that magic is
when you close your eyes
or open them wide in the eyes of someone
and know
who it is; you are.

jk haughee


95



WRONG LANE

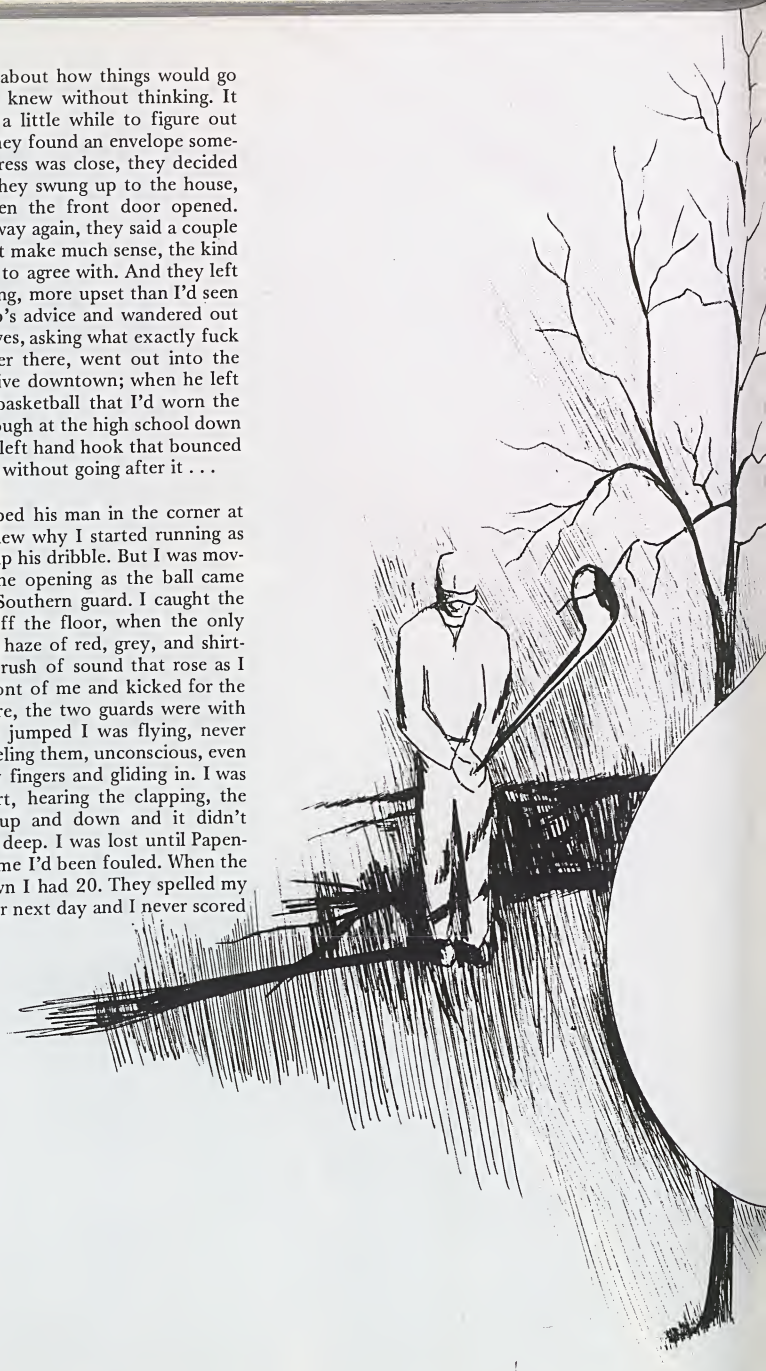
by S. Birchall Duin

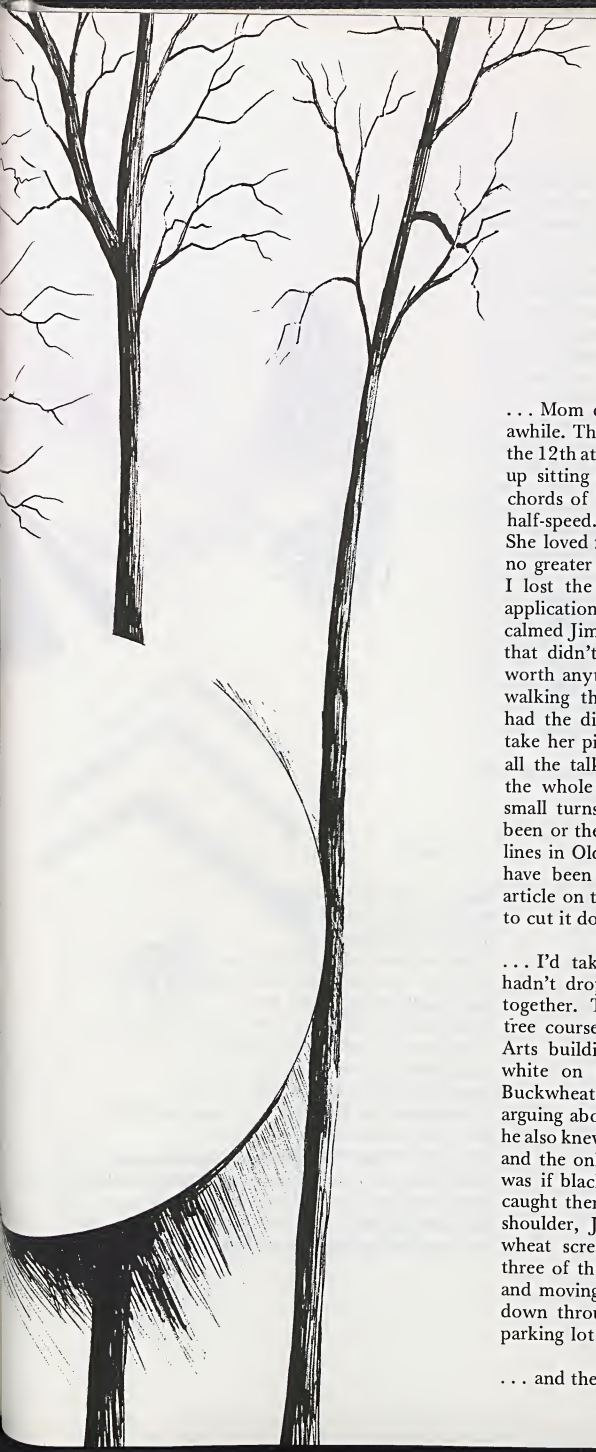
. . . Getting sorta late, I'm coming up I-95 south of Washington, listening to WOWO which I'd picked up a little past Greensboro and held ever since. The night was clear - I could see Orion's belt if I hunched low over the steering wheel - and I was feeling fine, except for a strange uneasiness that slipped in ever once in awhile. Things weren't coming together right. I'd blank off for a couple seconds and all of a sudden a different song would be on the radio and nothing ahead of me would come into any kind of focus. I could remember things just fine, but looking ahead to what dinner might taste like or when I'd see Caroline again was impossible. So I'm swinging through Washington, still on the freeway which was now three narrow lanes and a hell of a lot of banked curves and my eyes closed for a second or two. Timing wasn't real good: when I opened them again there was a brief flash of a car dead against the concrete wall, halfway into my lane, and wondering who in God's name had left it there without any lights . . .

. . . Fellow by the name of Ted Simendinger, it turned out. I was lifting my head from a pillow and looking out a window toward a streetlight that caught the fall of snow. My knees were bent to keep the toes out of those cold corners at the bottom of the bed and the blankets were tight to the chin. Past that single light that was sifting out into the shadow of trees and telephone lines, snow was coming down ready to bury Connecticut. My head like it was, I could see the drifts starting to bank against wheel wells and tired old dogs on porches. And Rob, he was over in the other bed, sleeping through the whole show somehow. The pillow up and grabbed me, but the streetlight followed me down, and my eyes never closed . . .

. . . I tried not to think about how things would go till settling down. But I knew without thinking. It took the District police a little while to figure out what was going on, but they found an envelope somewhere and since the address was close, they decided they wouldn't call. So they swung up to the house, smelled the lasagna when the front door opened. When they were pulling away again, they said a couple things about how it didn't make much sense, the kind of things you sorta have to agree with. And they left Mom screaming and crying, more upset than I'd seen her since I followed Rob's advice and wandered out into a room full of relatives, asking what exactly fuck meant. Dad sorta left her there, went out into the Vega, and started the drive downtown; when he left the house he took the basketball that I'd worn the tred off, stopped long enough at the high school down the street for one shot, a left hand hook that bounced off the rim, and went on without going after it . . .

. . . Papenberg had trapped his man in the corner at halfcourt and I never knew why I started running as soon as the guy picked up his dribble. But I was moving, straining toward the opening as the ball came bouncing to the other Southern guard. I caught the Wilson when it came off the floor, when the only thing I could see was a haze of red, grey, and shirtsleeve color and a dim rush of sound that rose as I threw the ball out in front of me and kicked for the basket. When I got there, the two guards were with me and though I never jumped I was flying, never seeing anything, never feeling them, unconscious, even to the ball going off my fingers and gliding in. I was running back downcourt, hearing the clapping, the standing, the jumping up and down and it didn't touch me, they sank so deep. I was lost until Papenberg came up and told me I'd been fouled. When the free throw dropped down I had 20. They spelled my name wrong in the paper next day and I never scored that many again . . .





. . . Mom didn't know who to call, so she didn't for awhile. Then she called Jim, who was double-bogeying the 12th at Grandview. He returned the call and ended up sitting on the corner of his bed, strumming the chords of "I'm not Your Stepping Stone" at around half-speed. Then he walked over and found Caroline She loved me pretty much; once told me that she had no greater ambition in the world than to do that, but I lost the letter in a pile of old poems, unfinished applications, and packets of instant oatmeal. She calmed Jim down, told him that the things left unsaid, that didn't need to find words, were the only ones worth anything. The sun was still out when she went walking through some of the places that suddenly had the distinction of age, where she hadn't let me take her picture, and I knew she was thinking about all the talk we'd done on just trusting God to work the whole thing out. Leaves were coming down in small turns, no longer thinking about where they'd been or the colors they'd passed. There were a couple lines in Old Gold that didn't say much. There would have been more but some sophomore wrote a nice article on the Dixie Classic Fair and there was no way to cut it down . . .

. . . I'd taken a picture once but now the shutter hadn't dropped yet and I was watching it all come together. The sun was going down, past the par-tree course, past the brick piles that would be a Fine Arts building someday, leaving a layer of gold and white on the trees that faded up into dark blue. Buckwheat, Jim, and Macky were by the third tee, arguing about who was up: Macky knew he was, but he also knew that the winner had a free dinner at Bells and the only way his one stroke lead would hold up was if black cut it short. But he finally swung and I caught them there, Macky twisted back, club over his shoulder, Jim leaning back on his nine-iron, Buck-wheat screaming for the ball to get some legs: the three of them held tight somehow in a swirl of color and moving grass and the infinite as the ball hooked down through a windshield in the Biology building parking lot and everyone ran like shit . . .

. . . and then it was snowing again . . . . .

Dream Haunt

Part I

White house floating in a sea of yellow light
Speaks of the warmth inside.
Zero in on a kitchen scene
And I am very small
(I mean, smaller than usual).
Mother and grandmother cooking dinner,
Constantly cooking never-ending dinner.
I stand and tug on my mother's dress
Listen! Listen!
She goes on talking busy-ness
And puts me in her pink-flowered apron pocket
Where I am very warm until I see
A man with a shadow across his face
Waits on the threshold.
His name is Uncle John, but I don't know him
And I am me-this-old again.
He delivers an invitation to Greg and Dave and me
To go sliding from the backyard cliff
Into a green-white pool of ocean.
Greg and Dave go first
Sliding-slipping until they vanish
And only camel-humps of sand are left
Where they had been.
I skid down the rocks
And burrow furiously with my hands
Till Greg appears, then Dave.
I look around to see other hills of brown, sparkling, secret sand,
Begin to dig till I dig up people,
People supposed to be dead:
Clark Gable and my grandfather and Moses.

Part II

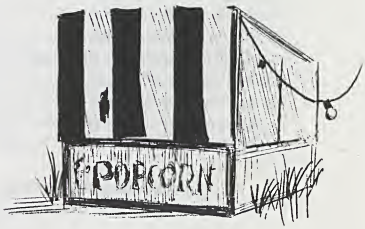
Then I am on the steps again,
Wooden steps that sound hollow
When you kick them.
I press my nose against the porch screen
To see my father in black glasses reading the news,
And a circle of light around him.
I push the door and run to climb onto his lap.
He reads me the funny papers saying,
"And Charlie Brown said sadly. . ."
Because suddenly I am too small
To understand the black and white paper scratching
But I make much sense of the pictures.
Then there is that strange Uncle John person again
Asking Greg and Dave and me to visit the house across the field.
We are there and it is a house of horrors,
Each room its own scream factory.
One room held a pool table of spikes

Part III

It is growing dark as blue builds to purple then fades to grey.
Uncle John says "Come with me to the abandoned fairgrounds.
I know how much you love the twirling lights
And the swinging breathless motion of the rides.
It is even more compelling, more poignant-hushed, forsaken."
And so I go. Greg and Dave agree to meet us later.
We trudge through grey toward blackness
To a rickety ferris wheel
With seats swinging ghost-like in the wind.
There is a chill in the haunted popcorn stalls
that I remember
But I didn't feel it at the time
For I was remembering the echoes of laughter
And recalling a swirling giddiness.
We came to an old wooden roller-coaster run
And on some impulse I placed my feet on the tracks.
Moving! flying faster! faster!
I can't stop -- hear my screams!
I dip and whirl on the turns
And then --- I see his face.
He is laughing soundlessly,
His face contorted in horrifying mirth.
The shadow across his face is gone.
And as I fly around and around
Disbelief spins my mind:
I should have known all along
To look at the shadow and not the face.

judy haughee

With a head swinging over it dripping blood
And doors concealing other horrors
All around the walls.
I look at all this open-eyed, but I am not afraid,
Just wondering what kind of head dreamed this place.



Waiting

it is raining
and i am waiting
for you to arrive
transposed into blue
on yellow paper
waiting for the rain to cease
waiting for class to begin
waiting
to transcend
the mushy ground,
the darkling
light of this
day.

Sue Ellen Farmer

I hear Ezra's wind
bearing down saplings;

Ezra, I say, and
the slow hobble of branch
levels past, mere undergrowth

enlightened by gusty trails;
goodbye is what the wind says;

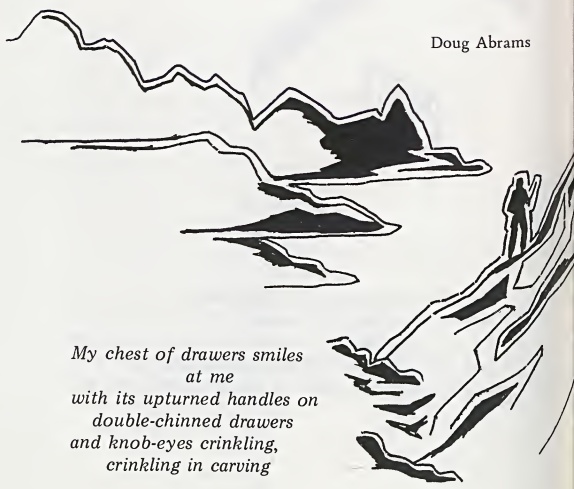
transparent as the black holes
firing, I see looping swells;
goodbye, I say, Ezra

Doug Abrams

To Mr. Abrams, Rival Poet

Have you read 'L'Albatros' par
Charles Baudelaire? Mr. Frost says
that poetry is what is lost in
translation (you know), but
listen here; the
sailors on the flat sea
tease the
goofy bird; once it lands it
has to have a running start
to get up again (it's something
like an ostrich trying to fly),
but, Good Lord, that bird has
big wings, and when he gets
above the clouds, he can't be
shot down. And Baudelaire
compares the Poet to an Albatross,
and he's right; you do walk
like an Albatross and we
sit here and clap our wings when
you're on the ground.

Monsieur John-Thomas York



My chest of drawers smiles
at me
with its upturned handles on
double-chinned drawers
and knob-eyes crinkling,
crinkling in carving

Debbie Black

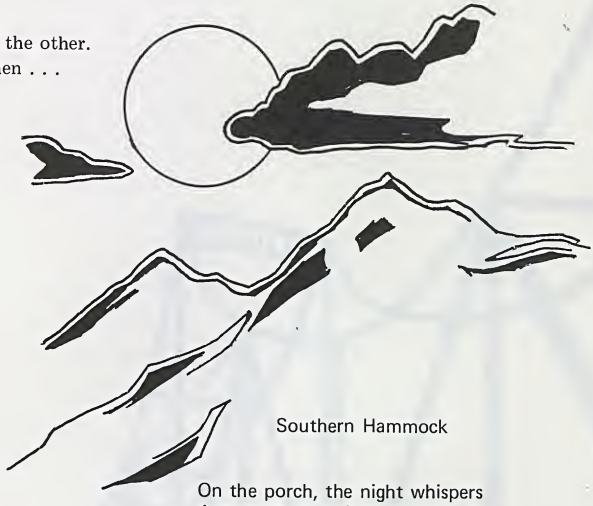
An August Night

Resting, the evening slips from her iridescent gown into black.
I bathe in her moist, engulfing arms,
Being slowly soothed and caressed by her whisper:
Bird and cricket, Soft and silent.

I feel a liberation,
A wandering of mind and soul apart from the other.
Regarding each other, cascading, rolling then . . .
Sighing, they slip back into their shell.

And I
Who am nothing but their prison
Feel helpless, small and stranded
As their keeper.

Gary Bolick



Southern Hammock

On the porch, the night whispers
A message on a silver beam of the
Wheelchair, quiet as a dead iron man

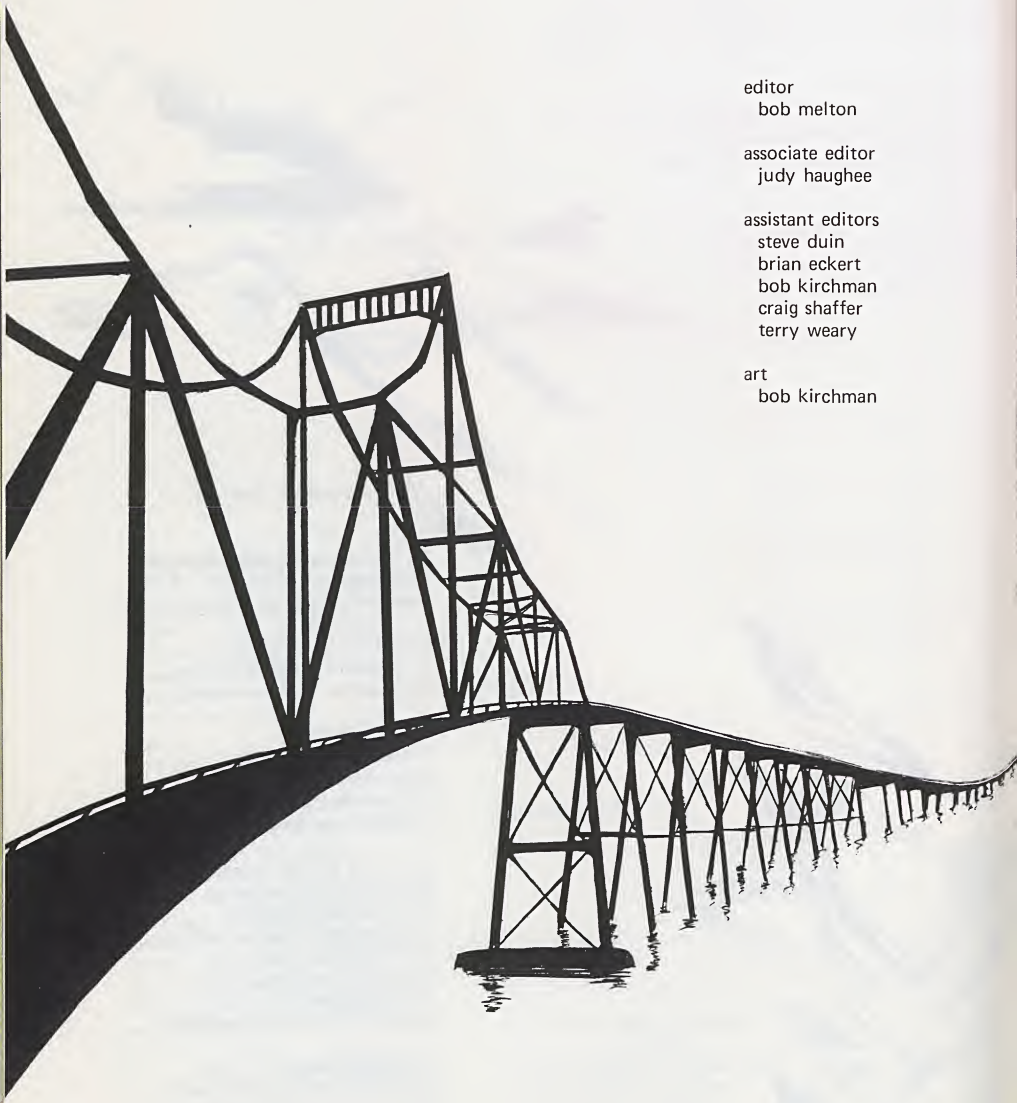
Bolted tight for the ride
Is imagination, that challenges
The walls to melt to doorways.

The rain drips
A thin shirted neighbor
Strips next to the window
With prudent hips
Suggesting softness.

She is the woman of God
My pretensions blasphemy.
Pink and quivering my
Hands uncrank themselves from
Chill aluminum arms
Reach for the shade, the
Tanned canvas, to
Splatter it red with finger kisses.

A whisper drops, I
Bend low, creaking like a spring,
To pick it up for the excuse
To magic the props for a
Midnight in Mexico.

Craig Shaffer



editor
bob melton

associate editor
judy haughee

assistant editors
steve duin
brian eckert
bob kirchman
craig shaffer
terry weary

art
bob kirchman